ALBIONS England:

A Continued Hiſtorie of the ſame Kingdome, *from the Originals of the firſt Inhabitants* thereof: And moſt the chiefe Alterations and Accidents there hapning: vnto, and in, the happie Raigne of our now moſt gracious Soueraigne Queene ELIZABETH.

VVith varietie of inuentiue and hiſtoricall Intermixtures.

Firſt penned and publiſhed by *VVilliam VVarner*: and now reuiſed, and newly inlarged by the ſame Author.



LONDON,
Printed by the Widow *Orwin*, for *I. B.* and are to be ſold at her ſhop in Paules Church-yard, at the ſigne of the Bible. 1597.

ALBION'S
England.

To the right Honorable, my very good Lord and Maister,

Henrie Carey, Baron of Hunsdon, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter: Lord Chamberlaine of her *Maesties most Honorable Housholde: Lord Gouernour of* Barwick: Lord Warden of the East Marches for and anenst *Scotland*: Lord *Liefetenant of* Suffolke *and* Norfolke: *Captaine of her Maesties Gentlemen Pencioners: and one of her Highnes most Honorable Priuie Counsell.*

THis our whole Iland, anciently called *Brutaine*, but more aunciently *Albion*, presently containing two Kingdomes, *England* and *Scotland*, is cause (right Honorable) that to distinguish the former, whose only Occurrents I abridge, from the other, remote from our Historie, I intitle this my Booke *ALBIONS ENGLAND*. A subiect, in troth, (without vaine-glory be it spokē) worthy your Honorable Patronage: had it passed frō the

Pen of a more countenaunced Author. But for great Perſonages gratefully to entertaine the good wils of meane workemen, is anſwerable to themſelues, and animating to feeble Artiſts. I therefore ſecure of your Honors Clemencie, & herein not vnlike to *Phaëton*, who at the firſt did fearefully admire euē the Pallace of *Phœbus*, but anon feareles aduenture euen the preſence of *Phœbus*, (hauing dedicated a former Booke to him that from your Honor deriueth his Birth) now alſo preſent the like to your Lordſhip, with ſo much the leſſe doubt and ſo much the more duty, by how much the more I eſteeme this my latter laboure of more Valew, & I owe, & your Lordſhip expecteth eſpeciall dutie at the hands of your Seruant. And thus (right Honorable) hoping better than I may offend, deſirous to pleaſe, deſperate of praiſe, & deſtitute of a better Preſent, I make Tender onely of good will, more I haue not, for your Honors good word, leſſe I hope not.

Your Lordſhips moſt humble and dutifull Seruant, *W. Warner.*

To the Reader.

WEl know I, that Pearls low-prised in India *are precious in* England, *that euen* Homer *was slightly authorised in* Greece, *but singularly admired elswhere, and that for the most part, the best Authors find at home their worst Auditors: howbeit, whatsoeuer VVriter is most famous, the same is therefore indebted to his natiue Language: Neither preferre I aboue three speeches before ours, for more sententious.*

VVritten haue I alreadie in Proese, allowed of some: and now (friendly Reader) offer I Verse, attending thine indifferent Censure. In which, if grosely I faile (as not greatly I so feare) in Veritie, Breuitie, Inuention, and Varietie, profitable, patheticall, pithie, and pleasant, so farre off shall I be from being opinionate of mine owne Labours, that my selfe will also subscribe to prescribe the same for absurd and

erronious. But in vaine is it either to intreat or feare the Courteous or Captious: the one will not cauill, nor the other be reconciled.

My labour is past, and your liking to come: and things hardly founded, may easily be confounded; Arrogancie is Linx-*eyed into aduantages: Enuie and selfe-conceited Readers capable of the least errour. But such are good Mindes, and the Contraries of these Men in reading of Books, as were the Paganes in reuerencing their Gods, sacrificing as deuoutly to a woodden* Iupiter, *as to a golden* Iupiter: *to an Oxe, a Cat, or vnreuerent* Priapus, *as to the Sunne, the Starres, or amiable* Venus: *deuotion and discretion being euermore senceles in detraction. Of the latter sorte therefore I craue pardon, presupposing their patience; to the former, presupposing impatience, I offer pardon: resting to either, and to you all, in good will such as I should.*

Yours. W. W.

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ALBIONS ENGLAND.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

CHAP. I.

I Tell of things done long agoe, of many things in few:
And chiefly of this Clyme of ours, the Accidents purſue.
Thou high Director of the ſame, aſsiſt mine art-leſſe pen,
To write the geſts of *Brutons* ſtout, and actes of Engliſh men,

When arked *Noah*, & ſeuen with him, the emptyd worlds Remaine,
Had left the inſtrumentall meane, of landing them againe:
And that both man and beaſt, and all, did multiplie with ſtore,
To *Aſia Sem*, to *Affrick Cham*, to *Europe Iapheth* bore
Their Families. Thus triple wiſe the world deuided was:
One language common vnto all: vntill it came to paſſe,
That *Nembroth* ſonne to *Chus*, the ſonne of *Cham*, o'

d *Noah* his ſonne.

In *Caldea* (neuer ſeene before) an Empire had begonne.
As he and his audacious crew, the Tower of *Babell* reare,
Pretending it ſhould check the cloudes, ſo to auoyd the feare
Of following flouddes, the Creator of creatures beheld
The climing toppes of cloud-high Towers, and more to be fulfilde.
To cut off which ambicious plot, and quaſh their proud intent
Amongſt a world of people there he ſundry ſpeeches ſent,
So that, vnable to conferre about the worke they went,
The Tower was left vnfiniſhed: and euery man withdrew
Himſelfe apart, to ioyne with thoſe whoſe language beſt he knew:
And thus confuſed tongues at firſt, to euery nation grew.

THe Babylonian *Saturne* though his buildings ſpeede was bad,
Yet found the meanes that vnder him he many Nations had.
He was the firſt that rulde as King, or forraine landes ſubdude,
Or went about into the right of others to intrude:
Ere this aſpiring mindes did ſleepe, and wealth was not purſude.
His ſonne *Ioue Belus* after him, ſucceeded and puruaide
For dreadfull warres, but awleſſe death his dreadfull purpoſe ſtaide.
Then *Ninus* proſecutes the warres, preuented *Belus* fought,
And fild the wronged worlde with armes, and to ſubiection brought
Much people, yet not capable of ſuch his nouile fight.
From *Caldea* to *Aſſyria* he tranſlates the Empire quite:
And cauſed fire on horſes backes, before him euer borne,
To be adorned for a God. Thus out of vſe was worne
In *Caldea* and *Aſſyria* too the honour rightly due
To high *Iehoua*, God indeede. Idolatrie thus grew
From *Ninus* firſt: he firſt of all a Monarchie did frame,
And bewtified *Niniue*, that bore the Builders name.
His warlike wife *Semiramis*, her husband being dead,
And ſonne in nonage, faining him, long ruled in his ſtead:
Delating in a males attyre, the Empire new begonne:
The which, his yeares admitting it, ſhe yeelded to her ſonne.

Thus

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Thus *Cham* his broode did borgeon firſt, and held the worlde in awe:
But *Iapheths* Line to *Iauans* land from *Aſſur* doth vs drawe.

MVch prayſe is ſpoke of *Theſſalie*, and *Pegaſus* his Springs,
And how the Nimphes of *Meonie*, in *Tempe* did great things,
And how that *Cecrops* and his ſeede did honour *Athens* ſo,
As that from thence are ſayd the Springs of Sciences to flow.
Not onely Artes but Cheualry, from *Greece* deriue we may:
Whereof (omitting many things) my Muſe, alonely ſay
How *Saturne*, *Ioue*, and *Hercules*, did fill the world with fame
Of iuſtice, proweſſe, and how they both men and Monſters tame:
And ſo from theſe deriue the meane how *Brute* to *Albion* came.
In *Crete* did floriſh in thoſe dayes (the firſt that floriſht ſo)
Vranos: he in wealth and witte all others did out goe.
This tooke to wife (not then forbod) his Siſter *Veſta* fayre,
That crooked *Titan* did to him and comely *Saturne* baer.
The elder for deformities, in making and of minde,
With parents and the people too did leſſer liking finde:
The younger by the contraries, gaue hanſell in his prime
Of many vertues, honouring their Owners elder time.
Away ſlips age: death ſpareth none: *Vranos* leaues the ſtage,
His body (now depriu'd of pomp) interrd, the wormes doe gage.
Well may a rich mans Hearſe want teares, but heires he ſhall not m's,
To whome, that he is dead at length no little ioye it is.
Howbeit, at the leaſt for forme, *Vranos* Sonnes lament:
But ſcarce their parted fathers Ghoſt to heauen or hell was ſent,
When that his heires did fall at oddes about the vacant Raigne:
And *Titan* chafes, diſabled then the Scepter to ſuſtaine.
Each eye did follow *Saturnes* forme, each heart applaudes his fame,
And to conclude, with whole conſent, he winnes away the game.
Yet, for becauſe the Birth-right ſhould inure to *Titan* ſtill,
In *Mars* his Church did *Saturne* vow his Iſſues males to kill.
Not meanely glad was *Saturne* then his head poſſeſt of Crowne,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

When, of his building, he was Lord of many a peopled Towne.
He giueth lawes, his lawes are kept, he bids, and all obay,
And equally belou'd and feard he wealds a kingly sway.
He teacheth men (vntaught before) to eare the lusty land:
And how to pearse the pathlesse ayre, with shaft from Bow-mans hand.
God *Dis* did quaile to see his golde so fast conuayd from hell,
And fishes quakte, when men in ships amidst their flouds did dwell:
Who loues not him? Wherein did not the King of *Crete* excell.
But what auaile or Townes, or Lawes, or what doe subiects moue?
Sheaues, Shafts, or Ships, or Gold, or all? king *Saturne* is in loue.
He loues, and is beloude againe: yeat so might not suffice,
In former vow to *Titan* made his paine of pleasure lies:
But no man from the Monarke *Loue* by wealth or weapons flies.
Cybella, fayre *Cybella* is espoused to her brother:
And as doe *Venus* billing Birds so loue they one another.
In Coiture she doth conceiue: one sonne is borne, and slayne:
And *Saturne* of the hansell hard, doth male-content remayne.

CHAP. II.

THe Sunne had compast all the Signes, and *Cybell* brought to light
Her second breede, a smiling boy, and *Iupiter* he hight:
Together with the Queene of Gods (so *Iunos* stile we wright.)
The infant smiled at his birth: but *Cybell*, ioy-bereft,
And *Vesta*, whom *Vranos* had an heauy widow left,
Did both lament: for *Saturne* wild the new borne babe should die,

Both

Both to acquite him of his vow, and fruſtrate Deſtinie.
For at the Oracle he had, his wife a ſonne ſhould beare,
That ſhould eiect him from his Realme: his vow therefore and feare
Did haſten on (vnwillingly) the ſlaughter of his ſonne:
For which (his ſorrowes granting ſpeech) his moene he thus begonne.
And wãt not ſtately Crowns their cares? With pompe haue princes (paine?
Ah, die he muſt, and die he ſhall, els may not *Saturne* raigne.
Yeat, might a Scepters want ſuffice, I gladly would reſigne:
But ſworne-by *Stix* and wreakfull *Mars* at periuries repine.
Then farre be it that they repine, leaſt I too late repent:
It doubles ſinne, if ſinne by ſinne we practiſe to preuent.
From this time foorth, *Melancholie*, for Surname *Saturne* had:
No mirth could wreſt frõ him a ſmile, ech ſmile would make him ſad.
His ſeruants feare his ſolemne fittes, when if they ought did ſay,
He either anſwers not at all, or quite an other way.
Vnpeopled roomes and pathleſſe wayes did fit his humour beſt:
And then he ſighs and ſheadeth teares when all things elſe did reſt.
Who ſo could cite a Tragedie was formoſt in his creede,
For, balking pleaſaunt company, on ſorrowes did he feede.
Death likes him that miſſlikes himſelfe: in geſture roabes and all
He ſhewes himſelfe like to himſelfe: and hence it doth befall
That men to Melancholy giuen, we *Saturniſts* doe call.

His Wife and Siſter kiſsing oft her Nephewe and her Sonne,
(For ſhe his Aunt and Mother was) with *Veſta* ſeeke to ſhunne
The voted Fathers deadly doome: to kill ſo ſweete a Childe
Their eyes and very ſoules abhorre: who (nothing ſo vnmilde)
Doe weeping kiſſe his laughing mouth, in minde the Babe to ſaue:
Howbeit feare of *Saturnes* wroth contrary counſell gaue.
But when in haſte the Babe his heart was ſent for by and by,
So *Saturne* wild, ſo *Cybell* muſt, and *Veſta* not denie,
It was a woe to heare their woe and death to ſee them die.
Vnhollowed wretch, then *Cybell* ſayd, in wombe why did I beare
This double Burthen? happy Twins, ſaue that my Twins they are.

So that my teeming with theſe throwes had ending well were I:
Or would I might not giue them life, that liuing foorthwith die.
Thy Scepter (*Saturne*) is not worth Perfourmance of thy vow:
Thy conſcience doth a ſcruple holde that Gods nor men allow.
Frō Gods, frō men, from brutiſh beaſts, from nature nought doth grow,
But toſters what it bringeth foorth: thou onely doeſt not ſo.
Thy Sonnes alone for ſlaughters ſerue, and I mean while their mother
Am *Saturnes* Wife, leſſe prowd of it then that he is my Brother.
Vnhappy *Cybell* borne to beare, and therefore borne to woe,
And fruitleſſe fertill to a man that ſoweth not to mow.
Now teares had drowned further ſpeech, till ſhe as one beſtrought
Did crie that with a knife the Babe ſhould to her bed be brought:
My ſelfe (quoth ſhe) will be his death, with whome my ſelfe will die:
For ſo may *Saturne* ſaue and ſhunne his vow and deſtinie.
But *Veſta* countermaunds her charge: yeat *Saturnes* will muſt ſtand,
For *Ioue* muſt die, or they not liue. A Damſell theare at hand
Was then enforced to that charge. Thrice toucht her knife his Skin,
But thrice his ſmiles did cauſe her teares: ſhe fourthly did beginne,
And fourthly ended as before. Betide me death or life,
Liue ſtill (at leaſt for me) ſhe ſayd: and caſting downe the knife,
She kiſt that ſweete and prety mouth that laughed on her lippes:
And brings him back to *Cybels* bed. Her heart, reuiued, ſkippes,
Reuiewing life where reckned death had wrought repentant teares.
The Father fronted with a guile, at length the Damſell beares
The Infant vnto *Vſon* Towne: and in her Ladies name,
Intreates *Meliſſus* Daughters twayne to nouriſh vp the ſame.
Vp to a Mountaine beare they him, and in a ſecret Caue
A Mountaine Goat did giue him milke, and ſo his life they ſaue.
His Nourſes, ſounding Simbals once to drowne the Infants crie,
A many Bees (the Muſes birds) into the Caue did flie,
Where making Honie, *Saturnes* Sonne did long time liue thereby.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

IT doth remayne of *Iupiter*, as how (but then a Lad)
From *Epire* to *Pelasgis* him the Lordes *Epyrotes* had,
To fetch their pledge *Lycaon* held, when times of truce had ende.
Lycaon fayning to consent, that did not so intend,
Next day, as though he would dismisse the Legates with estate,
Did make to them a solemne feast: when, hauing slaine of late
The noble pledge, he brings his limmes and setteth them before
His Countreymen to feede vpon in sauced dishes store.
The Strangers and his Subiects too abhorring such a sight,
Sit gazing each in others face, bereft of speech and sprite,
Vntill that lustie *Iupiter*, a stripling to beholde,
Did take the limmes dismembred so, and with a courage bolde
Did shew them throw *Pelasgis* streetes, declaring by the way
The murther of their bloodie King: which did so much dismay
The Citizens, that euen they, detesting such vnright,
Did rise in armes against their King, where youthfull *Ioue* did fight
So valiantly, that by his force *Lycaon* tooke his flight:
And after did by Robberies, by blood, and Rapines liue:
For which to him a Wooluish shape the Poets aptly giue.

IN *Epyre* and *Pelasgis* thus *Ioue* first his honour wonne:
But greater things vntouched are by this same Worthy donne.
And partly, in the monstrous warre that *Titan* and his Crue

Did holde with *Saturne*, when by search of Issues males he knew
The which his brother had aliue, against their couenant made:
When, *Titan* Victor, fast in hold was vanquisht *Saturne* laide,
Together with his wife and friends: where sorrow much they past,
Till *Iupiter* did vnderstand his parentage at last.
He therefore landing tooke in *Crete*, with well prouided men:
And slew his Vncle *Titan*, and the Giant *Typhon* then,
With most part of the *Titanoies*, and sets his Father free;
By meanes whereof they reconcile, and well a while agree.

NOt brooking then *Apollos* fault, in that he entertainde
The remnaunt of the *Titanoies*, that after warres remainde,
Apollo was by *Iupiter* inforced for to flie
His kingdome *Paphos*; and to liue exilde in *Thessalie*.
There loue, but chiefly penurie, constrained him to keepe
(Vntill he was restored home) the King *Admetus* sheepe.
And for his Sonne disdainefully enuied *Ioue* his praise
Ioue was the same Phisitions death that dead to life could raise:
Whose fame grew thus. As *Æsculap* an heardsman did espie,
That did with easie fight enforce a Basiliske to flie.
(Albeit naturally that Beast doth murther with the eye.)
Apollos Sonne perceiuing him with Garland on his head,
Imagins (as it was indeede) some hearb such vertue bred:
And for a proofe, he caused him to cast the wreath away,
When strait the beast her onely eyes the silly man did slay.
Then *Æsculap* himselfe did take the wreath and puts it on,
And by that meanes he ouercame the Basiliske anon.
In hearbs that deeper force is hid then Science may containe
I finde, sayd he, and hearb by hearb into his mouth did straine
That lay for dead, an hearb at last reuiuing him agayne.
Henceforth, men thought him more thē man, whē by his wondrous (skill
He rendred life to many like, so winning great good will.
But as he waxed famous thus, he famous waxed proud,

Disdayning

Disdayning all, yea *Ioue* himselfe for Peere he disalowd:
Vntill that *Saturns* angry Sonne reueng'd his pride by death:
Correcting iustly each abuse, as Rector on the Earth.

THe Sonnes renoune thus added grace, vnto the Fathers name,
But shadowes waite on substances, and enuie followes fame.
Euen *Saturne*, pompous *Saturne*, ridde by *Iupiter* of Foes
And feare of *Titan*, did renewe his supersticious woes,
As touching former Oracle: and hastie sommons sent
Throughout his Realme to muster men, in purpose to preuent
By death of *Ioue* his destinie. The men of *Crete* repinde
To put on armour to his ill whom they had found so kinde:
But will they, nill they, so they must, for so their King assignd.
And *Saturne* with his armed troupes into *Arcadia* went,
Where *Iupiter*, forewarned of his Fathers ill intent,
Intreated peace, to him denide, so that perforce he must
Defend him from his froward Sire, or rather foe vniust.
Theare might ye see King *Saturne* fight like to a Lion wood,
Whilest *Iupiter* did beare his blowes and spares his Fathers blood:
And him that foe-like would him slay, he friendly did defend,
Desiring *Saturne* to retyre, but wordes were to no end.
The wilfull man pursuing blood, *Ioue* ceaseth to perswade,
And rushing in amongst his foes so hote a skirmish made,
That euery blowe sets blood abroch, and so in little space,
Euen he who late he did entreat is followed now in chace
By *Arcas* and his company: for *Ioue* restraind the flight,
Because against his countrey men he had no will to fight.
Whilest luckless *Saturne* did escape by flight and fortune then,
And wandred long in vncouth Seas, depriude of wealth and men,
Victorious *Iupiter* was crownde with glory King of *Create:*
And *Saturne*, now ariude at *Troy*, for succour did entreat.
Ganymedes, King *Troys* sonne, was sent in *Saturnes* ayde:
A worthy Knight, and valiant warre to *Iupiter* he made.

But he and his were chaſed backe euen to their Citie walles,
For whoſo ſtoode with *Iupiter*, by *Iupiter* he falles.
And theare the *Troyan* Paragon *Ganymedes* was taine,
Twixt whome and *Iupiter* thenceforth ſound friendſhip did remaine.
Then *Saturne* did the ſecond time to Seas with ſhame retire,
And neuer after durſt by warre againſt his ſonne conſpire:
But ſayling into lower Realmes, in *Italie* did dwell:
And hereof it is ſaid, his ſonne did chaſe him into hell.

MEane while, leſſe ioyous of his fame then ielous of his freakes,
Her wrong Queene *Iuno* on the Truls of *Iupiter* ſhe wreakes.
Which was the cauſe that, all too late, he (purpoſing returne
To reſcue *Danae* (in whoſe loue he amorouſly did burne)
Was caſt by ſtormes into the Seas, that forthwith tooke the name
Of him whom for his Piracies *Ioue* vanquiſht in the ſame.
Ye might haue ſeene *Aegeon* theare, with wreakfull wrath inflamde
At ſight of *Ioue*, at whoſe decay he long in vaine had aimd.
And how that *Ioue* had now the worſt, and in a triſe againe
The Gyant with his twiſe three Barkes in hazard to be taine.
The *Centaures* ſhew them valerous, ſo did *Ixeon* ſtout,
And braue *Ganymedes* did deale his balefull dole about:
But when couragious *Iupiter* had beaten to the ground
Aegeon, and in the ſelfeſame Chaynes wherein he often bound
The harmeleſſe ſoules that croſt thoſe Seas, himſelfe in fetters lay,
Ye might haue ſayd, and truly ſayd, that then did end the fray.
So many were his high exploits, whereof ſuch wonder bread,
That for the ſame the Heathen folke doe deifie him dead.
Which ſince they are ſo manifold, I many ouerpaſſe:
And though *Amphitrio* bluſh to heare how he deceiued was,
And that *Alcmena* pinch my tongue, poſſeſt with baſhfull ſhame,
Yea though that *Iupiter* himſelfe my lauiſh tongue ſhall blame,
Yeat ſince that ielous *Iuno* knowes already of the ſame,
I dare to tell how *Iupiter* ſo cunningly beguilde

His

His loue *Alcmena*, that by him ſhe traueled with childe
Of *Hercules*: whoſe famous Acts we orderly ſhall tell,
Whereof the firſt, but not the leaſt, in Cradle-time befell.

CHAP. IIII.



Veene *Iuno*, not a little wroth againſt her huſbands crime,
By whome ſhee was a Cockqueane made, did therefore at the time
In which *Alcmena* cride for helpe to bring her fruit to light,
Three nights and dayes inchaunt her throwes: and (of a Diueliſh ſpight)
Intended both the Ladies death and that wherewith ſhe went:
Till *Galinthis* vnwitching her did *Iunos* ſpels preuent.
Howbeit cankered *Iuno*, ſtill purſuing her intent,
Two poyſoned Serpents, got by charmes, into the chamber brought
Where *Hercules* in cradle lay, and thinking to haue wrought
A Tragedie, did let them looſe: who ſmelling out their pray,
Skaerd *Hercules* his brother that in ſelfe ſame cradle lay:
But *Hercules*, as Children vſe with little whelpes to play,
Did dallie childiſhly with them, and no whit did diſmay:
Vntill at laſt his tender fleſh did feele their ſmarting ſtings,
And then diſpleaſd, betwixt his hands the Snakes to death he wrings.
Amphitrio and the *Thebanes* all of this ſame wonder tell:
And, yeeres permitting, *Hercules* did with *Euriſteus* dwell.
This King, by ſpitefull *Iunos* meanes, did ſet him taske on taske,
But *Hercules* perfourmed more then both of them could aske.

Yea,

Yea, yet a Lad, for Actiuenes the world did lack his like,
To Wreſtle, Ride, Run, Caſt, or Shoote, to Swim, to Shift, or Strike,
As witnes (his inuention firſt) thoſe ſolemne actiue Plaies,
That were on Mount *Olimpus* tride, where he had prick and praiſe.
For which his Nouell, and himſelfe (in thoſe not hauing Peeres)
The *Græcians* by th'*Olimpides* kept reckning of their yeeres.

KIng *Atlas* daughters in the Iſles of *Heſperæ* did holde
A many Sheepe: and Poets faine their fleeces were of Golde:
(For rarenes then of Sheepe and Wooll in figures ſo they faine)
Euriſteus pricks his Puple on this nouile Prize to gaine.
The *Greekes* applie their ſweating Oares, and ſailing doe perſiſt
Vntill they reach the wiſhed ſhoare: where ready to reſiſt
Their entrance to the cloſed Iſles an armed Giant ſtayd,
Whoſe grim aſpects at firſt approch made *Hercules* afraide.
Now buckle they, and boyſterous bloes they giue and take among:
A cruell fight: But *Hercules* had victorie ere long.
The Giant ſlaine, *Philoctes* tooke the vanquiſher in hand:
An harder taſke had *Hercules* then pauſing now to ſtand,
Moſt dreadfull was their doubtfull fight, both lay about them round,
Philoctes held the harder fight by keeping higher ground.
The Sonne of *Ioue* perceauing well that proweſſe not auail'd,
Did faine to faint: the other thought that he in deed had quaild,
And left th'aduantage of his ground, and fiercely ſmites his Foe:
But *Hercules*, whoſe policie was to contriue it ſo,
Renewing fight moſt eagerly, ſo ſtrikes and ſtrikes againe,
That to endure the doubled force his valiant Foe had paine.
Who, yeelding to his Victors will, did finde in him ſuch grace,
As *Hercules* did thenceforth vſe his friendſhip in each place.
Heſperides, the goodly Nimphs, their Keepers chaunce lament:
But *Hercules* did comfort them, and cure their diſcontent:
And ſhipping then of Rammes and Ewes a parcell thence he went.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

IN coasting back by new-built *Troy*, he saw a moneſull sort
Of people, clustering round about their yet vnconquered Port.
He musing much, and striking Saile, did boldlie aske wherefore
They made such dole: *Laomedon*, then standing on the Shoare,
Did tell the cause: the cause was thus. *Laomedon* ere than
To reare the statelie walles of *Troy* (a costly worke) began,
And wanting pay to finish vp the worke he had begunne,
Of *Neptunes* and of *Phœbus* Priests (the Godes of Sea and Sunne)
He borrowed money, promising repaiment of the same
By certaine time which thereunto he did expresly name.
The walles are built, the time is come, the Priests their money craue,
Laomedon forsweares the debt, and naughtie language gaue.
Forthwith the Sea (the Diuell then did many wonders showe)
Began to swell, and much of *Troy* with violence ouerflowe:
And thereupon the swealtie Sunne (the wastfull Sea retierd)
So vehementlie did shine vpon the Oosie plashes myerd,
That thereof noisome vapours rose, and of those vapours spread
Such plagues, as scarce the liuing might giue buriall to the dead.
Repentant then, their wretched king to diuell-god *Delphos* goes
Where at the Oracle he knew his wrongs to cause such woes:
And how the Gods of Sun and Seas, offended, doe require
Each month a Virgin, to appease a seaish Monsters ire.
Wherefore to saue their common weale, the *Troyans* did agree,
One Virgin, as her Lot did light, should pay that monthlie fee.
Now after many murdred Maids (for monthlie at one day,
The fearefull Monster at the Port expects his wonted pray)
The lot fell to *Hesione* the daughter of the King,
Whom to the Port to be deuourd with teares the *Troyans* bring.
When *Hercules* thus vnderstoode the hard occasion why
The guiltles Lady should haue died, he purposing to trie
His valiantnesse, (for what was it that *Hercules* would flie?)
Did aske the King what gift should grow to him that should both free

His Daughter and his kingdome of that bloody monthly fee.
The king, whom now a doubted hope of profered helpe made glad,
Made promise of two milk-white Steedes as chiefest gemmes he had.
Braue *Hercules*, whose ventrous heart did onely hunt for fame,
Accepts th'assumpsit, and prepares the fiend-like fish to tame.
Anone the dreadfull Diuell driues the Sea before his brest,
And spitting mighty waues abrode, disgorgde from monstrous chest,
Lifts vp his vgly head aboue the troubled waues to catch
The trembling Lady, for which pray his yawning iawes did watch.
But he, whose strength exceeded sense, with yron Club in fist,
Did bootlesse long with brusing waight the boistrous Whale resist.
The greater strokes, the fiercer was the monsters awlesse fight:
So that the *Greekes* and *Troyans* all misdoubt their dreadlesse knight.
Still *Hercules* did lay on load, and held the fight so long,
That in the end the Sea retirde, and left the fish among
The bared sands: and so for want of water, not of strength,
Good fortune honours *Hercules* with victorie at length.
Now when the King, his *Troyans*, and the *Grecians* had behild
The substance of the vgly shape, euen dreadfull being kild,
They bring the Champion to the towne with triumphs, gifts, & praise:
And who but he belou'd in *Troy*, whiles that in *Troy* he stayes?
Alone the King (a man no doubt predestinate to ill)
Obseruing how his Subiects bore to *Hercules* good will,
And fearing least their loue to him might turne himselfe to hate,
And seeing now himselfe and land in prosperous estate,
Vnfriendly did exclude his friend from out his City strong,
Whilest with his *Greekes* he hunts abroad, mistrustlesse of such wrõg.
And when the Champion and his men did from their sporte returne,
Not onely did gain say in *Troy* that longer they soiourne,
But also (impudent in guiles) withheld the Corsers twaine,
Which *Hercules* so dearly wonne, in hazard to be slayne.
Alcmenas Sonne abashed then to finde so lewd a meede,

In lieu of well deſerued loue was chollerick indeed:
And made a vow (if life gaue leaue) he would ſuch vengeance take
On *Troy*, that euen the ſtones thereof for dread of him ſhould quake,
And that the liuing *Troyans* then ſhould ſay, and iuſtly ſay,
That they were happie whom the plague and Monſter made away.
And threatning ſo the trothleſſe King did leaue the hated Port,
And ſhortly did ariue at *Thæbes*, and feaſts in *Creons* Court.

THence brought he war and wrack to *Troy*, and in his armie Kings:
And by the way *Larneſſus* walles vnto the ground he flings,
And ſetteth *Tenedos* on fire, whoſe fearefull flames eſpide,
Gaue Sommons vnto careleſſe *Troy* for worſer to prouide.
Before the *Greekes* had reached *Troy*, the *Troyans* by the way
Did bid them battaile: many men on either part decay.
The ſounding armours crack with blows, whileſt piercing arrows flie,
This lyeth dead, that ſame is maimde, and more at poynt to die.
Heads, armes, and armour flie about, and bodies ſwimme in blood,
And freſh ſupplies did fall with them on whom they fighting ſtood.
But *Hercules*, aboue the reſt, beſtird himſelfe ſo well,
That ſtill before his balefull Club by Shocks the *Troyans* fell.
Who, fainting now, ſeeke to retire into their fenſiue towne:
Where *Hercules* their Porter was, and rudely knockes them downe.
Thus wonne he *Troy*, and ſacked *Troy*, and Chanels flowed blood,
Nor did he breath whileſt any part of all the Citie ſtood,
Saue ſtately *Ileon*. In the ſame a many Ladies weare,
Whoſe piteous teares wrought *Hercules* that onely place to ſpare,
As for the falſe *Laomedon* he ſecretly was fled
And valiant *Pryamus* his ſonne to *Greece* was captiue led.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

AT home returne, Queene *Iuno* craues his compa-
nie at *Creat*,
Whom, there arriud, with hartleſſe ioy his ſtep-
dame did intreat.
What? Heareſt thou not my ſonne (quoth ſhe)
how *Argiue* folke complaine
Of Lions three, that in their fieldes both men and
heardes haue ſlaine?
All this ſhe ſaid, as knowing him to ſeeke ſuch hard affaires:
To win him to which deſperate fight no Courſe nor coſt ſhe ſpares.
When this was ſaid, enough was ſaid, and halfe was yet behinde
When *Hercules* did vow redreſſe, and *Iuno* had her minde.
He ioyes to heare of that exploit, ſuch was his ventrous hart,
And thanking *Iuno* for her newes, did ſo from thence depart.
Philoctes now and *Hercules* in *Nemea* Forreſt be,
Long ſeeking what they could not finde, till, crying from a tree,
An Heardſ-man ſaid, friends ſhift away, or elſe come vp to me:
Leaſt that thoſe cruell Lions three now ranging in this wood,
Which haue deuourd thoſe Heards I had, and with my Manies bloud
Imbrud their fierce deuouring chappes, and forced me to clime
This Tree, where I (vnhappie man) on leaues haue fed long time,
May, all too ſoone, with tearing teeth deſtroy you in like caſe.
Th: quaking Heardſ-man ſcarce had ſaid thus much, when as a pace
From out a Thick the Lions three on *Hercules* did run.
Philoctes truſtleſſe of his Prowſe, by climing did them ſhun,
And now the Rampant Lions great, whoſe onely view would quaile

An hundred Knights, though armed well, did *Hercules* assaile,
And sometimes with their churlish teeth and pinching pawes againe
So grieuously indanger him, that neere he faints with paine.
Howbeit (glorie checking griefe) he twaine had now dispatcht:
The third, and dreadfulst of the three, though many a blow he catcht,
Yet neither Club nor Sword had force to harme his hardned Hide,
Vntill that (weapons laid apart) by strangling hands he dide.
Not *Hercules* himselfe conceaud more ioy of this successe
Then did *Philoctes*, who ere while did hope of nothing lesse.
The Herdsman, poore *Melorcus*, like as *Hercules* him wild,
Vncaest the Lions, fearing long to touch them being kild:
And in his Cottage to the Knights a Countrey feast he hild.
The *Argiues*, hearing of this deed, with Triumphs him intreate,
And offer all: but leauing all he doth returne to *Create*:
Whom glozing *Iuno*, gainst her minde, with cost did intertaine,
And with a tongue repugnant quite to her malicious vaine
Commends his deeds, whē rather she did wish he had been slaine.
And therefore with an harder taske his labour did renew:
But what was it that manhood might, and he would not pursue?

IN *Ægypt* was a grieuous drought, the cause thereof vnknowen:
Which to redresse, their Diuelish Gods and Oracle had showen.
Doo offer vp strange bloud, they bid, and so auert our ire:
Busiris, prone before to bloud, had now his hearts desire.
No sooner Stranger toucht the shoare, but them the barbarous King
To frie in flames before his Gods for Sacrifice doth bring.
Yea custome added worse to ill, his Subiect and his friend
(When Strangers misse) supplie the flames, his murthers had no end.
Howbeit, with these Butcheries the drought did still remaine:
For in *Busiris* was the bloud that should redeeme the raine.
The Gods did meane (which they not minde) that lewd *Busiris* he
An Alien borne, that Stranger was, who dead, no drought should be.
A Noble man of *Iunos* kin *Busiris* late had slaine,

For losse of whome the craftie Queene did often sorrowes faine.
Cease (Madame) saieth *Hercules*, not long the time shall be,
But I his tyrannie shall end, else it giue end to me.
Her sorrowes did not tith her ioy, when he had giuen consent
To vndertake that deathfull taske: for death was it she ment.
Now *Hercules* in *Ægypt* meetes *Busiris* and his Crew,
When sodainelie with maine assault on him the Giant flew:
Supposing to haue dealt with him, as he had done before
With other Strangers. *Hercules* alonely, and no more
To take his part, with skathfull stroakes bestird his Club so well,
In battering of the Tyrants bones, that strengthlesse downe he fell.
Then did he kill and chase away his lewd and cruell traine,
Till hearing of no further foe, he commeth backe againe,
And taketh vp the wretched King, that cryeth out for ayde:
And on the Altar, where himselfe had Strangers often layde,
Himselfe was made a Sacrifice: and as his blood did staine
The Altar, euen at that same time there fell a ioyfull raine.
With ended drought, and Tyrants death, a common ioy befell,
And all in *Memphis* entertaine the vnknowen Champion well:
From thence returning back to *Thæbes* he there a while did dwell,

KIng *Creons* Daughter *Megara*, at *Thæbes* he did espouse:
To cõtenãce their wedding feast did wãt nor knights, nor prowse.
Which triumphs ended, whẽ the knights should thence depart away,
Pirithous to his wedding bids them all, and names the day
Wherein to meete at *Thessalie*: to which did all consent,
And at the time concluded of at *Thessalie* conuent.
Amidst their cheere, the solemne feast the *Centaures* did disqueat:
Whom by no meanes the Nobles there to patience might intreat.
For they an hundred Gyants strong, with drinking whitled well,
Amongst their cups, from words to blowes, and worser dealings fell:
And (too outragious at the last, (fierce *Eurytis* their Guide)
Vnreuerently they rauish thence *Hippodame* the Bride.

But

But *Hercules* not brooking it, to arme himselfe begunne,
And all alone in rescue of the rapted Bride did runne.
By this time did *Ixeons* Seede stand still in battell ray,
When he, but one against them all, began a bloodie fray.
Ech arrow that with ayming hand from sturdy Bow he sent,
Did answere by the death of one the Sender his intent.
Whilest *Hercules* with deadly bow had store of *Centaures* slaine,
And, wanting arrowes, with their blood his valiant Club did staine,
The Bridegroome and the other knights came to the ceasing fight,
When all were foyld, excepting twelue that sau'd their liues by flight.
Alonely *Lycus* yeelded him a prisoner, and liues,
And liuing vnto *Hercules* much after-sorrow giues:
But *Nessus*, that escaped then, in time him worser grieues.

CHAP. VI.

THe glory of this high attempt and sauing of the Bride
They all ascribe to *Hercules*: and whilst they heere abide
To exercise his Piracies, as *Pluto* King of Hell,
(Such was the lewdnes of his life, and place where he did dwell,
That hee and it were titled so) lay houering neere the shore,
And saw the folke of *Cicilie* their Gods with rights adore,
This rouing King, with armed Guardes of his disordered Crew
Did come a land to make their Pray: but for, to outward view,
They faine deuotion, none suspect the ill that did ensue,

Anon,a wreathing Garlands ſweet hard at her mothers ſide,
King *Pluto* ſawe *Proſerpine*,and liking whom he ſpide,
Concluding with his companie how to conuay her thence,
Betwixt his boiſtrous armes he tooke the faire and fearefull wench,
And doo what the *Cicilians* might,he ſetteth her aboord:
And to his giltie Sailes the Aire did gentle Gales afoord.
A number eyes in *Cicilie* for her did weepe,in vaine:
For her her Mother *Ceres* and her Louef mate did complaine,
Her ſelfe(ſweet Lady) of her moane did finde no meane,God wot,
Though *Dis* to pleaſe did ſay and giue what might be ſaid or got.
Imbarked then,with him his Harpe did wofull *Orpheus* take,
And to *Moloſſa Plutos* Realme with ſpeedie Sailes did make:
Where he,vnknowne,at gate of Hell did harp ſuch Muſick ſweete,
As lumpiſh *Cerberus* could not but ſhake his monſtrous feete.
His foule and warpt ill-fauoured face,ore-hung with cole-black haires,
His horſlike teeth,his lolling lips,his Doglike hanging eares,
His hooked noſe,his skowling eyes, his filthie knotted Beard,
And what not in his vgly ſhape? but preſently appeard
More milder than his common moode,and leſſer to be feard.
This helliſh Porter,deeming that ſuch muſick would delight
His weeping Miſtris,did conuay the Harper to her ſight:
Where *Pluto* ſwore by dreadfull *Stix*,if *Orpheus* did by play
But make her laugh,what ſo he askt he ſhould receiue for pay.
Anon ſuch Heauenly Harmonie on skilfull Harpe he plaid,
That ſhe her husbands muſick knew,and ioyfull was ſhe made.
Now *Orpheus* did a watch-word giue,and ſhe to laugh began:
And for reward to haue from thence his wife he asked than.
Although it gawled *Plutoes* ſoule his ſweet-heart to forgo,
Yeat for to quit him of his oath,he yeelds it ſhall be ſo,
With this condition,that before they fully paſſed Hell,
He ſhould not backwards looke on her,what chance ſo ere befell.
Now as they paſſe through blinde by-waies, he fearing leaſt perchance
She erre or lag,returnes a looke: and who ſhould marke that glance

But *Cerberus*, that purposely for such aduantage waites:
Who still detaining her, did shut her Husband out the gates.
When *Ceres* heard of this mischance, she *Cicill* leaues anon,
And knowing all the Knights of *Greece* to *Thessalie* were gone,
She thether goes in hope of helpe: where presently she meetes
With *Thæseus* and *Pirithous*, whose salutings she regrectes.
They wondring what the noble Queene of *Cicill* there should make:
Become inquisitiue thereof: to whom sad *Ceres* spake
First of *Proserpine* her greefe, and then of *Plutoes* guile:
For her she weepes, on him she railes, and mooueth them meane while.
The mother of false *Dis* his rape had more behinde vnsaid,
When *Ægeus* and *Ixions* Sonnes did ioyntly offer aide.
About the desert parts of *Greece* there is a valley lowe,
To which the roaring waters fall that from the Mountaines flowe:
So Rockes doe ouershadow it that scarce a man may vewe
The open ayre: no Sun shines there: Amidst this darksome Mewe
Doth stand a Citie, to the same belongs one onely Gate,
But one at once may come thereto the entrance is so straite,
Cut out the rough maine stonie Rocke: This Citie did belong
To *Pluto*, and because that he was euer doing wrong,
And kept a theeuish Rable that in mischiefes did excell,
His Citizens were Diuels said, and Citie named Hell.
When to this Cities ruthlesse gate were come the friendly Knights,
Fierce *Cerberus* did rouse himselfe, and scarcely barking bites.
He thought the world had lackt the man that thether durst repaire:
And troth to say, not one till then to doo the like did dare.
Now fiery sparks from thundering strokes in darke did giue thẽ light,
And *Ceres* Champions valiantly maintaine their ventrous fight,
When stout *Pirithous*, too too bold, a deadly wound he catcht,
And *Thæseus*, though Combattan-like he long the Helhound matcht,
Yeat with his fellowe had he falne, and flying feares to cope,
Expecting nothing lesse then life, but hap exceeded hope:

For *Hercules* at *Thessalie* did feare so hard euent:
Whence lanching out, he made in showe as if to *Thæbes* he went,
But with *Philoctes* all his traine and *Lycus* home he sent:
And he himselfe to aide his friends did to *Molossa* goe,
Wheare, like as did his minde presage, he found it very so.
For euen as curtish *Cerberus* with gorie bloes did chace
The wounded and the wearie Knight, came *Hercules* in place.
An vnexpected happie sight to *Theseus* at that tide:
Whom *Cerberus* forsaking then at *Hercules* he slide,
Vpbraiding him with threatning words, and like himselfe did raue,
And reacht him many a crabbed rap with his presumptious Glaue.
The Danter then of Trespassers perceauing *Theseus* drie
His grieuous wounds, and at his feete *Pirithous* dead to lie,
Desirous to reuenge them both, laies lustie lode about,
And with his still victorious Club did *Cerberus* so cloute,
That, quite dismaid at such a match, he reeling to the ground,
Did send from out his Doggish throat a loud and diuelish sound.
But when the victor sure enough the vanquished had bound,
He leauing *Theseus* weake without into the Cittie went:
Whereas he found the wicked King and Citizens, that spent
Their fruteless time in vices foule, and dealings most vniust,
As those that in their Porters strength reposed all their trust.
With these did *Hercules* play Rex, and leauing *Dis* for dead,
Not one escapes his deadly hand that dares to shewe his head.
Whole thousands thē did breath their last, & who had seene the sight,
Might well haue said it Hell indeede: for euerie thing out-right,
Besides that sullen Mew it selfe, did giue a figure plaine
Of selfe same Hell where damned Soules abide in endlesse paine.
Saue howlings out & shuddering feare came nought to eare or sight,
With grieuous grones of dying Ghosts: & so much more their spight,
By how much more he found them then in pleasures and delight.
This horror hanging, *Hercules* in buskling vp and downe

In *Plutoes* Pallace, to her ioy, *Proserpine* he found,
And tolde her of enlargement thence: And then in harrowed Hell
(*Pyrithous* buried) he, nor she, nor *Theseus* longer dwell:
But, waying Anket with the Queene of *Cecils* Daughter went
To *Thessalie*: where present greefes pretended ioyes preuent,
For, hearing of *Pyrithous* death, not one but did lament.
Hippodame (a Widowe now) especially bewailes
Her ouer-hardie Husbands death: But weeping lesse preuailes
Then did Reuenge: for *Hercules* vnto her doome commits
Her greefes-Contriuer, *Cerberus*, almost besides his wits
For feare of death his due desert: whome causing to be bound
Both hands and feet, and to be dragd along the ragged ground,
A knauish Skull of Boyes and Girles did pelt at him with stones,
And laying on with staues and whippes did breake both flesh & bones.

WHen *Hercules* should passe to Hell, as hath before been said,
And that *Philoctes* of his men he had Lieutenant made,
And as *Philoctes* with his charge on Seas to *Thebes* did passe,
He met *Androdamus*, the King of *Calcedon* he was.
Androdamus, not knowing yet his Cosen there inthralde,
(For *Lycus* was his Cosen) to the *Thebane* Pilots calde
To Ken of whence and where they would. But ere the *Thebans* might
Giue answer, *Lycus* clogd with chaines on hatches stoode vpright
And cride, *Androdamus* beholde and succour me thy friend,
That shamefully, vnles thou helpe, am like my life to end.
I Captiue am to *Hercules*, and thus to *Thebes* must goe:
Giue aide therefore. *Androdamus* deferres not dooing so,
But setteth on *Philoctes*, that himselfe and Shippe defends,
And part of *Calcedons* he slewe, and part to Sea he sends:
But where the number tripled there for them the Battell ends.
When *Lycus* was discharg'd of bands, and stout *Philoctes* bound,
He tolde what skath the *Centaures* late in *Thessalie* had found.
Amongst the slaine he named some allied to the King:

For which the ſauage Tyrant ſwore reuenge on *Thæbes* to bring.
And ſayling thence preuailed theare by comming vnawares:
And putteth all to ſacke and ſword, nor olde nor young he ſpares,
He ſlaieth *Creon*, and in holde faire *Megara* was caſt:
And leauing *Lycus* King in *Thæbes*, from *Thæbes* the Tyrant paſt.
Whileſt *Lycus* thus did Lord-it theare, the error of his eye
Did vexe his heart: but *Megara* his luſt did chaſtly flye.
And *Hercules* by now had newes how things at *Thæbes* fell out,
And how that *Lycus* theare was Lord, and none for him durſt route.
Diſguiſed then he thither comes and to the Pallace went:
Whom, whē the Porters would haue ſtaide, his ragges he of did rēt,
And ſhowes himſelfe like to himſelfe, no bloe in vaine he ſpent
That ſets not breath or bloud abroch. This vprore *Lycus* heard,
And thinking that ſome priuat Fray had falne amongſt his Garde,
Preſuming that his preſence would appeaſe the growing heat,
Did caſt his haughtie armes abroad, as who would ſay, be quiet,
Or here am I that can aſwell commaund it as intreat,
Which *Hercules* ſo ſuddainelie chopt off, that (yet vnmiſt)
He thinking to haue vſed Armes, was armeles ere he wiſt.
Then *Hercules*, our *Hercules* is come, all *Thæbes* it cride,
Now ſhake we off our ſeruile Yoke and follow him our guide:
And ſo they did, till none were left to holde on *Lycus* ſide.
The medly ended, *Hercules* did bring the *Centaure* bound
To Priſon: whereas *Megara* in miſerie he found:
(For *Lycus*, ſpeedeles in his luſt, againſt her ſo had frownde)
Yea (more reuengefull) ſeeing her imbraced by his Foe,
And hoping nothing leſſe then life, to vexe them ere he goe
He ſaid: thou doateſt ouermuch to entertaine that Whore,
The falſeſt Ladie vnder Heauen, for let me liue no more,
If *Megara* (I ſpeake by proofe) imbraced ſo of thee,
Hath not offended diuers waies, and common been to me.

Then *Hercules* ſuppoſing that his ſpeeches had been true,
Sweept off the lying *Centaures* head, and in that choller ſlewe
(Too credulent) his guiltleſſe wife: but dead her death did rue.

FOr loſſe of her, and ſlaughtered friends, he vexed at the heart,
Did then from *Thæbes* (an heauie man) to Forraine lands depart.
Diſtreſſed in the *Troyan* Rhode he ſuccour ſought for pay:
To which (his peoples triple plague) *Laomedon* ſaid nay:
And to prouide their ſecond ſcourge ſaild *Hercules* away:
For, comming back with *Iaſons* Prize from *Colchos*, he complaines
Of churliſh King *Laomedon*, and ſo an armie gaines.
At *Troy* the *Greekiſh* Peeres and he did land their armed men:
Whome to reſiſt *Laomedon* did range his Battailes then.
The *Troyans* they beſtird them well, the *Grecians* ſtood not ſtill,
Laomedon fights valiantlie, and many a *Greeke* did kill:
Till *Hercules* (diſgeſting ill to ſee his Foe purſue
Such good ſucceſſe) encounters him, whom eaſilie he ſlue.
And hauing ſlaine the traiterous King he ceaſeth not to die
His *Thæbian* Club in *Phrigian* bloud, till all began to flie.
But with the *Troyans*, *Telamon*, and *Hercules* both twaine,
And by their valour all the *Greekes* the gates and Citie gaine,
And kill who ſo of *Troy* they caught, and raſed to the ground
The Citie, whileſt that houſe by houſe, or ſtone on ſtone they found.
When ventrous *Telamon*, for that he entred firſt the gate,
For Prize had faire *Heſione*, of *Troy* the lateſt fate:
For *Priamus* to quit her Rape, long after ſent his Sonne
To rauiſh *Hellen* from the *Greekes*: So thirdly warre begonne:
Heſione the cauſe to *Troy*, and *Hellen* to the *Greekes*,
And all did worke that *Troyan Brute* the *Albian* Climate ſeekes.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

CHAP. VII.

THe twiſe-ſackt Towne the *Grecians* then did
merrilie forſake,
And *Hercules* for new affaires, did land in *Ægypt*
take.
There in a Porte hee did eſpie a Fleete of Shippes
from farre,
Well fraught with Men, Munition, and what
elſe pertaines to warre.
When *Affer* (he chiefe Captaine was of that ſame Fleete) did ſpie
The Enſignes of the famous *Greeke*, he knew them by and by:
And entertaining on his knees the Owner of the ſame,
Reioyced to behold the man ſo honoured by fame.
With *Affer* ſailed *Hercules* to *Lybia*, to put downe
The Gyant King *Antæus*, that had aided to the Crowne
Of *Ægypt*, gainſt th' *Ægyptians* willes, *Buſiris* lately ſlaine
By *Hercules*, in whoſe conduct the doubt not to obtaine.
The taking land in *Lybia* now, and hauing in their ſight
The threatned Citie of the Foe, his Tents did *Affer* pight,
And girts it with a ſodaine Siege. The Giant then did ſhake
His hideous head, and vow'd reuenge, yea ſharpe reuenge to take.
But iſſuing out his Citie gates he found the Foe ſo hot,

That

That, notwithstanding such his bragges, the worst *Antæus* got:
For *Hercules* did canuase so his carkes, that at length
He did retire himselfe and men, as trustlesse of his strength.
His *Libians* slaine, and he not sound, *Antæus* Truce did craue:
For graunt whereof vnto his Foes meane time he victuals gaue:
And whilest the Month of Truce did last, the Giant brused sore,
Did heale his wounds, and to his part sollicits Aiders more,
Meane while the *Greeke* to *Mauritain* did passe vnknowne of all,
And theare in King *Antæus* aide he found supplies not small:
And for he looked souldier-like, they brought him to the King,
Who offered pay: not so (quoth he) I meane an other thing,
Discharge these Bands, or else will I discharge thee of thy breath,
That all alone to thee and thine oppose me to the death.
When *Atlas* knew him *Hercules*, that conquered of late
The Iland which his daughters held, and brought to lateſt fate
His Giant that defended them, and captiuated than
His friend *Philoctes:* he twixt feare and fierceneſſe waxed wan.
And looke how fast the ratling haile vpon an house dooth fall,
So fast they lay on *Hercules*, that holdeth wage gainst all.
For as the Smith with Hammour beats his forged Mettall, so
He dubs his Club about their pates and sleas them on a row.
And whilest (not daring to looke downe) by heaps on him they flie,
Some stumbling on the bodies dead are smoldred so and die:
Some sliding in their slippery bloud, wherewith the place did swimme,
Were strangled so: some others whilest disorderedly at him
They freat and foyne, are crowded on by those that hindmost be,
And with their weapons spoyle themselues and fellowes two or three:
Some others with the wounding points of broken weapons die:
And others daring with their Foe their bootles force to trie,
Were in a moment slaine by him: and thus in little space,
Without resistance *Hercules* had Lordship of the place:
And, maugre swords or studied Starres, brought *Atlas* to the Seas,
Whereas *Philoctes* did in time his pensiuenes appease,

And to his friend commends the Foe for bountie (which at last
Himselfe did finde) and when as time his griefe had ouerpast,
The same that for Astrologie the Skies support was said,
In such his Science *Hercules* a perfect Artist made.
The Month of Truce by this had end, and *Hercules* returnes
To *Affer*, that incamped at the *Lybian* walles soiournes.
A second battell then begonne: *Antæus* like a Baer
Bestires himselfe amongst his Foes, whilest *Hercules* did faer
As roughly with contrarie bloes, till none to fight did daer:
But humblie all submitting them subdued by his might,
He gaue them grace, and staied theare to doe them law and right.
Meane time *Antæus*, lately fled, returnes from *Mauritain*,
And with a mightie Troupe of *Moores* renewed fight againe:
And all the Fields with Carcases of mangled men were filde,
And numbers failed to the *Moores* that *Hercules* had kild.
But when *Antæus* saw his men to lessen more and more,
Resoluing or to win the Spurres or lose himselfe therefore,
He makes a bloudie glade vntill the *Thæbane* he espide,
And finding him: bestowe on me thy bloes, the Giant cride,
That am both able to endure and to repay the same,
A Flie is not an Eagles praie, nor Mouse a Lyons game:
My death might countenance thy deedes (if that it so would be)
But make account that I anon will triumph ouer thee.
In saying which he smites his Foe, perfourming wondrous might:
And bodie vnto bodie they with equall dammage fight.
But *Hercules* disdaining that so long *Antæus* standes
With him in combat, griping him betwixt his angrie handes,
Did crush his Carkasse in the ayre that life did leaue him so:
And thus did reape a Monarchie, and rid a mightie Foe.
Then *Hercules* (*Antæus* dead) with ease he ouercame
All *Lybia* with Prouinces and Kingdomes of the same,
And maketh *Affer* King of all that beares the Donees name.

IN expedition of which warre when *Hercules* would dwell
No longer time, but purposed to bid his friends farewell,
A warlike wench, an *Amazon*, salutes him by his name,
And said: know *Hercules* (if it thou knowest not by fame)
How that the *Scythian* Ladies, late expeld their native Land
By King of *Ægypt*, haue contriu'd amongst themselues a bande,
And with the same haue conquered all *Asia*, *Ægypt*, and
All *Cappadocia*: Now for that we, Victors, vnderstand
The *Africanes* are our Allies, we minding to proceed
In further Conquests, tendring them, haue therefore thus decreed:
That you two Champions shall elect, and we will also send
Two Ladies, that for victorie shall with your Knights contend:
And if your Champions vanquish ours, then we will tribute pay,
But if that ours doe vanquish yours, then you shall vs obay.
But hope not so, more profite giues our bountie then our bloes,
And vninforced tribute may procure your friendly Foes.
Then *Hercules*, admiring much the Chalengers, did yeeld
Two aduerse Knights the morrow next should meet them in the field.
And mounted well on Corsers twaine next light by dawne of day
Into the Listes came *Hercules* and *Theseus*: Mid the way
Vpon a brace of milke white Steedes the two *Viragoes* meete
The Knights, and each the other did with ciuill Congies greete.
Then either parte retiring backe began to make their race,
And couching well their valiant Speares did run a wondrous pace.
With *Menalippe Hercules* the fight did vndertake,
And *Theseus* with *Hippolite* did his Encounter make.
They meeting, either part both Horse and load to ground were cast,
Whereat the *Africanes* did muse, and *Scythians* were agast.
Vnhorsed thus, disdainefully each Knight defendant tooke it:
And either Ladie so disgrac'd as scornefully did brooke it.
Then settle they to handy Armes, the which was long and fierce,
And with their cutting weapons did both Helms and Harnesse pierce.
But *Hercules*, though neuer matcht so hardie in his life,

Disarmes.

Diſarmes at length his *Scythian* Taske, and ended was their ſtriſe.
But *Theſeus* with his Combatteſſe in doubtfull battell fights,
Till, bluſhing at the Maidens blowes, he checks his mending ſprights:
And laid ſo hardlie to her charge, not able to ſuſtaine
His freſh-got force, that he alſo the ſecond Prize did gaine.
Antiope, a third vnto thoſe warlike Siſters twaine,
Beholding how ſiniſterly the double fight had paſt,
Makes ſorow, whilſt the *Africanes* reioice for it as faſt.
The *Scythians* to the *Africanes* did homage then, and pray
Their Ladies might be raunſomed. That ſute did *Theſeus* ſtay,
For he through launce, his Foe through loue went victoreſſe away.
And therefore when th' *Athenian* Knight and *Amazon* were matcht
In mariage, *Menalippe* then from durance was diſpatcht.
And *Hercules* (then which to him no greater prize could be)
Had Queene *Antiope* her Bealt and armour for his fee,
And ſets the dames of Thermodon from other raunſome free.
And *Theſeus* with *Hippolite* at *Athens* landing takes,
And *Hercules* to *Calidon* a Diſmall viage makes.

THeare did King *Oeneus* bounteouſly receaue ſo great a Gueſt:
Where ſcarcely had he any time from paſſed toiles to reſt,
But that proud *Achelous* ſent Ambaſſadors to knowe
If that King *Oeneus* on him his daughter would beſtowe,
If not, to threaten wreakfull warres: which much abaſht the King,
Till *Hercules*, who then was come about the ſelfe ſame thing,
(For loue to *Deianira* both competitors did bring)
Expelled feare by offring aide to backe him from the Foe,
By meanes whereof vnſatiſſide awaye the Legats goe.
The Tyrant *Achelous* then, with all *Epirus* force
Inuades the bounds of *Calidon*, and ſpoyls without remorſe.
But *Hercules* he leading forth his Armie got the day,
And well was he amongſt his foes that faſteſt ran away.
They and their King, with hard eſcape, inmure themſelues at length
within

Within a Caſtle neere the Sea, an Hold of wonderous ſtrength.
The *Thæbane* then, as reſolute to ſpoyle both Foe and Fort,
Did burne his foes forſaken ſhippes, left riding in the Port,
And with a fewe beſets the hold. When *Achelous* he
So ſlender watch about the walles of Enemies did ſee,
He ſcorned that ſo weake a ſiege ſhould pen him vp ſo ſtraight,
Who hauing ten for one of them, did iſſue out the Gate
Againſt the *Greekes*, that willingly his comming did awaite.
Eſpying *Hercules*, he cride, lo yond ſame diuell is he
That droue vs out of *Calidon*, who ſo of mine he be
That ſlaieth him, ſhalbe inricht with great rewards by me.
But he that made ſuch offers large, did offer them in vaine:
For when his men ſaw *Hercules* approching them amaine
With fierie eyes, and angrie lookes, and dreadfull Club in fiſt,
They thought it needles to aſſaile, and booteles to reſiſte,
And euerie man retired backe into the holde againe,
Wheare many dayes, attempting flight, they cowardly remaine.
From warre at length they fell to wieles. There lay vpon the ſhore
A broken Hoy, that had not brookt the Seas of long before,
The Maſt they boring full of holes, in euerie hole did ſticke
A burning Torch, and lancht it out in night when clouds were thick.
No ſooner was the fierie keele a floate vpon the waues,
And that the *Greekes* eſpyed it, but ech man raſhly craues
The viewing of ſo ſtrange a ſight. But *Hercules* did ſmell
The preſuppoſed Stratagem, and raung'd his armie well,
And marching neere the guileſull light, did finde ambuſhment theare
That playing on aduantage thus (preuented though) appeare.
Occaſion hapning, *Hercules* would not omit the ſame,
But tooke them as he found them now, and fights it out by aime.
When *Achelous* he beheld his guile by guile to faile,
Wel might he chafe, but harder chaunce his courage might not quaile:
For looke how fierce and boiſterouſlie a chafed Bull doth fight,
So *Achelous* luſtilie on either ſide did ſmite:

And by his only prowesse then a many Knights were slaine,
Whilest *Hercules* with like successe his Opposits did paine.
And now, by chance, amidst the brunt the valiant Woers twaine
Doe single, and togethers tug, and as two Lions strong
Each one desiring others bloud did hold a Combate long.
King *Achelous* minding her for whom began that broyle,
To Conquer where he did contend, annexed hope to toyle:
Alcmenas Sonne remembring too whose cause he did defend,
Euen hers on whom his being and his very soule depend,
So chargd his Contrarie with knocks, and vsd his Club so well,
That vanquished (though valerous) King *Achelous* fell.
Th' *Epirotes* when they saw their King a Captiue led away,
Their hearts were doone: and *Hercules* subdued them ere day:
And *Achelous* in exile did end his latter dayes:
And all *Ætolia* was fild with *Hercules* his praise,
To whom the King did giue to Wife faire *Deianira*, shee
The pleasing prise of that his prowse, and dearelie earned Fee,
Who after, of her owne decaye, and his, the meane should bee.
The *Centaure Nessus* was the man that made her erre so much:
Of which her error, but his sinne, the circumstance is such.

CHAP. VIII.

WHen ouer deepe *Euenus* Foord the passage did not fit,
This Giant, of a Stature tall, did offer helpe to it:
And *Hercules*, forgetting him (for at the *Centaures* Fray
The same vnslaine, but not vnskard, escaped then away)
Did pray him to the farther shoare with *Deianire* to waide,

And

And ſo he did, whilſt *Hercules* this ſide the Riuer ſtaid.
When *Iunos* Breed on farther bankes his Paſſenger had ſet,
Then luſt and long conceaued grudge to foule reuenge did whet:
Not *Deianira* could auoid a Rape, or little leſſe:
Or *Hercules*, diſioynd by Foord, giue aide to her diſtreſſe.
One while, contrarie to himſelfe, full humbly he intreates,
Anon, like *Hercules* indeede, he did commaund with threates.
But firſt nor latter might preuaile, for *Neſſus* halde her thence.
I may not follow, nor in flight is (*Centaure*) thy defence
Said *Hercules*. His deeds approue his latter ſaying true,
For letting flie a fatall Shaft the Rauiſher he ſlue.
And though the arrow galled him euen at the very heart,
Yeat for a while he did indure the not enduring ſmart.
And hauing brought his trembling Rape into a vallie, ſaid:
See *Deianira* how thy Loue an end of me hath made:
Yeat is my death leſſe griefe to me, then that thou ſhouldſt beſtow
Thy ſelfe on ſuch a changing Churle as *Hercules*: I know
(Sweete Wench I know) he dooth preferre contrarie Loues to thee,
Wherefore my graue (the leſſe my griefe) in this thy good ſhall be.
Take this (he gaue a folded cloth, and to the baene therein
He mixed ſomewhat of his bloud) this ſame (quoth he) ſhall win
To thee again thy Huſbands loue, when he ſhall it eſtrange:
For out of doubt, I know it I, he takes delight in change.
When thou ſuſpecteſt ſuch a wrong, doe boyle a ſhirt with this:
No ſooner ſhall he weare the ſame (herein ſuch vertue is)
But that his nouell Loue will change and fall whence it did flie:
Meane while doe not the vnction touch, leaſt ſo the vertue die.
In all this time betwixt his armes he did the Ladie claſpe,
And hild her ſo, as Hawke a Pray, vntill his lateſt gaſpe.
Then leauing him a liueleſſe Coarſe, miſtruſting nought his drift,
She meaning ſimply, tooke with her the traitours poyſned gift.
And *Hercules* by this had paſt the Riuer deepe and wide:
Who (*Deianira* firſt imbraſt) drew from the *Centaures* ſide

The fatall Shaft that ſhould the death of braue *Achilles* proue,
In *Phœbus* Church, by *Paris* hand, for *Polixenas* loue.

THe *Centaure* left vntoombed there, Hee, Shee, and all their traine
are come to *Lerna*, whom the King did noblie entertaine.
Theare had he from their common teares the cruell hauock made
By *Lernan Hydra*, whom in Fenne not armies durſt inuade.
His vpper parts had humane forme, his nether Serpentine, (fine
The whole was monſtrous, yeat his wit more monſtrous, but moſt
(For wit is mouſtrous when the ſame from vertue doth decline.)
Such were his ſubtill arguments, and ſtill ſupplies therein,
That he by often loſſe of heads was fained heads to winne:
And wittie thus to others wrong confounded all hee found,
Propounding queſtions, and a word vnanſwered was a wound.
The Scourge of Tyrants hearing this, did promiſe death or ayde,
Whilſt fearefull *Deianira* did the contrarie perſwade.
But womans ſpeech from weapons vſe might not withdraw him then,
Til entring *Palus*, he had rouſd the Monſter from his Denne.
Diſdainfully did *Hydra* take the preſence of his Foe,
And after ſubtill arguments to ſturdie fight they goe.
Two blowes at once with Glaue and Taile made *Hercules* to reele:
Who ſince he firſt had vſed armes the like did neuer feele.
Not long he borrowed had the Loan, but *Hydra* had the like:
So either twaine repaye their debt, and neither faintly ſtrike.
But who might ſtand with *Hercules?* By him the monſter fell:
Who, burning vp his vgly ſhape did paſſe his ſoule to hell:
Which happie fate of *Hydras* fall left *Lerna* glad and well.
From whence to *Athens*, and from thence to *Lycia* did he ſaile,
Then to *Heſperia Gerions* Realme his outrages to quaile.

HE by his triple tyrannie, (for *Gerion* he was ſaid
three headed, in reſpect that him three other Giants aid)
So ſpoild and plag'd ỹ neighbour Realmes with daily wrongs & war,

That

That all the force of *Africa* his furie could not barre.
In *Gadira* when *Hercules* his Pillers reared had,
The which (our westerne world not knowne) men farther land forbad,
Then with victorious ships he sets on *Gerions* chased Fleet:
And secondly at *Megida* did either armie meete.
Theare *Gerion* with his brothers twaine the Citie did beset,
And scornefullie aduance themselues as men not to be met.
Prouiding therefore murall workes, they threaten hot assault:
Whilest *Hercules* contratie warres vnto his souldiers taught.
The Gates wide opned, out he comes vnto the Giants three,
Your men, he said, are well at worke, well met are also wee.
This lesse then monster more than man, a Fiende in humane shape
The *Spanyard* said, is he from whom I made so hard escape.
Yet hardlier shalt thou now escape, said *Hercules*, and than
Betweene them foure, three to one, A cruell fight began.
And euery of the Giants thought himselfe an ouer-match
To *Hercules*, who almost gaue to one a quick dispatch,
The second he dispatcht in deed, who fell his latest fall.
Then thousands came to rescue them yeat, one, he fights gainst all:
Till *Theseus* with the other knights did march their Armie out,
And ioyne to him, their Foes with them, and all make battaile stout.
Then *Gerions* brother fights againe, and both did bathe in bloud,
It was no fighting where they fought, or standing where they stood.
King *Meleus*, *Theseus*, *Hispan*, and *Philoctes* did no lesse:
But soueraignlie the sonne of *Ioue* bestird him in the presse.
The Giant, *Gerions* brother, then by him did breath his last,
And *Gerion* did retire his men into their Gallies fast,
But where they land, theare *Hercules* wonne landing, though he past
The Pikes withstanding thousand Swords, & warding thousand slings
Himselfe alone, ere that his men to fight on Shore he brings.
Then *Gerion*, cursing heauen & earth, bestirre ye friends he cride,
Now is the time to liue or die, let good or bad betide,

Doe liue as men, or die as men, see tenne we are for one,
What lets vs then from victorie, that victors haue beene knowne?
Reuenge your selues, reuenge your friends, reuenge our cõmõ mone.
Nor did he shrinke from what he said, or said not as he wrought:
His onely deeds were manies death: Till *Hercules* he sought,
Whome singling, after combat long, of him his end he cought:
So to subiection *Hespera* by *Hercules* was brought.

NO better Spanish *Cacus* sped, for all his wondrous strength,
Whom *Hercules* from out his Realme debelled at the length.
A richer King or Tyrant worse liu'd not in any Land,
Nor any one gainst *Hercules* in hardier fight did stand.
Yeat chased by his Conqueror he was inforc'd to flie
Vp to a Mountain in those parts: where as, at poynt to die
Through famine, by his Magicke Arte he made the Mountaine flame,
And by that shift eſcapt his Foe, long wondring at the same.
Then fled the Giant night and day (for feare did lend him wings)
And as about from place to place the wandring Tyrant flings,
He on a Mount in *Italie* cal'd *Auentine* did light,
Where laboured *Cãcus* did repose his wearied limmes all night.
In this same Hill he found a Caue, which fitting place espide,
He did resolue in secrecie thenceforth himselfe to hide
In that same Mount from sight of men: and being theare alone,
That words at least might vent his woes he maketh thus his mone.
Ah wretch (quoth he) no longer King, that title now must change,
Thou late were fearfull vnto all, now fearing all must range.
This ragged Caue must now suffice in stead of Royall seat,
And though (alas) the place should please, yet want I what to eat.
Where be my solemne banquets now? where is my stately traine?
My Tributes? nay my proper Goods? or doe my friends remaine?
Not one I feare: proud wealth was such, that now in time of need
I know we not where to seeke a friend in any hope to speede.

And

And yeat despaire not, *Picus* liues, indebted much to me
For great good turnes: to him I will ere here I setled be.
Thus droue he foorth the dismall night, and vp by peepe of day
He sped him vnto *Calabrie*, for there King *Picus* lay.
His daughters three of long before, and still did loue him well:
And, whether with the kings consent, or not, it so befell
He took them all to *Auentin*, and there with him they dwell.
About his boisterous neck full oft their daintie armes they cast,
Still plying him with kisses sweet, no sport was ouer-past
That *Cacus* would, & they might worke: and more, their custome was
By pleasant tales in order told the wearie times to passe.
And once especially it was concluded on a row
That each of them should tell her tale, the first beginning so.

CHAP. IX.

KIng *Aganippus* ere his death had with his Lords decreed
His only daughter *Daphles* should in Empire him succeed.
A fairer Ladie liu'd not then, and now her like doth lack,
And nature, thinke I, neuer will a second She compact.
The King intombed, *Daphles* of his Scepter was possest:
And one there was, a Noble man, that could it not digest.
Who (for he was of fame and force) did bid her battaile, and
In doubtfull end of victorie their ciuill quarrels stand.
At length the *Argiue* Maiden Queene she *Doracles* subdued:

But(*Cacus*)of this Stratagem a Tragedie enſued.
Now Loues,not Launces came in vre,the man that loſt the day,
And lies in Chaines,left her in cares : her Conqueſt was his pray.
Full often did ſhe blame her ſelfe for louing him her Foe,
But oftner thought ſhe it more blame not to haue erred ſo.
Thus whom in Campe ſhe loathed late,in chaines ſhe loued now,
And thought him ſure,becauſe ſo ſure. To Princes priſoners bow
Thinks ſhe : and watching fitting time,vnto the Priſon went,
Where at the dore of ſuch his Lodge a many teares ſhe ſpent.
But entring,when her eyes beheld the Image of her hart,
To her ſtill peereleſſe,though his bands had altred him in part,
She caſting downe her baſhfull eyes ſtood ſenceles then a ſpace,
Yeat what her tongueleſſe loue adiornd was extant in her face:
And now the Goaler left to her the Priſoner and the place.
Then,cheering carefull *Doracles*,let it ſuffice (quoth ſhee)
That I repent me of thy bands,and frankly ſet thee free.
And let that Grace grace-out the reſt,for more remaines behind
Then,being ſaid,may decent ſeeme to ſuch as faults will find.
My ſelfe,my Land,my Loue,my life,and all what ſo is mine
Poſſeſſe : yet loue,and ſaue my life,that now haue ſaued thine.
Then ſownes She at his ſullen feete,that yet abode in thrall :
Which to auoid,he faintly rubs his Liuer on his gall :
And with his hand,not with his heart,did reare her ſinking downe,
And faining to approue her Choiſe,had promiſe of the Crowne.
But neither Crowne,nor Countries care,nor She(worth all the reſt)
Nor grace,nor dutie,reconcile whom enuie had poſſeſt.
No ſooner was he got at large,and wealth ſuppli'd his lack,
But he to ſeeke her ouerthrow to forren aids did pack.
Demaund not how the wronged Queene diſgeſted ſuch her wrong,
But aske if ſhe,the tidings tolde,to heare them liu'd ſo long.
She liu'd in deede,yet ſowned oft,and ſowning ouerpaſt,
From her miſtempered head ſhe teares her louely Treſſes faſt.
And beateth on her Iuorie breſts,and caſts her on the ground,

And

And wrings her hands, and ſcricheth out, and flingeth vp and downe.
Her Ladies pittying her diſtreſſe had got their Queene to reſt:
From whenceforth outward ſignes & ſighs her inward griefe expreſt,
Her ſparing Diet, ſeldome ſleepe, her ſilence, and what not?
Had framd her now right Louer-like, when thus to him ſhe wrot.

WHat fault of mine hath cauſd thy flight doth reſt in cloudes to me,
But faultles haue I heard of none, and faultie may I be.
Yet not my Scepter, but my ſelfe, haue kingly Suters ſought:
Did all amiſſe, ſaue thou alone, that ſetteſt both at nought?
At nought, ſaid I? Yea well I ſaid, becauſe ſo eaſly cought.
One crime but cite, and I for it will ſhead a million teares:
And to be penitent of faults with it a pardon beares.
Ah, *Doracles*, if our extreames, thy malice and my loue,
The formers euer ill ſhall not the latters good remoue.
I heare thou doeſt frequent the warres, and war thou wilt with mee,
Forgetfull that my *Argiue* men impatient Warriours bee:
Sweet, haſſard not the ſame to ſword that Loue doth warrant thee.
Ech Speare that ſhal but croſſe thy Helme hath force to craeſe my hart:
But if thou bleede, of that thy blood my fainting ſoule hath part.
With thee I liue, with thee I dye, with thee I looſe or gaine,
Liue ſafe therefore, for in thy life conſiſts the liues of twaine.
Moſt wiſely valiant are thoſe men that backe their armed Steeds
In beaten Paths, ore boorded Tylthes to break their ſtaffe-like Reeds:
Wheare not the dint of wounding Launce, but ſome deuiſe of loue,
Sans danger, hath ſufficient wait their manhoods to approue.
Wheare braue Aſpects of louely Dames *Tantara* to the fight,
Whoſe forms perhaps are weg'd in harts, whē Fauours wag in ſight.
Whearas the Victors Prize is praiſe, and Trumpets ſound ech blow,
Wheare all is well, that ſeemes but well in courage or in ſhow.
Wheare Ladies doffe their Champions Helmes, and kiſſe wheare Beauers hid,
And parlie vnder Canapies how well or ill they did.
Retire therefore, ſweet heart retire: or, if thou wilt be arm'd,

Then fight as theſe where all things make that all eſcape vnharm'd.
Such manhood is a merriment: things preſent are regarded:
Not thouſand drammes of bloud in warre, one drop is here rewarded.
In few, the warres are full of woes, but here euen words of warre
Haue brauer grace thē works thēſelues, for Courts frō Campes be far.
Than are the valiāt, who more vaine? Than Cowards who more wiſe?
Not men that trauell *Pegaſus*, but Fortunes fooles doe riſe.
Me thinks I ſee how churliſh lookes eſtrange thy cheerefull face,
Me thinks thy geſtures, talke, & gate, haue changd their wonted grace:
Me thinks thy ſometimes nimble Limbs with armour now are lame:
Me thinks I ſee how ſcars deforme where Swords before did maime:
I ſee thee faint with Summers heat, and droup with winters cold:
I ſee thee not the ſame thou art, for young thou ſeemeſt old:
I ſee not, but my ſoule doth feare, in fight thou art too bold:
I ſorrow, laſtly, to haue ſeene whom now I wiſh to ſee,
Becauſe I ſee loues Oratreſſe pleads tediouſly to thee.
If words, nor weepings, loue, nor lines, if eaſe, nor toyle in fight,
May waine thee from a pleaſing ill, yet come thou to my ſight:
Perchance my preſence may diſſwade, or partnerſhip delight.
But wo am I, dead paper pleads, a ſenceles thing of woe:
It cannot weepe, nor wring the hands, but ſay that ſhe did ſo:
And ſaieth ſo vncredited, or if, then thought of corſe:
Thus thus, becauſe not paſsionate, to paper failes remorſe.
O that my griefes, my ſighes, and teares, might muſter to thy viewe,
Thē woes, not words. thē paine, not pē, ſhould vouch my writing true.
Yeat fare thou well, whoſe fare-well brings ſuch fare-ill vnto me:
Thy fare-well lacks a welcome home, and welcome ſhalt thou be.

Theſe lines, ſubſcribed with her name, when *Doracles* did viewe,
He was ſo far from liking them, that loathing did enſue.
And, leaſt that hope ſhould eaſe her heart, or he not ſeemē vnkinde,
In written Tables he to her returned thus his minde.

The Bees of *Hybla* beare, beſides ſweet hony, ſmarting ſtings,
And beautie doth not want a baite that to repentance brings.

Cõtent thee, *Daphles*, Mooles take mads, but mẽ know Mooles to catch,
And euer wakes the *Dawhan* bird to ward the sloe-wormes watch.
I haue perus'd, I wot not what, a scrole, forsooth, of loue,
As if to *Dirus* in his Tent should *Cupid* cast his gloue.
A challenge proper to such Sottes as you would make of me,
But I disdaine to talke of Loue, much more in Loue to be.
Nor thinke a Queene, in case of Loue, shall tie me to consent,
But holde the contrarie more true, and it no consequent.
For persons must in passions iumpe, els Loue it proueth lame:
Nor thinke I of a Womans graunt, but as a Wooers game.
Your Sex withstands not place and speach: for be she baese or hie,
A Womans eye doth guide her wit, and not her wit her eye.
Then senceles is he, hauing speach, that bids not for the best:
Euen Carters Malkings will disdaine when Gentrie will disgest.
The better match the brauer Mart, and willinger is sought:
And wilfing sute hath best euent: so *Vulcan Venus* cought.
I argue not of her estate, but set my Rest on this.
That opportunitie can win the coyest She that is.
Then he that rubs her gamesome vaine, and tempers toyes with Arte,
Brings loue that swimmeth at her eyes, to diue into her hart.
But since the best, at best, is bad, a Shrow or els a Sheepe,
Iust none at all are best of all, and I from all will keepe.
Admit I come, and come I then because I come to thee?
No, when I come, my comming is contrarie sights to see.
My leasure serues me not to loue till fish as haggards flie,
Till Sea shall flame, till Sunne shall freese, tyll mortall men not die,
And Rriuers, climing vp their bankes, shall leaue their channels dry.
When these shall be, and I not be, then may I chance to Loue,
And then the strangest change will be that I a Louer proue.
Let Beuers hide, not busses hurt, my lips, for lips vnfit:
Let skarred limbes, not carefull Loues, to honor, honor get.
I skorne a face effeminate, but hate his bastarde minde
That, borne a man, prepostrously by Arte doth alter kinde:

With fingers, Ladie-like, with lockes, with lookes, and gauds in print,
With fashions barbing formeles beards, and robes that brooke no lint,
With Speare in wrest, like painted *Mars*, frõ thought of battaile free,
With gate, and grace, and euery gaude, so womanly to see,
As not in nature, but in name, their manhood seemes to bee.
Yea sooner then that maiden heares bud on his Boyish chinne
The furie of the fierie God doth in the foole beginne.
And yeat to winne, whõ would be wonne, these woo with lesser speed,
Then might be wun a towne of warre, the croppe not worth the seede.
But let them trauaile till they tire, and then be ridde for Iaides,
If Gamesters faire, if Souldiers milde, or Louers true of Maides:
Who loue in sporte, or leaue in spight, or if they stoupe to luer,
Their kindnes must haue kindely vse: faultes onely make them suer.
Did fancie? no, did furie? yea, hang vp the *Thracian* Maide.
The wonders seuen should then be eyght, could loue thee so perswade.
But loue or hate, fare ill or well: I force not of thy fare:
My welcome, which thou doest pretend, shall proue a thankelesse care.
When *Daphles* heard him so vnkind, she held her selfe accurst:
And little lacked of so well but that her heart did burst.
And wheare she read the churlish scrole, she fell into a sowne,
But, brought againe, vpon a bed her selfe she casteth downe,
Not rising more: and so her loue and life together end:
Or (if I so may gesse) in death her soule did liue his friend.
The Queene enterr'd, and Obbit kept (as she in charge did giue)
A Knight was shipt to *Calidon*, wheare *Doracles* did liue,
To offer him, as her bequest, the *Argiue* Throne and Crowne.
Not that we force, or feare (quoth he) thy fauour or thy frowne
We moue this peace, or make thee Prince, but *Daphles* swore vs so,
Who louing more then thou couldst hate, nor liu'd nor died thy Foe.
And is she dead (quoth *Doracles*) that liued to my wrong?
I gladly doe accept these newes, expected-for of long.
The Lord and Legate were imbarkt, and Ship ran vnder saile,
Vntill into the *Argiue* Strond the Mariners did haile.

To *Daphles*, by adoption, theare inthronized a King,
He diuers yeares good fortune had ſucceſsiue in each thing,
All friends, no Foes, all wealth no want, ſtill peace, and neuer ſtrife,
And what might ſeeme an earthly Heauen to *Doracles* was rife.
A Subiect, but a Noble man, did ritchly feaſt the King:
And after meat preſented him with many a ſight and thing.
Theare was a chamber in the which, portraied to the quick,
The Picture of Queene *Daphles* was: and deepely did it prick
The King his conſcience, and he thought her like did not remaine:
So, whome her perſon could not pearce, her Picture now did paine.
A Kiſsing *Cupid*, breathing loue into her breaſt, did hide
Her wandring eies, whilſt to her heart his hand a Death did guide:
Non mærens morior, for the Mott, inchaſed was beſide.
Her curteſie and his contempt he calleth then to minde,
And of her beautie in himſelfe he did a *Chaos* finde.
Recalling eke his late degree, and reckning his deſart,
He could not think (or faintly thought) his loue to ſterne her heart:
And to the Maker of the feaſt did ſuch his thoughtes impart.
And doubtes your Grace the Feaſter ſaid, if *Daphles* lou'd or no?
I wiſh (I hope I wiſh no harme) ſhe had not loued ſo,
Or you not loathed as you did: then ſhe had liued yet:
To what her lateſt ſpeach did tend I neuer ſhall forget.
My ſelfe, with diuers noble men whoſe teares bewraid our care
Was preſent, when her dying tongue of you did thus declare.
My hap (quoth ſhe) is ſimpley bad that cannot haue, nor hope:
Was euer wretch (I wretch except) held to ſo ſkant a ſcope.
I ſee him roue at other markes, and I vnmarkt to be:
I finde my fault, but followe it, whileſt death doth followe me.
Ah death (my Lords) diſpaire is death, and death muſt ranſome bliſſe,
Such Ranſome pleaſeth *Doracles* and *Daphles* Pliant is.
Not bootleſſe then (ſince breathles ſtrait) ſweet Loue doth flames con-
The which ſhall burne me vp at once that now doe burne aliue. (triue,

Alas

Alas (then did she pause in teares) that *Doracles* were by,
To take it from his eyes, not eares, that I for him doe die:
At least, perhaps, he would confesse my loue to be no lie.
But (Want-wit I) offensiue sights to *Doracles* I craue:
Long liue, deare Hart, not minding me, when I am laid in graue.
And you (my Lords) by those same Goddes whose sight I hope anon,
I coniure, that ye him inuest your King when I am gon.
Alonely say I liu'd and died to him a Louer true,
And that my parting Ghost did sound, sweete *Doracles* adue.
A sigh concluding such her words, she closed vp her eye:
Not one of vs, beholding it, that seemed not to die.
Thus to your Grace I leaue to gesse how tragick *Daphles* died:
In Loue, my Lord, yea louing you, that her of Loue denied.
The Picture, and this same discourse afford sufficient woe
To him, that maimed in his minde did to his Pallace goe.
Theare *Doracles* did set abroach a world of things forgot:
What meanest thou man? ah frantick man, how art thou ouershot
(He said) to hate the substance then, and loue the shadow now,
Her painted board, whose amorous hart did breake whilst I not bow?
And couldst thou, churlish wretch, cõtemne the loue of such a Queene?
O Gods, I graunt for such contempt I iustly bide your teene.
Her onely beautie (worthy *Ioue*, that now on me hath power)
Was worthie of farre worthier Loue, without a further dower.
But gaze thou on her senceles Signe, whose selfe thou madest thy pray,
And gazing perish: for thy life is debt to her decay.
Time going on, greefe it grewe on, of dolour sprung dispaire,
When *Doracles* to *Daphles* Tombe did secretly repaire:
Theare (teares a preface to the rest) these onely words he spake:
Thy Loue was losse, for losse my life in recompence doe take,
Deare *Daphles*. So a daggers stab a Tragedie did make.
Well did this Tragicke matter sort to *Cacus* Tragicke vaine:
But merrier matter did behoue such humour to restraine.

That

That knew the ſecond Siſter well, who, ſmiling ere ſhe ſpake,
Began her turne, and of her Tale the next report I make.

CHAP. X.

A Proper Lad made Loue (quoth ſhe) vnto a pretie Laſſe:
In ſelf-ſame houſe, for-worne with age, this Maidens Grandame was.
Her eyes were ſunck into her head, her cheekes were leane and lank,
Out ſtood her chin, into her mouth her blood-leſſe lips they ſanke,
Her toothleſſe chappes diſgracſt her tongue in telling of a Tale,
And ſucke ſhe might a Teat for teeth, and ſpoonage too did faile,
Her haire ſince ſixtie yeares not blacke, was now or white or none,
The ſubſtance of her wrinkled face was only ſkin and bone,
Dimme were her eyes, deafe were her eares, ranke ſmelt it ſhee could ſent,
A Palſie made her feeling ceaſe, downe taſtleſſe food it went.
Sight, hearing, ſent, touch, taſt, and all, thus failing with her ſtrength,
She to her chamber, bed, and chaire, betooke her at the length.
But gold is lou'd till graue hath lodg'd, her bags and ſhe were one:
And ſhe muſt giue the Maidens Dowre, or els her Dowre is none.
The young man, though he lou'd the Maid, on whom no loue was loſt,
Yeat did he loue to liue, and knew that marriage aſketh coſt.
The olde wiues bags did let the Banes: with whom he ſmoothed ſo,
That flattered, ſhe fantiſed, her moldie braines did cro.
What Diuel I wote not made her dote, ſhe doted on the man:
Her rotten trunke and ruſtie face ſhe finified than:
And ſeeth what ſhe could not ſee, her ſenſleſſe Senſes worke,

And vnderneath a wrinckled hide a wanton heart did lurke.
Vnkindly too she kisses gaue, which he did kindly take,
Supposing that her kindnes was but for the Maidens sake.
Her crooked ioynts, which long ere then supported, scarcely stood,
She brought vnto a wallowing pace, disiellowing so her bloud:
And all for loue (surreuerence Loue) did make her chew the cudde.
Young *Battus* from his *Omphida* (for they were named so)
Dislodged by the Grandame long, to worke did roundly goe:
Desiring both the Maiden, and to marrie her a Dower.
The old-wife, netled at his words, for all her loue did lower,
And drying vp what drained out in belching, thus did say:
The thing (friend *Battus*) you demaund I gladly not denay,
But well you wot that I am old, and yeat not all so old,
But that the remnant of my life may spend the wealth I holde.
As all are neerest to themselues, so to my selfe am I:
And all shall lacke ere I will lacke: store is no sore we trie.
If you doe like of *Omphida*, I also like the match:
Loue hath no lacke, ye both are young, wealth comes to such as watch.
You louing her, she to her selfe a dowrie is, if not,
My money shall not sell the Maid, a sinfull sale God wot:
For money shall not sell my selfe. And yeat I cannot see,
But that a comfort to mine age an honest match would be.
My Goods besides doe want a Guide, and often did I know
Your youngers vpon elder wiues then I themselues bestow,
And liued well, and loued well. But as I doe not care
For mariage, so an honest match I neuer will forsweare.
Well, *Battus*, take you *Omphida*: but if you money craue,
My bagges must onely vent to him whome I my selfe shall haue.
Yeat thinke not I mislike of you in that you haue not sped,
But thinke I wish no better match, if I my selfe should wed.
Thus cunningly she closde with him, and he conceaues her thought:
Vnequall was the Combat then that Loue and Lucar wrought.
The one was in her flowring age, the other to too old:

The first with beautie did allure, the latter with her Gold. (liue,
But stormes (thought *Battus*) haue their stops, not long the Croen can
Or if my kindenes length her life, my kindenes God forgiue.
Resoluing therefore on such hope, with easie sute he got
Assurance to be wedded to the old deformed Trot.
Medea charmed *Æson* yong, *Battus Medea*-like,
Did worke no lesse a cuer vpon this vaine vnweldie Tyke.
Now on the bridle played she: yeat as she laughes she lookes
With ielious eyes, if *Omphida* be blotted out his bookes.
Yea she that could not moue before, now crauleth euery wheare,
To prye if *Battus* play not false, and cause there was to feare.
But all this while no mariage was, nor witnes of their match:
And well he knewe that widdowes shrinke, if men forslowe dispatch.
So hasting what she hindred not, come was the wedding day:
The Morning thawde the cauening frost, and slipprie was the way:
Yeat hobling on her rustie ioynts, to Churchward goes the Bride:
Whose feete (her harts vnequall gides) could nothing els but slide.
Then *Battus* kindly leadeth her, and euer as she trips,
God blesse thee Mouse the Bridegroome said, and smakt her on the lips.
The oftner stumbled then his Beast, the oftner to be kist:
And thinketh in her gentle Choyse her selfe not meanly blist.
But when the Priest had done his part, and that they homeward come,
The Bride, for *Battus*, might salute the Pauement with her bomme.
She reeled oft, and looked backe: he sawe, but would not see:
At length she stumbled headlong downe, hoyst vp againe, quoth hee:
The second tyme she did the like, hoyst Brock, her good-man saide:
And thirdly falling, kindly bad her breake her necke, olde Iade.
The old-wife tooke it to the hart, and home she went and dyde:
But *Battus*, ere his first was sicke, had owed his second Bryde.

THis Iest from *Cacus* straynde a smyle, but quickly was it donne:
When, turning to her Sisters twaine, the yongest thus begonne.
Ye, Sisters, seuerally haue tolde how foes in loue did fall,

And age with youth: but I doe ſay that Loue can all with all.
Examples we, whom Loue hath brought from Court to liue in Caue,
And were there neede of further proofe, a thouſand proofes I haue.
Could *Latmus* ſpeake, it might accuſe euen *Phœbe* of a kis:
And of a Votarie of hers to ſpeake my purpoſe is.
But firſt ſhe cheared thus her friend (for *Cacus* ſadly ſits)
Be merrie man, thy penſiueneſſe our paſtimes badly fits:
Be as thou art, not as thou wouldſt, it will be as it is:
Learne then to lacke, and learne to liue, for croſſes neuer mis.
Thinke Fortune newly hatch is fledge, and waggeth wing to flye:
All ſuffreth change: our ſelues, new borne, euen then begin to dye.
Be reſolute, not deſperate: the Gods that made thee poore,
Can, if they will (doe waite their will) thy former ſtate reſtoore.
At leaſt let patience profit thee, for patience is a thing
Whereby a begger gayneth of a diſcontented King.
Know Deſtinie is Deſtinie. This Epitaph I reede,
Though common-booked Poetrie, yeat not vnworthie heede:
Vnborne to knowe what I ſhould be to Gods my mother prayde:
A Male quoth *Phœbus*, Female *Mars*, and *Iuno* neither ſayde:
An *Hermaphrodite* was I borne. My death then aſkt ſhee after:
By ſword quoth *Iuno*, Tree quoth *Mars*, and *Phœbus* ſaide by water.
A Riuer-ſhadowing tree I climbd: out ſlipt my ſword: I ſlidd:
By feete I hung, ſtabd with my ſword, my head in water hidd.
Male, Female, neither, hanging, Sword, and drowning I abidd
Thus, *Cacus*, how ſoeuer things from likelihoods diſcent,
In birth, life, death, the Gods are firſt, the middell, and Euent.
And not what they can doe they will, but what they will they can:
And that they doe, or doe it not, behooues not vs to ſkan,
And ſaying ſo, and kiſſing too, her tale ſhe thus began.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

I Speake not of the *Argiue* Nimph that had the ielious Syer,
To whome, shut vp in brasen Tower, *Ioue* passage had for hyer.
Not of *Europa*, *Semele* or *Maia*, will I dwell:
Not of your Foe his bastardie, or *Ladas* rape I tell:
Not of King *Ceus* Daughters fault, or other freak of *Ioue*
Speake I: saue of th' *Arcadian* Nunne, with whom he thus did roue.
Calisto was as faire a Mayde, as faire as one might bee,
Her father King *Lycaon* fled, *Ioue* chaunced her to see:
And seeing liked, liking lou'd, and louing made it knowne
To her (sweet Lasse) for fathers losse that maketh then her mone.
Take patience, wench, sayd *Iupiter*, with thee shall al be wel,
Thy fathers deeds haue their deserts, but thou in peace shalt dwell,
I am his Victor, but thy selfe art Victoresse of me:
Do graunt me loue, my zeale is more than fatherlie to thee.
The restlesse cloudes that mantling ride vpon the racking Skie,
The scouring windes that sightlesse in the sounding aire doo flie,
The thriftie Earth that bringeth out and broodeth vp her breed,
The shifting Seas whose swelling waues on shrinking shores do feede,
Shall fail, and faile, ere I be false (*Lycaons* Impe) to thee:
Of hartie Loue this kisse (he kist) an happie hansell bee.
But hapleſſe termes are these, quoth she, vnfitting to a thrall:

Yeat, in respect of that I feele, I heare them not at all.
A friend (ah friendlesse name I Friend?) it being as it is,
A friend I say, much more a foe, and more, and worse then this,
The sonne of *Saturne* should, and shall, that speed and hearing misse.
Doe rid, ah rid mine eyes of teares, and set my heart at rest,
By taking life, not making Loue: the former likes me best.
Or, if that poore *Calistos* life shall lengthen to her wo,
Graunt that among *Dianas* Nunnes a Votarie I go:
For neither fits it now to loue, or euer shall it so.
What viewed *Iupiter* this while, not pleasing to his sight?
Or what vnuiewed did he gesse, not adding to delight?
Not excellent, but exquisite, was all to minde and eye:
Saue she, the hansel of this loue, did him of Loue denie.
It greeues that Natures Paragon in Cloister, not in Court,
Should loose the beautie of her youth, and he thereby his sport.
But constant in her chast pretence, he grants that would gain-say,
And seated in religion now, with *Phœbe* did she stay.
Blame *Iupiter* of other Loues, of this doe set him cleere:
It was his first, and first is firme, and toucheth verie neere.
He might forgoe, but not forget *Calisto* in her Cell,
When setting higher thoughts apart, the Frithes did please him well:
He takes his Quiuer and his Bow, and wheare she hunts, hunts hee:
And sacrificed to his eyes that daye he did her see.
About the Chase, Toyles, Dogs & Bowes, the Stand, Quarrie and all
Hee vseth double diligence: so often did befall,
Not onely sight of her his Saint he got, but also talke,
Whilst thus for his *Calistos* loue, he haunted *Phœbes* walke.
But sight and talke accrew to loue, the substance must be had:
And for to bring his drift about, he virgin-like is clad.
His nonage kept his beard from bloome, no wench more faire then he
Whome at her Nunnerie a Nun *Diana* takes to be,
And with his Sisters brotherly doo gesse him to agree.

Thus faines *Lycaons* Conquerer a Maid, to winne a Maid:
His hands to woll, and Arras worke, and womans Chares hee laid,
That not so much as by the tongue the Boy wench was bewraid.
Yeat thought is free, he sees, and smiles, and longs perhaps for more:
No maruell, for that Sister-hood had goodlie Ladies store.
Scarce one for birth and beautie too was theare vnworthie him,
Yet chieflie to *Calistos* vaine he formed life and limme:
And Sister-like they single oft, and chat of manye things,
But that *Calisto* mindeth loue no likelihood he wrings.
So *Ioue* not once durst mention *Ioue*, and force was sinne and shame:
But loue is hardie. Thus it hap: by long pursute of game,
She wearie resteth in the Thicks, wheare sitting all alone,
He seeing her, is resolute or now to end his moene,
Or for so sweet a bodies vse to leaue his soule in loene.
He Nymph-like sits him by the Nymph, that tooke him for no man:
And after smiles, with neerer signes of Loues assault began.
He feeleth oft her Iuorie breasts, nor maketh coy to kisse:
Yeat all was wel, a Maiden to a Maiden might doe this.
Than ticks he vp her tucked Frocke, nor did *Calisto* blush,
Or thinke abuse: he tickles too, no blab she thinks the Bush.
Thus whilst she thinkes her Sister Nunne to be a merrie Lasse,
The Wanton did disclose himselfe, and told her who he was.
Away the Virgin would haue fled, whom he withhild by force:
Thy loue (sweet Nymph) hath vrg'd this shift, wel worthy thy remorse,
He said: nor scorne with me a King to ioyne thy selfe a Queene:
Or doe but loue and I will liue in *Phœbes* Celles vnseene:
And theare in beds, in bushes heere (My fainings fit so well)
We may enioy what loue enioynes, and none our scapes shall tell.
She would not loue, he could not leaue: she wrangleth, and he wooeth:
She did resist, he did persist, and sport denied dooeth.
That done, which could not be vndone, what booteth discontent?
As good bee pleas'd as not be eas'd: away *Calisto* went
To Cloyster, *Iupiter* to Court: nor much she did repent,

Vntill her growing wombe diſcloſed an ante-cedent fault,
Then in the Chapter houſe ſhe told of *Iupiters* aſſault.
Diana, and her virgins all, admyring that eſcape,
Did gird at her, maligning *Ioue* for ſuch his ſubtill Rape.
And who more ready to controule, then *Athalanta* was?
Whome ſhortly *Meleager* brought vnto the ſelfe ſame pas.
The Lady Abbeſſe did diſcharge *Caliſto* from her Cell:
And ſilly Nymph, ſhe great with child ſome other wheare muſt dwell.
Pelaſgis it was *Iupiters*, and he her cauſe of blame,
The King her father in exile, her ſelfe in this defame,
What then remain'd? euen ſecrecie, to hyde her ſelfe from ſhame.
Keepe cloſe (quoth ſhe) frō world ye woods mine error, *Ioue* his crime:
And ſetling theare in ſimple Caue, did waite her childing tyme.
At length was hairy *Arcas* borne: no ſooner could he go,
But that his wildnes eiked to his wretched Mothers wo.
No beaſt ſo ſtrong that he would ſhunne, and man he neuer ſawe,
Nor yeat his vexed mother could from fearcenes him withdrawe.
Long time (the daughter of a King) ſhe liued thus in Caue,
Not wanting griefe, but wanting all that pooreſt wretches haue.
And (worſt of all) her ſauage ſonne (whoſe manners did agree
Vnto his birth-place) howerly threats his mothers death to bee:
And angrie once, purſued her ſo long from place to place,
That euen into the Citie gates he followed her in chaſe.
The people when they did behold ſo fayre a nimph in flight,
A Beare like *Arcas* in purſute, (for being naked quite,
His skinne was ſwart and hairie) they did wonder at the ſight.
And ſome that would his paſſage, ſtop, he rudely caſteth downe,
And ſpares no ſpoyle vntill the ſight was noyſed through the towne.
Then out came *Iupiter* in armes, whom when *Caliſto* knewe,
Helpe *Ioue* (ſhe cryde) for loe thy ſonne his mother doth purſue.
He knewe his Leiman at the firſt, and ioyed of her ſight:
Then kiſſe they, when the Sauage boy by force did leaue to fight.

Caliſto liued Ladie like, yea *Iunos* Riuall now:
And *Arcas*, nobly mannaged, ſuch vertues him indow,
That (*Ioue* conſenting) him for King *Pelaſgis* did allow.
A Sonne well worthy ſuch a Syer: and for his prowes and fame,
Pelaſgis then, of *Arcas*, tooke *Arcadia* to name.

BVt neither might theſe Ladies faire by any pleaſant tale,
Or dazeling toye of maſking loue, (ſweet Conſorts to preuaile)
Diſſwade outragious *Cacus* from vnpatientnes of mind:
Who in his greateſt tyrannies did chiefeſt pleaſures finde.
He ſleas the harmles Paſſengers, from eldeſt ſoule to childe,
He burnes and ſpoyles the neighbour parts, and women he defilde.
And to his Caue (*Troponius* Caue) did bring the ſpoiles he gaines,
In which (except to doe more harme) he ſecretly remaynes.
Whilſt none did paſſe, that did repaſſe vnſpoyled or vnkild
(None knowing how) all *Italie* with feare thereof was fild.
But, lo an helpe: when *Hercules* had ſlaughtered out-right
Tenne Giants, of *Cremona* Kings, and put the leauenth to flight,
From thence the worthie did ariue with his victorious band
At King *Euanders* Cittie, that by *Auentin* did ſtand.
Amongſt a many richer Spoyles, though none to him ſo rare,
He brought a ſort of Spaniſh kine. *Euander* taking care,
(Becauſe the like miſfortunes oft had hapned theare before,)
Leaſt *Hercules* ſhould looſe his kyne, of which he made ſuch ſtore,
Gaue counſell that within the walles they might be kept all night.
And, better to approue his words, with teares he did recite
The murthers, theſts, and cruelties, without compaſſion made
Vpon his ſubiects, and their goods, by whom could not be ſaid,
But that the Gods (for ſo they geſſe) for ſinne them ſo inuade.
I am reſolu'd quoth *Hercules*, where Gods do vengeance craue,
It is not ſtrong or fenſiue walles that any thing can ſaue:
My Kyne ſhall therefore graſe abroad: if mortall man it be,
Then know a tyrant is my taske, his blood the Taskers fee.

The Cattell grasing then abroad (as was his vse alwaies)
The Gyant left his cruell Denne, to seeke his curſed praies.
The Moone not wanting of her light, the Kine he did espye:
And knowing them, he also knewe his feared Foe was nye.
And far much better feare had bin then malice at that tyde:
But hardly shunneth policie, what destinies prouide.
He might haue lurkte a while in Denne, but of a peeuish spight,
Eight of the Kine with fastned cords, by pollicie and might,
He dragged backward by their tailes into his diueliſh neſt:
Then stopping vp the subtill hole, did laye him downe to rest.
Now *Hercules* (the rather prickt by King *Euanders* talke)
Into the fieldes to see his Kine by prime of day did walke.
Where missing eight, he could not gesse which waie they shuld be gō:
A many therefore had in charge, to search them out anon.
The Searchers, following euery signe, great store of footings found
Descending from Mount *Auentine* into the lower ground:
But for the footings did descend, and not ascend, they thought
Of no such cunning as in deed in *Auentine* was wrought.
Alcæus Grand-sonne searching long the Theftshe could not finde,
Was much disquieted in himselfe, and angrie in his minde:
And chasing, when he should depart, he twise or thrise did shake
A Tree that grew on *Auentine*: which rooted vp did make
So large a vent that one might view they hollow caue belowe,
And *Cacus* with his Leash of wiues they were disclosed so.
Whome, when the Greeke espied theare, O graceleſſe King, he said,
Whose Tyrannies haue made the Realmes of *Hespera* afraid,
Whose cruelties haue been the cause of al the losse thou hast,
What moueth thee in *Italie* to prosecute such waste?
Thinkste thou, whom neither mightie Realmes, nor royal Gards of mē
Could late defend, now to escape, inclosed thus in den,
The iust reuengment of the Godds? no, no, the Heauens we see,
Haue brought to light a wretch so lewd, euen by a senceles Tree:
And since that neither wealth nor want to goodnes may thee win,

A greeuous death, condignly, shall cut off thy grounded sinne.
To it did *Cacus* answere thus: doest thou pursue me stil?
Who onely art the chiefest cause of these my doings ill:
Not suffering me to liue the rest of mine vnhappie daies
Among the fruitlesse Rocks, a wretch in miserie alwaies.
Cease further prate; said *Hercules*, in troth it greeueth much,
To see a King in this Distresse, but since thy life is such
As neither in aduersitie, nor prosperous estate
Thou canst afford one iot of good, I purpose to rebate
Thy wicked dayes by worthy death, prepare therefore to dye.
When *Cacus* sawe he must perforce so harde a combate trye,
He by inchanted flames againe endeuored to flye.
But *Hercules* deluded once by that deuise before,
Had learned now for being so deceiued any more:
And, casting feare aside, did leape into the flaming Caue,
And theare by Arte did conquer Arte. The Gyant then to saue
Himselfe did take his Axe in hand, wheare *Hercules* and he
Couragiously bestirre themselues, vntill they did agree,
To trye it out in open ayre. So doubtfull was their fight,
That Lookers on could not discerne to whether best should light.
The frighted Ladies did their best to helpe their fighting friend:
But *Hercules* had victorie, and *Cacus* had his end.

CHAP. XII.

FOr Gyants of *Cremona* slayne, and *Cacus* ridded so,
The *Latine* Princes prayse on him and presents did bestoe.
Wheare *Rome* is now, *Pallantia* then, *Euander* hee did frame

A temple, and to *Hercules* did dedicate the same:
And he (intreated thereunto) in *Italie* did stay:
To honor whome did Princes come from farre and euerie waye.
King *Faunus* had affaires abroad, when from *Laurentum* came
His wife *Marica*, *Facua* some this louely Queene doe name.
From liking did shee fall in loue with *Hercules*, and he
More readie to haue made demaunde, then like to disagree,
Conceauing her by circumstance, so coupled by contract,
That, had King *Faunus* neuer liu'd, *Latinus* had not lackt:
Yeat home came *Faunus*, fathering his late Corriuals act.
But whether gotten lawfully, or thus in loue forbod,
Latinus, *Brute* his Gran-dames Syer, was sonne vnto a God.

WHilst that in loue of this same Queene, and lande of all besides,
The vanquisher of *Vulcans* sonne in *Italie* abides,
Of *Calabries* a mightie host King *Picus* he prouides.
And, in reueng of *Cacus*, swore his Slayer should be slaine:
But he, ere long, that so did sweare, vnsweared it againe:
When, chased home into his holdes, theare sparred vp in gates,
The valiant *Thebane*, all in vaine, a following fight awaites.
Who, for dispatch, did fayne himselfe a Legate to the King,
And him the Porters, as the same, before their Tyrant bring.
Then shaking off his ciuil robes, his shining Armes appeare:
And renting downe an Iron sparre, both Prince and people feare.
Some ran to Armor, other some did fight with him their last:
Both court and Cittie in the end did lay vpon him fast.
Theare *Picus*, worthely, did winne of valiantnesse a name:
Yeat *Hercules* more valiantly by death did *Picus* tame.
And to attend their King his ghoste he sendeth flocke by flocke:
His furie was as fier to Ferne, his foes as waues to Rocke:
Nor did his Lyons Spoyle giue place to darting or to knocke.
Meane tyme his men assault without, whil'st he assayles within,

Wheare fighting to beate downe the Gates he ſo the Goale did win.
Within the King his ranſackt Court he *Iole* eſpyes,
Whoſe teares, then mounting frō her hart, diſmount thē frō her eyes.
King *Picus* (now a lifeles corſe) was Father of this Mayde:
In vaine therefore did *Hercules* her penſiueneſſe diſſwayde:
Nor could he but lament her fate, and loue ſo ſweete a face,
Whoſe perſon alſo did containe the type of female grace.
At firſt ſhe was ſo farre from loue ſhe rather ſeem'd to hate,
Yeat could ſhe not ſo giue the Checke, but that ſhe tooke the Mate.
Then eithers loue, was eithers life: poore *Deianira* ſhe
Was out of commons, yea of thought, an other had her fee.

WIth this, ſo faire and portly weneh, he ſayled into *Thrace:*
And heares how *Diomedes* did tyrannize in that place.
No Straunger ſcapes vnraunſomed: but Raunſome wanting, then
He caſteth them, as prouender, to Horſes eating men.
A Garde of Tyrants, like himſelfe, attending on him ſtill,
Who richly did maintaine themſelues, by ſuch their doings ill.
The Scourge of ſuch was moued, not to be remoued now
By *Iole*, whoſe louing teares ſuch labours diſalow.
With *Diomedes* and his Garde in Forreſt did he meete,
Who with their common Stratagem the Stranger thinke to greete.
Hands of, commaunded *Hercules*, for Horſe I am no hay,
All Straungers Raunſom, once for all, my comming is to pay:
Which ſayd, himſelfe againſt them all began a noble fray.
The ſturdie *Thracians*, mightie men, did hardly looſe their ground:
But, than the King, a mightier man not any wheare was found,
Theſe all at once aſſayle, and ſtrike, and thunder on his Sheeld:
But number fitted to his force, vnwonted ſo to yeeld.
For with his club he skuffles then amongſt their Curets ſo,
That ſpeedie death was ſweeter dole then to ſuruiue his blo.
Well mounted comes the King himſelfe, whom he diſmounts anon,

But, rescued to his Horse againe, away he would be gon.
Lesse haste, he sayd, I Harts out-runne, nor shalt thou me out-ride:
Out-stripping so the man-feade horse, he topled ore his side
The Monstrous King, that resculesse to flying people cride.
Who, lying all to trusshed thus, the sonne of *Iane* did bring
His cruell Iades, that soone deuoure their more than cruell King.
The *Thracians* all submit themselues, and ioye their Tyrants death,
And thinke some God had left the Heauens to succour men on earth,
From such as what they would they will, and what they will they can,
And what they can they dare and doe, and doing none withstan.
Nor thought they better of the man then did his deedes approue,
That neuer was a Conqueror vnto his owne behoue,
But to establish vertuous men, and Tyrants to remoue.
This common Soldiour of the world with *Iole* did land
In *Lycia:* and, the earth in peace, discharged theare his band.
Sweete busses, not sharpe battels, then did alter man and minde:
Till he, as others, sorrowe in securitie did finde.
From *Assur* went the Empire then when *Tonos* he had time
To court his Trulles, *Arbaces* so espying place to clyme.
Secure in *Tomyris* her flight, was valiant *Cyrus* slaine.
From *Capua*, not from *Cannas*, grewe braue *Hanibal* his baine,
The same to whose victorious Sword a second world was sought,
That *Macedon* in court, not Campe, to traytrous end was brought.
A louer, not a Soldiour, went *Achilles* to his graue.
And *Cæsar* not in steele, but silke, to Rome his farewel gaue.
Euen so, this second vnto none, superiot vnto all,
To whome did sooner Causes cease then Conquests not befall,
This monster-Master *Hercules*, this Tyrant-Tamer, hee
Whose high Exploytes did leaue the earth from spoyl & spoylers free,
In pleasures did he perish now, that did in perils thriue:
A greeuous Taske I vndertake his dying to reuiue.

CHAP

CHAP. XIII.

WHen *Deianira* vnderstood her husbands back returne,
She thought it strange, that he frō her so strangely did soiorne.
Explorers sent to search the cause, returne, was made that he
Did loyter in a Strangers Loue: and *Iole* was she
That euer hanged at his lips, and hugged was of him,
And that, his armor layd à-part, in silke he courts it trim.
The daughter of th'*Æolian* King did little lesse then raue:
And can the churle (quoth she) preferre in loue a captiue Slaue
Before his wife, whome late he fayud inferiour vnto none?
Ah *Hercules* thou art a man, thy manhood thus is knowne.
Fye, may a forren Strumpets armes so fasten on his necke,
As he (the Rector of the Earth) must bowe if she doth becke?
Oh how vnlike to *Hercules*, is *Hercules* in this?
But, leauing men to natures fault, in her the lewdnes is,
No man so chaste, but such as she may worke to doe amis.
Thus whilst her ouerplus of loue to Ielousie did growe,
She simply minds the spightfull gift that *Nessus* did bestowe.
And, for he dying spake the words, she held it as her Creede
That it could winne him to her selfe: of which (now hauing neede)
She vseth part, and sent a Shirt so boyled as she bad
To *Hercules*: and *Hercules* was of the Present glad:
Confessing her his onely Wife: And whilst he did repent
His breach of Loue, on *Oeta* Mount to sacrifice he went.

Philoctes,

Philoctes, *Paans* valiant Sonne, and *Lychas*, he that brought
The poysned Shirt, were present theare, but of no treason thought:
Nor *Deianiras* selfe (good Soule) till tryall made it playne,
When as his body and the fire gaue moysture to the bayne.
His stoutnes hid such torments long, as els could none abyde,
Yea till the baine his Bowels and his very Marrow fryde.
But when his torments had no meane, the Altar downe he throes,
And from his martred body rents the gory smoking cloathes:
And striuing to strip off the Shirt he teareth flesh from bone,
And left his breaking Synoees bare, his Intrailes euery one
Did boyle, and burst, & shew themselues wheare lumps of flesh did lack,
And still the murdrous Shirt did cleue vnto his mangled backe.
Espying *Deianiras* Squire, that quaking stoode, he sayde,
And art thou wretch the Instrument of my destruction mayde?
Whome swinging then about his head, he slinged downe the hill:
And so did silly *Lychas* dye, that purposed no il.
Then running downe from hill to Playne, from Playne to hill againe,
He rents vp Rockes and mightie Hils in errot of his paine:
Till, sadly leaning on his Club, he sighing, vowes that none
Should be the death of *Hercules* but *Hercules* alone.
And to his friend *Philoctes* tooke his Arrowes and his Bow,
And gladly to the hallowed fyer, as to his bed did go.
Wheare lying downe, and taking leaue with reared hands to skye,
The Earths Protector so, in peace, amidst the flames did dye.
Philoctes, neere o'rgone with greefe, his Ashes did conuaye
To *Italy*, inshrined in his Temple there to stay:
And wofull *Deianira* heares of *Hercules* decay.
His Ghoste she voucheth and the Gods to witnes, that her minde
Was giltles of a traitrous thought: nor thinke me so vnkinde
(Sweet Husband) as to haue the will to ouerliue thee heer,
But that my Ghoste before thy Ghoste it selfe of guile shall cleer:
And now I come, ah now I come, forgiue ye gods the deed
She sayde: and pearsing so her breast, a breathles Corse did bleed.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

AS *Greekes* lament their Champions losse, so did the *Phrygians* ioy:
And *Priamus* did fortifie his stately Cittie *Troy*.
Twise *Hercules* had rased it, and thirdly was it reard
By *Pryam*, strong in wealth and walles, through *Asia* lou'd and feard.
He cald to mynde *Laomedon* whome *Hercules* had slayne,
His Sister too *Hesione*, that Captiue did remayne
In *Salamis* with *Telamon*: and well he was apayde,
In that the Doer of the same liu'd not the *Greekes* to ayde.
His Sister therefore not restorde, his Legates asking it,
By stealing of the *Spartane* Queene did *Paris* crye them quit.
Twelue hundred fiftie fiue war-Shippes, with mẽ & Armor frought,
By seauentie Kings & kingly Peeres, frõ *Greece* to *Troy* were brought,
To winne her thence. King *Priamus* (besides his Empire greate)
Had ayders Princes thirtie three: lesse Lords I not repeate,
Nor *Sagitar*, that in this Warre did many a valiant feate.
Tenne yeres, tenne monthes, & twise sixe daies, the siege they did abide:
Eight hundred sixtie thousand *Greekes*, by *Troian* weapons dyde:
Sixe hundred fiftie sixe thousands of *Troians* fighting men,
Besides the slaughtred at the sacke, by *Grecians* perisht then:
And (if that *Hector*, *Troilus*, and *Paris*, so we name)
Fell fortie Kings: omitting more, of little lesser fame.
Mislike, and ciuill quarrels, when the *Grecians* homewards drewe,
Did well neere waste the remnant Kings that *Phrigia* did subdewe.
Thus secure *Troy* was ouer-set, when *Troy* was ouer stoute,
And ouer rich, was ouer-runne, and tardie lookt about. (roe,
The *Greekish* Ships, with *Phrigian* Spoyles, through *Xant* and *Simoes*
For now *Antenor* had betrayde *Palladium* to the foe,
And with *Palladium Priamus*, *Æneas* sought to hide
From *Pyrrhus Polyxena* (she for whom *Achilles* dyde,
Wherefore vpon *Achilles* Tombe her selfe was after slayne,
What tyme old *Hecuba* discryde yong *Polydor* his bayne:)
For which, *Æneas* banished, did hoyst his sayles to winde,
And, after many perils, rule in *Italie* did finde.

Æneas

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

ÆNeas dead, *Ascanius* raign'd: *Ascanius* dead, his brother
Posthumus Syluius did succeede. *Lauinia* was his mother,
Her Syer *Latinus*, *Faunus* his, and *Picus* him begot,
And *Saturne* him. From mother thus *Posthumus* lacked not
The noblest bloud. On Fathers side his petigree was thus:
Ioue had *Dardanus*: and the same begot *Erictheus*:
He *Troys*: *Troys*, *Assaracus*: he *Capys*: and the same
Anchises: he *Æneas* had: of him *Posthumus* came:
And he was Father vnto *Brute*: and thus the *Brutons* bring
Their petigree from *Iupiter*, of Pagane Gods the King:
And adde they may, that *Brute* his Syer of *Venus* sonne did spring.
Thrise fiue degrees from *Noe* was *Brute*, and fower times sixe was he
From *Adam*: and from *Iaphets* house doth fetch his petigree.
Posthumus Syluius perishing in Chace amongst the brakes,
Mistooke for Game by *Brute* his Sonne, *Brute Italie* forsakes:
And to associate his Exile, a many *Troyans* mo
At all aduentures put to Seas, vncertein where to go:
To whom did Fortune, Fortune-like, become a friend and foe:
Till *Brute*, with no lesse payne and praise then had his Grandsier late
Achiued *Latium*, landing here, suppressed so the state
Of all the Fiend-breed *Albinests*, huge Gyants scarce and strong,
Or race of *Albion Neptuns* Sonne (els some deriue them wrong)
That of this Isle (vn-Scotted yet) he Empire had ere long.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XIIII.

NOw, of the Conquerour, this Isle had *Brutaine* vnto name,
And with his *Troians Brute* began manurage of the same.
For rased *Troy* to reare a *Troy* fit place hee searched then,
And viewes the mounting Northerne partes: These fit (quoth he) for men
That trust as much to flight as fight: our Bulwarks are our brests,
The next Arriuals heere, perchaunce, will gladlier build their nests:
A *Troians* courage is to him a Fortres of defence:
And leauing so wheare Scottes be now he South-ward maketh thence:
Whereas the earth more plentie gaue, and ayre more temprature,
And nothing wanted that by wealth or pleasure might allure:
And more, the Lady Flood of Floods, the Ryuer *Thamis*, it
Did seeme to Brute against the foe, and with himselfe to fit.
Vpon whose fruitful bancks therefore, whose bounds are chiefly said,
The want-les Counties *Essex*, *Kent*, *Surrie*, and wealthie Glayde
Of *Hartfordshire*, for Cities store participating ayde,
Did *Brute* build vp his *Troy-nouant*, inclosing it with wall:

Which

Which *Lud* did after beautifie, and *Ludſ-towne* it did call
That now is *London:* euermore to rightfull Princes trewe,
Yea Prince and people ſtill to it as to their Storehouſe drewe,
For plentie and for populous the like we no wheare vewe.
Howbe-it many neighbour townes as much ere now could ſay,
But place for people, people, place, and all for ſinne decay.
When *Brute* ſhould dye thus to his Sonnes hee did the Iſle conuay:
To *Camber* Wales, to *Albanact* he *Albanie* did leaue,
To *Locrine Brutaine:* whom his Queene of life did thus bereaue.

THe furious *Hun*, that drowning theare to *Humber* left his name,
The King did vanquiſh, and for ſpoyle vnto his Nauie came:
Where *Humbars* Daughter, Parragon for beautie, ſuch a Dame
As Loue himſelfe could not but loue, did *Locrine* ſo inflame,
That *Guendoleyne*, the *Corniſh* Duke his daughter, *Locrins* Queene,
Grewe in contempt: and, *Coryn* dead, his Change of Choyſe was ſeene.
To *Cornwall* goes the wrothfull Queene to ſeaze her Fathers Land,
Frō whence ſhe brought, to worke reuenge, of warriours ſtout a band,
And bids her huſband battell, and in battell is he ſlaine:
And for their Sonne in Nonage was, ſhe to his vſe did raine.
The Lady *Eſtrild Locrins* Loue, and *Sabrin*, wondrous faire,
Her huſbands and his Leimans impe, ſhe meaning not to ſpare,
Did bring vnto the water that the wenches name doth beare:
There binding both, and bobbing them, then trembling at her yre,
She ſayd: if *Scythia* could haue hild the wandring King thy Syre,
Then *Britiſh* waters had not been to him deſerued bayne:
But *Eſtrild*, ſnout-fayre *Eſtrild*, ſhe was ſparde, forſooth, to traine
With whoriſh tricks a vicious King: But neither of you twaine,
Thou ſtately Drab, nor this thy Brat, a baſtard as thy ſelfe,
Shall liue in triumph of my wrong: firſt mother and her Elfe
Shall fiſh in Flood for *Humbars* ſoule, and bring him newes to hell,
That *Locrins* wife on *Locrins* whore reuenged her ſo well.

They

They lifting vp their lillie hands, from out their louely eyes
Powre teares like Pearles, & wash those Cheekes where naught saue
And seeking to excuse themselues, & mercie to obtaine, (beautie lyes:
With speeches good, and praiers faire, they speake and pray in vaine.
Queene *Guendoleyne* so bids, and they into the Flood are cast,
Whereas amongst the drenching waues the Ladies breath their last.
As this his Grandame, such appear'd *Mempricius*, *Madans* sonne,
Whose brother *Manlius* traytrously by him to death was donne.
And since of noble *Brute* his line prodigious things I tell,
I skipping to the Tenth from him will shewe what then befell.

ABout a thirtie yeares and fiue did *Leir* rule this Land,
When, doting on his Daughters three, with them he fell in hand
To tell how much they loued him. The Eldest did esteeme
Her life inferior to her loue, so did the second deeme:
The yongest sayd her loue was such as did a childe behoue,
And that how much himselfe was worth, so much she him did loue.
The formost two did please him well, the yongest did not so:
Vpon the Prince of *Albanie* the First he did bestoe:
The Middle on the *Cornish* Prince: their Dowrie was his Throne,
At his decease: *Cordellas* part was very small or none.
Yeat, for her forme, and vertuous life, a noble *Gallian* King
Did her vn-dowed, for his Queene into his Countrie bring.
Her Sisters sicke of Fathers health, their husbands by consent
Did ioyne in Armes: from *Leir* so by force the Scepter went:
Yeat, for they promise pentions large, he rather was content.
In *Albanie* the quondam King at eldest Daughters Court
Was setled scarce, when she repines, and lessens still his Port.
His secõd Daughter thẽ, he thought, would shewe her selfe more kind:
To whom, he going, for a while did franke allowance finde.
Ere long abridging almost all, she keepeth him so loe,
That of two bads, for betters choyse he backe againe did goe.
But *Gonorill* at his returne, not onely did attempt

Her fathers death, but openly did hold him in contempt.
His aged eyes powre out their teares, when holding vp his hands,
He sayd: O God, who so thou art, that my good hap withstands,
Prolong not life, deferre not death, my selfe I ouer-liue,
When those that owe to me their liues, to me my death would giue.
Thou Towne, whose walles rose of my welth, stand euermore to tell
Thy Founders fall, and warne that none do fall as *Leir* fell.
Bid none affie in Friends, for say, his Children wrought his wracke:
Yea those, that were to him most deare, did lothe and let him lacke.
Cordella, well *Cordella* sayd, she loued as a Child:
But sweeter words we seeke than sooth, and so are men beguild.
She onely rests vntryed yet: but what may I expect
From her? to whom I nothing gaue, when these doe me reiect.
Then dye, nay trye, the rule maye fayle, and nature may ascend:
Nor are they euer surest friends, on whom we most doe spend.
He ships himselfe to *Gallia* then: but maketh knowne before
Vnto *Cordella* his estate, who rueth him so poore,
And kept his theare arriuall close till she prouided had
To furnish him in euery want. Of him her King was glad,
And nobly entertayned him: the Queene with teares among,
(Her duetie done) conferreth with her father of his wrong.
Such duetie, bountie, kindnes, and increasing loue, he found
In that his Daughter and her Lord, that sorrowes more abound
For his vnkindly vsing her, then for the others crime:
And King-like thus in *Agamps* Court did *Leir* dwell, till time
The noble King his Sonne-in-lawe transports an Armie greate
Of forcie *Gawles*, possessing him of dispossessed Seate:
To whom *Cordella* did succeede, not raigning long in queate.
Not how her Nephewes warre on her, and one of thē slew th'other
Shall followe: but I will disclose a most tyrannous mother.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Orbodugs double Issue now, when eighteene Kings were past,
Hild ioyntly Empyre in this land: till *Porrex* at the last,
Not tyed so by brotherhood, but that he did disdaine
A fellowe King, (for neuer can one Kingdome brooke of twaine)
Did leuie secrete bands: for dread whereof did *Ferrex* flye,
And out of *Gallia* bringeth Warre, in which himselfe did dye.
Then *Porrex* only raigned heere, and ruled all in peace:
Till *Iden*, mother Queene to both, her furie did increase
So fearcely, as she seekes reuenge euen in the highest degree.
Why liueth this (quoth she) a King? in graue why lyeth he?
Dye *Iden*, dye: nay dye thou wretch, that me a wretch hast made:
His ghost, whose life stood in thy light, commaundeth me of ayde.
Nor want I (*Ferrex*) will to ayde: for why the Gods I see
Deferre reuenge, nor with a Deuill the Deuils disagree. (hell,
The heauens, me thinks, with thũderbolts should presse his soule to
Or Earth giue passage, that at least with men he might not dwell.
But I my selfe, euen I my selfe, their slackneſſe will supplye,
And Mothers name and Nature both to such a Sonne denye.
Dead night was come, when *Iden* found the King her sonne a sleepe,
And all was still: not then as now did Guards their Princes keepe.
Admit they had, who would haue feard such mischiefe in a mother?
She whispring softly, sleepe thy last, yea sleep as doth thy brother,
Did gash his throte: who starting vp, whẽ strength & speech were gõe,

Lifts vp his faynting hands, and knewe the Tyranneſſe anone:
And maketh ſignes, as who would ſay, ah mother thou haſt done
A deede, as neuer mother earſt did practiſe on her Sonne.
But name of Son, nor ſignes did ſerue, him ſtill with wounds ſhe plyes
Nor (more than Monſter) did it pleaſe that ſimplie ſo he dyes,
But that his bodie, peecemeale tore, about the Lodging flyes.
And thus from noble *Brute* his line the Scepter then did paſſe:
When of his bloud for to ſucceede no heire ſuruiuing was.

FOwer Dukes at once, in ciuill broyles, ſeiunctly after raine.
Neere when, the *Scottes* (whō ſome accuſe by Ante-dates to gaine)
Did ſettle in the Northerne Iſles. Theſe people bring their line
From *Cecrops*, and that *Pharo* he that euer did decline
From *Moſes*, ſeeking *Hebers* houſe from *Ægypt* to conuay.
His daughter *Scota Gathelus* their Duke brought thence away,
When *Pharos* ſinne to *Iacobs* Seede did neere that Land decay.
And *Cecrops* ſon brought thē frō thence (as *Scottes* inforce the ſame)
The Stone that *Iacob* ſlept vpon, when Angels went and came.
Of it was made their fatall Chaire: of which they beare in hand,
That whereſoere ꝑ ſame is found, the *Scottes* ſhall brooke ꝑ land:
At *Weſtminſter* that Monument doth now, decaying, ſtand.
In *Luſitania Gathelus* did firſt his Kingdome found:
And of his race, (of *Scota*, *Scottes*) when *Spaniſh Scottes* abound,
Ariue in *Ireland*, and in it a ſecond Empire ground.
And thirdly, when their broodie Race that Iſle did ouer-ſtore,
Amongſt the Iſlands *Hebredes* they ſeek out dwellings more.
Theſe *Iriſh*, ſometime *Spaniſh Scots*, of whence our now-*Scots* be,
Within the Iſles of *Albion* thus, whilſt *Brutaines* diſagree,
Did ſeat themſelues, & neſtle too amongſt the Mountaine groundes:
What time a *Scythian* people, *Pichtes*, did ſeaze the middle bounds
Twixt them and vs: & theſe did prooue to *Brutaine* double wounds.
The *Penthland* people and the *Scots*, alying, friendlie liue,
Vntill the *Pichts*, by Brittiſh wyles, contrarie cauſe did giue.

Then

Then from their Captains fell the *Scots*, and choſe to them a King:
And *Fergus* out of *Ireland* did the Chaire of Marble bring:
In which inſtald the firſt *Scotch* King in *Albion*, ſo he wrought
That *Pichts* and *Scots*, then vp in Armes, were to attonement brought.
Three valiant people thus at once in *Albion* Empire hold,
Brutes, *Scots* and *Pichts*: the latter twaine leſſe ciuil, but as bold.
The *Pichts* were fierce and *Scythian* like: much like the *Iriſh* now
The *Scots* were then: couragious both: Nor them I diſallowe
That write they fed on humane fleſh, for ſo it may be well,
Like of theſe men their bloudie mindes their natiue ſtories tell:
But to our *Brittiſh* buſines now, to ſhew what theare befell.
Not how the tri-partited Rule vnto his quartarne Rayne
Dunwallo, after fortie yeres, did Monarchize againe:
Not what precedent Kings in *France*, and *Denmarke* did obtaine
Speake I. From *Porrex* fortie Kings in ſilence ſhall remaine:
Alonelie valiant *Brennus*, and his brother *Beline*, thay
Vnpraiſed for their warres and works ſhall not eſcape away.

CHAP. XVI.

THeſe Brothers, thirſting amplier Raignes, did martiallie contend,
Till *Brenn* his force was not of force his brothers to defend.
To *Norway* ſayles hee, wheare he got an Armie and a prize,
The Prince of *Norwaies* Daughter, whom hee winneth in this wiſe.
The King of *Denmarke* ſtoode with him, vntill the States decreede
That both ſhould plead before their Prince, and better Pleader ſpeede.

And when the *Norgane* Prince and Peeres were seated for their strife,
The King of *Danes* beginning first, thus pleaded for a wife.
Not yet a King, King *Philips* son with none but Kings would cope,
His reason was, inferiour strife of glorie giues no hope:
I am a King, and graunt the Prize in question worthie mee,
But grudge that my Competitor a banisht man should bee.
Doe grant him what he hath for-gon, and neuer more shall git,
Yeat were he but a Demi-king, to challenge me vnfit:
Dunwallos yonger Sonne, that hath his brother to his Foe,
And worthelie, his trecheries haue well deserued soe,
And yet (audacious that he is) he blusheth not to heare
The troth of his vntroth, nor yeat an heere-Repulse doth feare.
Would she for whom I must contend were not to me the same
She is, or he that stands with me a man of better fame.
But since in this vnequall Plea I must my selfe imbace,
Knowe, *Norwaies*, that my pleaded cause cõcernes your publique care.
It is the King of *Denmarke* doth your Prince his daughter craue,
And note, it is no little thing with vs Allie to haue.
By league, or Leigure, *Danske* can fence, or fronte you, friend, or foe,
Our neighborhood doth fit to both, your wel-fare or your woe.
Combine therefore in needfull League our neere conioyned States:
I may your good, nought lesse can he that thus with me debates.
He is a *Bruton* (if Exile allow wee call him so)
And farre from aiding you, that knowes himselfe not to bestoe.
Admit he were receiued home, what Empire doth he sway?
A sorrie Ilands Moyetie, and farre from hence away.
Her Dowrie is your Diademe: what Ioynter can he make?
Not anie: giue not then to him from whom you cannot take.
And Ladie (She for whom they stroue was present) well I wot,
My loue doth claime a greater debt than so to be forgot.
I wish (mine Opposite his want) that Armes might giue the right,
It is not dread, but doom'd (sweet wench) that thus with tongue I fight.
Proude *Bruton* (frowning so on *Brenn*) disclaime in her my dewe,

Els thou repining ſhalt repent: doe make thy choyce a newe.
At leaſt amend thine Error, and mine enuie ſhall haue end:
I neede not force ſo weake a Foe, ſeeke thou ſo ſtrong a friend.
Norwaies conſent, and, Ladie, be no Counter-mand to this:
Diſcent not *Brenn*: conclude her mine: els my Concluſion is,
If not for worth, by force perforee to winne her from you all,
Yea though our baniſht Copeſ-mate could his *Britiſh* Succours call.
The King of *Danes* concluded thus: and after ſilence ſhort,
The *Brutaine Heros* vailed, and did anſwere in this ſort.
Moſt gracious *Norgane* Peeres, you heare the ouer-tearming taunts
Of this Appelant, that himſelfe and Scepter ouer-vaunts.
It leſſer greeueth he ſhould grudge that I with him co-riue,
Than his ſo peremptorie ſpeach in your deſpight to wiue.
It greeues, in troth: not for my ſelfe, but for he beardeth you,
And ſeemes diſdaineful of your aide, that doth ſo proudly wowe.
How captiouſly he derogates from me, and mine eſtate?
And Arrogates vnto himſelfe, to bring me ſo in hate.
How daintely his eyes endure ſo bace an Obiects view?
How deſperatly doth he conclude, and threatneth me and you?
Well, barke he, byte he, bragges nor blowes ſhall dare me to defend
A Challenge, wheare ſo braue a Prize ſtands for the Wagers end.
Nor thinke (vaine-glorious that thou art) me leſſer than a King,
Or greater than by ſute, or ſword, to prize ſo rare a thing.
Vpbrayd me not with baniſhment, nor *Belyns* quarrell touch,
Nor yeat my petite Signorie: nor more than troth by much.
Theſe preſent nobles knowe the cauſe for which I hether come:
Not as an exile, but for ayde, and they aſſure me ſome.
Then knowe, the cauſe is honeſt when their Honors giue ſupplies:
As capable are they of troth, as thou art apt for lies.
My bothers Kingdome ſeemes, forſooth, an Ouer-match to mine,
My Kingdome, *Cutlake*, therefore is an vnder-match to thine?
Nay, giue (and ſo I hope ye will) the Prize to me, and than
Let *Cutlake* with his Crowne of *Danske* vn-crowne me if he can.

Then he, disabling me to make a Ioynter happelie,
With Denmarke such a Ioynters want(if wanting)should supplie.
But neither haue I such a lacke, nor holde I such a loue,
As that her Dowrie (not in queſt) before her ſelfe doth moue.
He harpeth as himſelfe would haue, that maketh loue his Staile:
Els would he ſue in milder ſort, and ſuing, feare to faile.
For Ladie ſee your Louers Plea: your loue, ſaith he, is debt:
And if not words, nor worthines, then Armor ſhal you get.
Braue words and fit to feare, not feede, a courted Ladies vaine.
But ſay he cannot wowe in print,but Soldior-like and plaine:
Nor I, in ſooth, more loues my heart than can my tongue explaine.
Conclude we therefore Souldior-like, and let a combate yeeld
Vnto the hardier of vs twaine the honour of the field,
If not: then, if my Lords ſo pleaſe: or ſhe thereto agree,
Although thou ſhould'ſt by force of Armes, ſubdue her hence to thee,
Yeat from thy ſtrongeſt Holde in *Danske* I would thy Cõqueſt free.
Loe heer my Gage(he terr'd his Gloue)thou know'ſt ꝑ Victors meed:
(So did he pauſe, his Pledge vntoucht, and then did thus proceede)
Then fret thy fill, and worke thy worſt: deliuer, Lords, your willes:
Ye haue experience how this ſame with brags, not battell, killes.
He threatneth onely, I intreate, he claimeth her of dew,
I wiſh, and hope for to deſerue. The Counſel then withdrewe
Themſelues apart: and ſoone for *Brenn* a verdict did enſewe.

The *Dane* inraged ſayled thence, and rigged out a Fleete,
And did with *Brenn*, reſayling home, at great aduantage meete.
Their Shippes did grapple, and their ſwords did ſunder life from lim:
So fought they, as their ſhippes did ſeeme in Seas of blond to ſwim.
But multitude oppreſſed *Brenn*, he hardlye did eſcape,
His Ladie will he, nill hee, left the King of *Denmarkes* Rape.

Not meanely inſolent the *Danes* hoyſt vp their home-meant Sayles:
But after manye crabbed Flawes, and long contrarie Gayles,
The Kings and *Norgane* Ladies Shippe was toſſed to the Coſte
Of *Brutaine*: wheare, impriſoned, King *Belyn* was their Hoſte:

Vntill,

Vntill, ſufficient Pledges had that *Denmarke* it ſhould pay
Continuall Tribute to the *Brutes*, he them diſmiſt away.
Meane while King *Bren* (receiued now amõgſt the *Gawles* did threate
For *Englands* Crowne-halſe him with-held his Brothers ſelfe & Seate:
(For Time, alaying Loue, did adde vnto domeſticke hate)
And with the *Cenoueſean Gawles*, whoſe Prince his heire of late
He had eſpouſed, did inuade the Empire of his Brother:
And almoſt did their Battels ioyne, when thus intreates their Mother.
I dare to name ye Sonnes, becauſe I am your Mother, yet
I doubt to tearme you Brothers, that doe Brotherhood forget.
Theſe Prodigies, their wrothfull Shields, forbodden Foe to Foe,
Doe ill beſeeme allyed hands, euen yours allyed ſoe.
O, how ſeeme *Oedipus* his Sonnes in you againe to ſtriue?
How ſeeme theſe words in me (aye me) *Iocaſta* to reuiue?
I would *Dunwallo* liued, or ere death had loſt againe
His Monarchie, ſufficing Fower, but now too-ſmall for Twaine.
Then either would you, as did he, imploy your wounds elſwheare:
Or for the ſmalnes of your Power agree, at leaſt for feare.
But pride of ritch and rome-ſome Thrones, that wingeth now your (darts,
It will (I would not as I feare) worke ſorrow to your harts.
My Sonnes, ſweet Sonnes, attend my words, your Mothers wordes at-
And for I am your Mother doe conclude I am your frend: (tend,
I cannot counſell, but intreate, nor yeat I can intreate
But as a Woman, and the ſame whoſe blood was once your meate.
Hence had ye Milke (She baerd her Pappes) theſe Armes did hug ye oft:
Theſe fyled hands did wipe, did wrap, did rocke, and lay ye ſoft:
Theſe Lips did kiſſe, or Eyes did weep, if that ye were vnqueat,
Thẽ ply I did, with Song, or Sighes, with Dance, with Tung, or Teate.
For theſe kind Cauſes, deere my Sonnes, diſarme your ſelues: if not,
Then for theſe bitter teares that now your Mothers Cheekes do ſpot:
Oft vrge I Sonnes and Mothers Names, Names not to be forgot.
Send hence theſe Souldiers yee, my Sonnes, & none but ye would fight:

When

When none should rather be at one, if Nature had her right.
What comfort, *Beline*, shall I sperde? sweete *Brenn*, shall I preuaile?
Say yea (sweete Youthes) ah yea, say yea: or if I needes must faile,
Say noe: and then will I begin your Battell with my baile.
Then then some Stranger, not my Sonnes, shall close me in the Earth,
When we by Armor ouer-soone shall meet, I feare, in death.
This sayd, with gushing teares eftsoones she plyes the one and other,
Till both did shew themselues at length Sonnes worthy such a Mother:
And with those hands, those altred hands, that lately threatned bloes,
They did imbrace: becomming thus continuall frends of foes.
Glad was the Queene: and *Beline* hild sole Empier: more, he had
From *Denmarke* Tribute: and to this a greater honor add,
His daughter *Cimbra*, wedded to the *Almayne* Prince, gaue name
Vnto the *Cimbrians*, holding *Rome* so long and warlike game.
Some (if no Error) giue to him for forraine Conquests fame.
His Valour, Warre, & Peace ore-past: now speake we of the Knight,
That this side and beyond the *Alpes* subdewed all by fight.
The stateliest Townes in *Italie* had *Brenn* their Builder, and
Euen *Rome*, the terror of the World, did at his mercie stand.
The Senate, giuing to the Earth ear-while both warre and peace,
Could not themselues, their Citie, scarce their Cappitoll release.

THeir Gander Feast, what *Manlius* and *Camillus* did therein,
How This the Cappitol, and That from *Brenn* his Spoyles did win,
I pretermit. The three-topt Mount *Parnassus* had beloe
Apollos Temple, whither men for Oracles did goe.
This, with the God and Goods the *Gawles* did put to sacke and spoyles:
And whil'st, incamped here, they kept such sacreligious coyle,
The God, or rather Diuell, whom th'Almightie did permit,
His Deitie prophaned, to deceiue the world in it, (lers quit,
With Tempests, Earth-quakes, Steneh, & Sights, so cryde the Spoy-
That most did perish, fewe disperse, and all were out of harte,

Yea

Yea *Brenn* himselfe, discouraged, did change in euery parte.
He looking after and vpon the scattered and the slayne,
Did seeme a second *Cadmus*, saue lesse patient of his payne:
And, shaming to be seene to weepe, deuoured sightles teares:
And, in these words, his heartie greefes did number to their Eares.
Sweet Soldiours leaue me to my selfe, it likes me that ye leane me,
More takes your tarriance frō my health than can these plagues bereaue me:
Each of these Masse of Corpses dead hath bin a death to me,
Deliuer then mine Eyes of you, too many deathes I see.
Suruiue, and tell the Westerne World what we exployted haue:
How that to *Rome*, amidst her Roofe, the mayden Sacke we gaue.
Tell of our Battels, Booties, and our Buildings: lastly tell
(An honor to our Ouerthrowe) that we at *Delphos* fell
By wounds deuine, no humane Armes. But God, who so thou be,
Lesse is thy courage than Commaund, els would'st thou cope with me,
As *Pluto* with *Alcides* did, and *Mars* sometimes with men:
Do me like honor, and these Graues shall lightly greeue me then.
But thou full little dar'st so. Nay, I doe dare too much,
That with my so vnhallowed tongue thy Deitie dare touch.
Ah, see these Slaughters, and reserue aliue this small Remayne,
Let lastly me, and only me, eike number to the slayne.
But bootlesse on a ruthles God I see my prayers spent,
As haughtely doest thou reuenge as humbly I repent.
Well (God of *Delphos*) since our teares, this Incense, nor these Graues
Appease thine yre, persist to plague this flesh, that henceforth craues
No pitie: to the *Hebrewe* God, of power exceeding thyne,
(Men say) appeale I, and bequeath the Soules of me and myne:
Accept my simple Legacie, O Godhood most deuyne,
Sayd *Brenn*. And with a selfe-wrought wound did perish: and his men
Departing, wonne, and left the name to *Gallo-Grecia* then.
The righteous *Gorboman* might add fresh Subiect to our Muse,
But skipping to his Fathers Sonnes, of them it thus ensewes.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

FIue yeeres had *Archigallo* raign'd, when hated doing wrong,
He was depriued of his Realme, and liued vagrant long,
And fearing all that frended none, kept close the Woods among.
Theare *Elidurus* hunting found his wretched Brother, and
They gasing each in others face, with sighes and weepings stand.
A King, as *Elidurus* is, once was I thinkes his Brother,
A wretch, as *Archigallo* is, I may be thinkes the other.
The lowlie King alights anon, and when they had imbrac'd,
Then *Archigallo* secretly in *Ebranks* Towne was plac'd:
In which, the King commaunding so, the Nobles did conuent,
To whom did *Elidurus* thus informe of his intent.
If Fortune had bin crosse (my Lords) to me, or any feare
Of Armor were approching vs, I should perchaunce appeare
Faint and false-hearted in my charge, but euer lackt the one,
Nor hath the other likelihood, for quietler ruleth none. (staine,
Yeat Kings may thinke their heads too weake their Dyademes to su-
For endles cares concurre with Crownes, a bitter sweete is Raine:
Howbeit, Subiects falsely iudge their Princes blessed are,
When both of peace and perils they containe the common care,
And yeat for this they grudgingly from Pounds a Penny spare.
Not these, my Lords, make me disclaime in it which all pursue,
But Iustice bidds my Brothers right I should commend to you.
This one Request includes, I knowe, exceeding dangers twaine,
To me, if for a priuate life I change a publique Rayne,
To you, if whom ye haue depriu'd ye shall restore againe.
But for I haue done right, no wrong, though Iustice wants not foes,
And though vnto a Magistrate disgrading bringeth woes,
Yeat gainst the bad a conscience good may safe it selfe oppoes.
Nor be ye fearefull of reuenge, that did no more than right:
Euen *Archigallo* will confesse his sinne, and cleare your spight:
Whose restitution (were he wronged) at least shall you acquite.
You hassard lesse, re-kinging him, then I vn-king'd to bee,
And Danger ouer-dares, if it from Iustice disagree.

Then

Then, good my Lords, doe right his wrong, at leaſt-wiſe doe him right,
Whoſe ſmarte, no doubt, hath wrought in him a reconciled ſpright.
Iuſt *Gorbonan* his brotherhood ſucceeding in their Line,
Then *Archigallo* ſhould be King, to him let me reſine.
So much the King did vrge this Text, that *Archigallo* rayn'd,
And *Elidurus* willingly in priuate life remaynde:
The one reſtored, for his late depriuing nothing mou'd,
The other (wonders tell I now) diſ-crowned yeat belou'd.
Tenne yeares did *Archigallo* raigne, beloued well, and dyed:
And *Elidurus* once againe the Kingly Throne ſupplyed,
Vntill his Brothers ſecondly depoſe him of his raine,
But they deceaſing, thirdly he was crowned King againe,
And ſo, vntill his Dying day, with honor did remaine.
A many Kings whoſe good or bad no Wrighter hath diſplaide
Did follow. *Lud*, and *Hely*, for their ſtately buildings made
Reſt chiefly famous. Nor forget King *Bledgrabed* I ſhall,
Whom *Brutons* did their Glee-god for his skill in Muſicke call.
The next whoſe dayes gaue famous deedes, *Caſsiuelan* is ſayde,
Whom *Caius Iulius Cæſar* did with Armour thus inuade.

CHAP. XVII.

THis Conquerour of *Gallia* found his Victorie prolong'd
By *Brittiſh* Succours, and for it, pretending to bee wrong'd,
Did ſend for Tribute: threatning els to bring the *Brutons* Warre.
The latter going forward firſt, the *Albineſts* to barre
A common foe, concurre as friends: and now was come the Spring,

When

When *Cæsar* out of War-wonne *France* victorious Trowpes did bring.
But easlier wonne the *Grecians* land at *Pargama* by much,
Than got the *Latines* footing heere, their Contraries were such.
Yee might haue seene of *Hectors* race, ten thousand *Hectors* heere,
With pollicie on either part, the *Romanes* buying deere
The bloodie Shore: the water yeat lesse deerer than the land
To them, whom valiantlie to proofe the Ilanders withstand.
Ofte battell they, the *Brutons* still victorious, and in vaine
Their foes were valiant: onelie heere was *Cæsars* force in waine.
And as our men vnto his men were as tempesteous Thunder,
So did his ankred Shippes on Seas by Tempest dash in sunder.
But twice (quoth *Cæsar*) Fortune, thou wert opposite to mine,
But thirdlie heere to *Cæsars* selfe thou (wontles) dost decline.
Conuaying then his wearie men into his wasted Shippes,
To *Gallia*, there to Winter them, he miscontented slippes.
Of this same Victorie did spring securitie and strife,
The *Scottes* and *Pichtes* did sunder hence, the *Brutons*, ouer-rife
In Largesse, making frollike Cheere, a quarrell then aroes
Betwixt the King and *Luds* false Sonne, and they dis-ioyne as foes:
That *Cæsar* slippes Aduantage such were error to suppoes.
Euen of the *Brutons* some there were recalling backe the Foe,
And Winter past, with doubled power he backe againe did roe.
The *Romaines* more, the *Brutons* they farre fewer than before,
Offend, defend, fight for, fence from, to winne, and warde the Shore.
But *Cæsar* landed, and ensew'd continuall cruell fight:
Thrice put the fierce *Cassiuelanes* the *Cæsarines* to flight,
And still the King incouraging in euerie wing appeares,
So giuing needlesse spurres to fight, his Souldiours brooke not feares,
Nor little did the *Cornish* Belles offend the *Romaine* eares.
When *Cæsars* oft successes fight had tyred him and his,
Inringed with his mayhmed Campe, the *Romane* speaketh this.
Are these same Bands, those selfe-same Bands that neuer fought in vaine?
And ye the men that following still my Standard still did gaine?

Euen

Euen theſe, and ye, are verie thoſe: nor can I diſcommend
Your manhoodes, that with leſſer work brought greater Wars to end.
But not, as was my wont to wright, the Senate now ſhall reede,
I came: I ſawe: I ouer-came: ſuch Foes forbid ſuch ſpeede.
Nor let the Senate muſe, for *Troy* with *Troy* doth here contend:
This warlike people (fame is ſo) from whence ſprong we diſcend.
Yea, if *Æneas* had not left the *Phrygian* Gods to vs,
And *Greekes Palladium* Shipt to *Greece*, this Fortune foyling thus,
I would haue thought thoſe very Gods had followed our anoy:
But them haue we, theſe onely haue vndanted harts from *Troy*.
But what? ſhall *Cæſar* doubt to fight againſt ſo braue a Foe?
No, *Cæſars* Tryumphes with their Spoyles ſhall giue the brauer ſhoe.
Ye Gods that guide our Capitoll, Mount *Palatin* thou Throne
Of ſtately *Rome*, ye Followers too of her affayres each one,
Delay not, but depriue me quite my Triumphes now in hand,
Nor let me liue, if ſo I leaue vnconquered this Land:
This Land, the laſt of Weſterne Iſles, an Iſle vnknowen ere this,
Which famous now through *Cæſars* fight and our misfortune is.
Enough, my fellow friends in Armes, enough we *Romaines* haue
To ſeeke reuenge: your Conqueſt loe a Countrie rich and braue:
And (which perſwadeth victorie) in *Troynouant* there bee,
That hold that Citie to our vſe: the *Brutons* diſagree,
No *Scot* or *Pichte* aſsiſting them in theſe our Warres I ſee.
Their ciuill ſtrife will proue their ſcourge, how ſtout ſoere they ſeeme,
And perpetuitie doth faile in euery thing extreeme.
Not Fortune ſtill is good or bad, and now let be our day:
Too long we liue, if that ſo long we ſhall on trifles ſtay,
Said *Cæſar*. And with ſuch his words did ſo inflame his men,
That with leſſe patience did they liue, than linger battell then.
The *Romaines* bid the Bace, and then did cruell Warre begin:
And little wanted that the *Brutes* the better did not win.
But *Cæſar* ſo foreſawe Supplies, and Succors here and theare,
Perſwading this, diſſwading that, controuling flight and feare,

That,

That, after many *Romaines* slaine, the *Brutons* tooke their flight,
To Southerne Shores: whereas to proofe *Cassiuelan* did fight
With oft Eruptions out of Woods, vntill the traiterous Knight,
The Earle of *London* yeelds his Charge and Citie to the Foe,
Through which disloyall president did other Cities soe:
And then with hard-won Tribute hence the Conquerour did goe.

BVt he, that wonne in euery Warre, at *Rome* in ciuill Robe
Was stab'd to death: no certaintie is vnderneath the Globe.
The good are enuied of the bad, and glorie finds disdaine,
And people are in constancie as Aprill is in raine:
Whereof, amidst our serious penne, this Fable intertaine.
An Asse, an Old-man, and a Boye, did through a Citie passe,
And whil'st the wanton Boye did ride the Old-man led the Asse:
See yonder doting foole, said Folke, that crauleth scarce for age,
Doth set the Boye vpon his Asse and makes himselfe his Page.
Anon the blamed Boy alightes, and lets the Old-man ride,
And, as the Old-man did before, the Boye the Asse did gide:
But, passing so, the people thē did much the Old-man blame, (shame.
And told him, Churle, thy limbes bee tough, the Boye should ride for
The fault thus found, both Man and Boye did backe the Asse and ride,
Then that the Asse was ouer-charg'd each man that met them cride.
Now both a-light, and goe on foote, and leade the emptie Beast,
But then the people laugh, and say, that one might ride at least.
With it they both did vndershore the Asse on either side,
But then the wondring people did that witles pranke deride.
The Old-man seeing by no waies he could the people please,
Not blameles then, did driue the Asse and drowne him in the Seas.
Thus whil'st we be, it will not be, that any pleaseth all:
Els had bin wanting, worthely, the noble *Cæsars* fall.

CHAT.

CHAP. XVIII.

AVguſtus quayling *Anthonie* was Emperour alõe:
In whoſe vn-foed Monarchie our cõmon health was knowne.
The Brooſer of the Serpents head, the Womans promiſd Seede,
The Second in the Trinitie, the Foode our ſoules to feede,
The Vine, the Light, the Doore, the Way, the Shepheard of vs al:
Whoſe Manhood ioynd to Deitie did Raunſome vs from thrall,
That was, and is, and euermore will be the ſame to his,
That ſleepes to none that wake to him, that turns our Curſſe to bliſſe,
Whom, yet vnſeene, the Patriarkes ſaw, the Prophets haue foretold,
Th'apoſtles preacht, the Saints adore, and Martyres doe behold,
The ſame (*Auguſtus* Emperour) in *Paleſtine* was borne,
Amongſt his owne, and yeat his owne did croſſe their Bliſſe in skorne:
Bi-formed *Ianus* then in Mewe: ſo would this Prince of Peace,
That *Cæſars* Edict euerie wheare ſhould *Mars* his enuie ceace.

THen raigned here King *Cymbelyn*, King *Theomantius* ſonne:
Next him *Guiderius*, that with-held the Tribute *Cæſar* wonne.
The *Romaines* that, in our reſpect, neglected *Miſia*, *Spaine*, *Armenia*, *France*, and *Siria*, then Recuſants of their Raine,
Not by their Captaines, but himſelfe the Emperour of *Rome*,
Into relapſed *Brutaine* with imperiall Enſignes come.

Then hotter than the *Punike* Warres to *Romaines* did begin:
And *Claudius* looseth valiantlie all that the *Brutons* win,
But *Romish Hamo*, from whose death *Southhampton* had that name,
In *Brittish* Armes salutes the King, and slewe by guile the same.
Duke *Aruiragus* vsing then the Armor of the King,
Maintained fight, and wonne the field ere *Brutons* knewe the thing.
This hardie Knight, his Brother slaine, was Crowned in his place:
And with his winnings, also wonne the Emperour to grace:
Who sending for his daughter, faire *Genissa*, so did ende
The Warres in Wedding: and away did *Claudius Cæsar* wende.
But *Aruiragus* after this reuolted, and to stay
The hauocke made of *Romaines* here came succors euery day.
His Queene *Genissa* childing died, when his Reuolt she knew:
And *Voada*, deuorsed late, became his Queene of new.
Then he that at *Ierusalem* the fatall siege begonne,
Was sent from *Rome*, and warring here, the wonted Tribute wonne:
And through his gentle Victorie, bound *Aruiragus* still
A friend to *Cæsar*, whome the King adopted heire by will.
I here omit the dismall Warre in Isle of *Mona* made
Against the *Romaines*, whome the Priests the *Druides* inuade
With banning words, and women, with their haire vntrussed, stand
With brands of fire in furious wise about their desperat Band.
The King deceased, *Voada* and her two daughters, they
Abused by the *Romaine* Lords, doe hotter warres assay.

THe noble *Scot* King *Corbred* he confederates with the King
of *Pichts*: and they and *Brittish* Peeres to field their Armies bring
To aide the Queene of *Brutes*, that like the *Amazonian* Dame
That beating downe the bloodie *Greekes* in *Priams* succour came,
Had pight her Iauelin at her feete, when entred in among
The fearce confederates, thus she spake amidst the silent throng:
My state and sex, not hand or heart, most valiant friends, with-hild

Me, wretched Cause of your repaire by wicked *Romans* ild,
From that reuenge which I do wish, and ye haue cause to worke:
In which suppose not *Vonda* in female feares to lurke.
For Loe my selfe, vnlike my selfe, and these same Ladies faire
In Armor, not to shrinke an inch wheare hotest doings are.
Euen we do dare to bid the Base, and you your selues shall see
Your selues to come behind in Armes: the *Romaines* too that bee
Such Conquerors, and valiantly can womankind oppresse,
Shall know that *Brittish* women can the *Romish* wrongs redresse.
Then Arme ye with like courages as Ladies shall present,
Whom ye, nor wounds, nor death, the praise of Onset shall preuent.
Nor enuie that our Martiall rage exceeds your manly ire,
For by how much more we endure, so much more we desire
Reuenge on those in whose default we are vnhallowed thus,
Whilst they forget themselues for men, or to be borne of vs.
Ye yeeld them Tribute, and from vs their Legions haue their pay:
Thus were too much, but more then thus the haughtie Tirants sway.
That I am Queene from being wrong'd doth nothing me protect:
Their Rapes against my daughters both I also might obiect:
They maydes deflower, they wiues enforce, and vse their wils in all,
And yeat wee liue deferring fight, inferring so our fall.
But valiant *Brutons*, ventrous *Scots*, and warlike *Pichts* I erre,
Exhorting, whom I should dehort your fiearcenes to deferre.
Lesse courage more considerate would make your foes to quake:
My heart hath ioy'd to see your hands the *Romaine* Standards take,
But when as force and Fortune faild, that you with teeth should fight,
And in the faces of their Foes your women in despight
Should fling their sucking Babes, I hild such valiantnes but vaine:
Inforced flight is no disgrace, such Flyers fight againe.
Here are ye, *Scots*, that with the King my valiant brother dead
The *Latines*, wondring at your prowes, through *Rome* in triumph lead.
Ye *Mars*-stard *Pichtes* of *Scythian* breed are here Colleagues: & more,

Ye *Dardane Brutes*, last named, but in valour meant before:
In your conduct, most knightly friends, I superseade the rest:
Ye come to fight, and we in fight to hope and helpe our best.
Scarce did this braue *Bellona* end, when as the Battailes ioyne,
And life and death was bought & sould with courage, not with coine.
Aboue the rest the Queen of *Brutes* through blood did cut her way,
Sixe thousand Ladies Lyons-like exployting like Afray:
Till *Cattus* with his *Romaine* Armes, subdewed, fled away.
Of *Romains* seuentie thousand died, of *Brutons* then were slaine
Twise fifteene thousand, and the rest their ceased freedome gaine.
When valiant Plancius, President in *Gallia*, heard such newes,
He waffes an Armie out of *Fraunce*, and *Voada* pursues.
The *Albinests* to aid the Queene assemble at her call,
And then began a second Warre, nor was the slaughter small.
The *Brutons*, barring flight, had clos'd themselues with waines about,
In which the awles women stood suruaying who was stout,
Controuling Cowards, and among did fill the aire with dinne:
But, valiant though the *Brutones* were, the day the *Romaines* winne.
In vaine the furious women then on Sonnes and Husbands call,
Themselues with Sonnes and Husbands did by aduerse weapons fall.
Queene *Voada* past helpe, and hope, betooke her selfe to flight:
Till looking backe, vnfollowed then, and hauing in her sight
The senseles Tronkes of slaughtred friends, shee leaning on her Lance
Did power forth teares, and grew at length impacient of the chance,
And said: my selfe, my trustie friends, wil with my deareſt blood
Keepe Obite to your happie Ghostes, that for your Countries good
Be as you be, and I will be: no *Romaine* sword shall boast
Of my dispatch. So on her Lance she yeelded vp the Ghoste.
Her Daughter then, for to reuenge her friends vpon her foes,
Assisted by the vanquished against the Victors roes,
And slaughtring through the *Romaine* Tentes the braue *Virago* goes,
Till *Plancius*, euer prouident of perils, brought supplies,
What time *Vodicia*, vrging wounds, with constant courage dies.

Such

SVch busines hanging, *Lucius*, here the first baptized King,
Died issuelesse: and for the Crowne did long contention spring.
At length *Constantius Cæsar* (for the *Brutons* yeelded so)
Did *Helin*, *Colis* daughter wed. Of her doe praises go
For finding of the holie Crosse: and for deuotion rare.
From these proceeded *Constantine*, the most vndoubted heire
Both to the *Romaine* Monarchie and this his Parents Reame.
He turn'd the Empires ebbing pompe into her flowing streame,
And was a Prince Religious: yeat (with reuerence be it said)
If lesse religious, then not he the Empire had decaide,
By largesse to a pompeous Priest, Apostolique ere then,
But now intruding euen on God, insulting ouer men.
Nor sparest thou his natiue Realme that seazed thee of *Rome*.
Admit his frankneſſe were a fault (as is their common doome,
That say he made a *Paule* a *Saule* that made a Prieſt a Prince,
And in that grace the Empires grace disgraced euer since)
Find thou no fault with such a fault wherby he fitted thee:
But, if thou wilt vngrateful prooue, vngracious ceaſe to be,
A Traytors Tutor is a .K. nor force we such a .T.
Let such a Prelate blesse or banne, with Candle, Booke and Bell,
He cannot raise himselfe to heauen, nor rid a knaue from hell.
Vaine are his Bulles engendring Calues, sent hither from his Stals,
To feede (mad Sots) the Foule that by his name the Sendor cals.
Nor thinke he dreamed this in vaine that dreamed thus of late:
One seemed to haue passed *Stix*, and entring *Plutos* gate,
Saw *Hecat* new canonized the Sourantisse of hell,
And *Pluto* bad it holliday for all which theare did dwell.
Sterne *Minos* and grimme *Radimant* descend their duskie roomes:
The Docke was also cleare of Ghosts, adiorn'd to after-doomes:
The Furies and the deadly Sinnes, with their inuectiue Scroles
Depart the Barre: the Feends rake vp their euer-burning Coles:
The Elues, and Fairies, taking fists, did hop a merrie Round:

And *Cerberus* had lap enough: and *Charon* leasure found:
The airy Sprights, the walking Flames, and Goblins great and small,
Had theare good cheere, and company, and sport the diuell and all:
To *Tantalus* the shrinking flood, nor starring fruit were such:
Nor *Titius* his bowels did the hungrie Vultur touch:
Vpon his Stone sat *Cisaphus*: *Ixeon* on his Wheele:
The *Belides* vpon their Tubs: no wonted toile they feele.
Till, in this anticke Festiuall, these last recited fiue
Of dignities for dueties theare they earnestly did striue:
And then the quarrell grew so hot that hell was hell againe,
And flocking Ghosts did seuerally their Fauctors part maintaine.
With *Cisaphus* tooke part the Ghosts of minds that did aspire,
And by ambitious climing fell, desarts vnlike desire.
With *Tantalus* hild starued Ghosts, whose pleasure was their paine,
Whose euer Hords had neuer vse, and gettings had no gaine.
To *Belides* assisted Soules of Vnthrifts, whose supplies (suffise.
Did passe from them as Sea through Cieues, whose wastes no wealthes
Vnto *Ixeon* stood their Sprights that had their lusts for law,
Rebellants to a common good, and sinning without awe.
To *Titius* lastly ioyned Ghosts, whose hearts did emptie hate
As Todes their poyson, growing when it seemeth to abate.
About flie Apples, Stones, and Tubs, the wheele was tumbled downe,
The Vultur girds, no Ghoste but had at least a broken crowne.
This skufling and confedracie in hell made such a reare,
That (wontles of such braules and blowes) *Proserpine* did feare.
But *Pluto*, laughing, told his Bride to Ela it was Fa,
To morrowes dinne should prooue that same to be a ciuill day:
In peace these were their practises on earth, and here in hell
(Saue that their Soules haue neuer peace) we finde them as they fell.
They worke to me, each of these fiue, though dailie count I aske,
Doe newlie number Million Soules, whose torments is their taske.
The Queene of such, not free of fear, replied thus againe,

And yeat, me thinks, that *Pluto* should haue pittie on their paine.
He lowers, and Feast with Fray had end, and drinke did euery soule
Of *Lethe*: who, their ioyes forgot, euen yet in torments houle:
Nay *Pluto* must be *Pluto* still, and so I will (quoth he,)
For this same onely day the Ghosts indebted are to thee:
For as the like shall neuer come, so neuer like befell,
But henceforth all, yea Prince, and Pope, shall euer find it hell.
So dreamed one: but ouer-long on fantazies I dwell.

CHAP. XIX.

THe Cosen of great *Constantine*, in *Rome* and here succeeds:
Betwixt the *Brutes*, the *Scots*, and *Pichtes* continuall trouble breeds:
And long the reg'ment of this Land the *Romanes* did inioy,
Transmitting Captaines euermore as Foes did here anoy.
But *Rome* it selfe declined now, and *Brutaine* was oppreſt,
No longer were the *Scottish* Spoyles by *Romaine* Swords redreſt.
Then ends the Tribute, then began new troubles, worser farre
Then Tribute: for the *Scots* and *Pichtes* inferre consuming warre.
The *Brutons*, vnder *Rome* secure, as men that did relie
On others, were disabled now by Martiall meanes to trie
The fame of fight: but Captaineleſſe, confusedly they deale,
And giue a wretched instant of an headles Common-weale.
And whom so many *Romaine* Peers, grand-Captaines of such might,

Of whome nine Emperors themſelues in perſons here did fight,
Could hardly foyle, were fronted now euen of a barbarous Foe:
And at the point (a wondrous change) their Country to forgoe.
Such fruit hath eaſe, ſuch pollicie did ſeme the *Romaines* turne,
Who, wayning Martiall minds, themſelues the quietlier here ſoiorn.
The *Brutons* thus diſpoy'ld of Armes, and courage in effect,
Of Prince, of Captaines, and aduiſe, their buſines to direct:
Diſpatch their Legate to the Land Diminutiue in name
To *Brutaine*: where the Legate thus his Ambaſsie did frame:
The back-ſlide of our helpleſſe friends, the down-fall of our ſtate,
Our lacke of Prince, of people, and our wealth, not now as late,
The ſauage dealing of out Foes, conſuming ours and vs,
Is cauſe (right mightie King) that we approch thy preſence thus.
Not for we are in blood allied, or that whil'ſt Fortune ſmil'd,
Your Anceſtors had rule from vs, not for the Dames defil'd
At *Cullin*, who withſtanding luſt for it did looſe their liues,
That elſe to *Conon* and his Knights had liued noble wiues,
We are emboldned in our ſuit: though all of theſe might mooue:
But for our former wants, O King, and for thine owne behooue,
Great *Brutaine* doth ſubmit it ſelfe thy Subiect (if thou pleaſe.)
Or els diſpoſe it at thy will. Prouided we haue eaſe
Againſt ſuch Foes, as would not ſaue our liues to haue our Land:
Whom to conclude (except thou helpe) we neuer may withſtand.
The King *Aldroen* pittying much the cauſe of his Allies,
Arm'd thence his brother *Conſtantine*, a Captaine ſtout and wiſe.
He chaſing hence the *Scottes* & *Pichtes*, with glory wore the Crowne,
And through his vertue ſtayed vp a Kingdome ſinking downe.

WIthin a while did *Vortiger* the Duke of *Cornewalle* raigne,
When *Conſtans* Sonne of *Conſtantine* he traitrouſly had ſlaine.
The *Scotts* did ruffle then anew, nor did the King affye
In *Brutones*, for they hated him, and reaſon had they why:

And

And *Saxon* Fleetes from *Germanie* in Armor here arriue,
Through whose support the King in wars against the *Scots* did thriue.
The Foe by *Hengest* foyled thus, he and his brother git
The chiefest credit with the King, but few gaine-saying it,
Necessitie of Souldiers here so well for them did fit.
And *Hengests* Daughter intertain'd King *Vortiger* so well,
That to misliking of his wife and liking her he fell:
And sotted thus in forren Loue, did wed the *Saxon* Wench:
Which wrought vnto the *Saxons* weale, but to the *Brutes* offence:
For whatsoere the Queene did aske, the King would not deny,
Vntill his Subiects ran to Armes, and made the *Saxons* flie.
They putting downe the Father, then did set vp *Vortimer*,
He poisoned by his Stepdame, they restored *Vortiger*,
With this condition, that he should no *Saxons* intertaine.
But *Hengest* (hearing from the Queene that *Vortimer* was slaine,
And *Vortiger* his Sonne-in-lawe re-kinged) did resaile
With *Saxon* forces: though with fraud, not force he did preuaile.
For thus by pollicy he did the *Brutons* circumuent:
He craued Parlie, as a man that were to quietnes bent,
The place appoynted, Parlantes him in simple meaning meet
Farre from their Armie all vnarm'd, whom *Saxon* Traitors greet
With deadly wounds by hidden kniues, & held the King with them,
Confounding so the *British* Ofte. Nor cease they to contemne
Both Christian rights, and ciuill Rule, subuerting either twaine:
And what they would of *Vortiger* through fearefull threats they gaine:
And plant themselues in *Southfolke*, *Kent*, and elsewhere at their will:
And ruffling runne throughout the Land oppressing *Brutons* still.
The King and *Brutons* fled to Wales: and Feend-got *Marlin* theare
Bewraied more then I beleeue, or credit seemes to beare:
As shewing how the Castell worke, reat'd daily, fell by night
By shaking of two Dragons great that vnderneath it fight,
With other wonders, tedious if not trothlesse to resight.

Aurelius

Aurelius Ambroſe, brother to King *Conſtans* murdred late,
From either *Bruton* hauing aid, wonne ſo the kingly ſtate:
And, ere that *Hengeſt* or his Sonne ſtout *Octa* he ſubdew'd,
Firſt to reuenge his Brothers death he *Vortiger* purſew'd,
In vaine the Welſh wild Mountaines fence the Fliet from his Foe,
Or *Gerneth* Caſtell, when as flames throughout the buildings goe:
In midſt whereof the wretched King did end his dayes in woe.

THe *Brutons* thus had peace a while, till *Vortigerns* Sonne,
And *Guillamour* the *Iriſh* King, in new Conflicts begonne:
Whom, whil'ſt that *Vter* valiantly in *Wales* to wracke did bring,
His Brother *Ambroſe* did deceaſe, and *Vter* then was King.
What *Vter* did by *Marlins* Art, in compaſsing his will
Vpon the Wife of *Garolus*, tranſſigured by skill
Into the likeneſſe of her Lord, on whom he got a Sonne,
Renowmed *Arthur*: or to name the Acts by *Vter* donne,
Were much and needleſſe: onely note he was a valiant Prince,
But ſuch as was his noble Sonne, was not before or ſince.
Yeat blazing *Arthur*, as haue ſome, I might be ouer-ſeene:
He was victorious, making one amongſt the Worthies neene:
But (with his pardon) if I vouch his world of Kingdomes wonne,
I am no Poet, and for lacke of pardon were vndonne.
His *Scottiſh*, *Iriſh*, *Almaine*, *French*, and *Saxone* Battelles got,
Yeeld fame ſufficient: theſe ſeeme true, the reſt I credite not.
But *Bruton* is my taske, and to my taske I will retire:
Twelue times the *Saxon* Princes here againſt him did conſpire,
And *Arthur* in twelue Battels great went vanquiſhor away:
Howbeit *Saxon* forces ſtill amongſt the *Brutons* ſtay.
This King to entertaine diſcourſe, and ſo to vnderſtand
What Accidents in after-times ſhould happen in this Land,
He with the *Britiſh* Prophet theirof Sequelles fell in hand.
Of ſixe long after-Kings the man, not borne of humane ſeede,

Did

Did Propheſie, and many things that came to paſſe in deede.
Now *Arthur*, chiefe of Chiualrie, had ſet his Crowne at ſtay,
And to his Nephew *Mordred* did commit thereof the ſway,
When with his Knights, the wonders of the world for Martiall deeds,
Beyond the Seas in forren fights he luckely proceedes:
Till faithleſſe *Mordred* cal'd him backe that forward went with fame,
For at his Vncles Diadem he traiterouſly did aime.
Twiſe *Arthur* wonne of him the field, and thirdly ſlewe his Foe,
When, deadly wounded, he himſelfe, victorious, died ſo.

INterred then with publique plaints, and iſſules, enſewes
A drouping of the *Brittiſh* ſtate: the *Saxon* ſtill ſubdewes,
How beit worthy Kings ſucceed: but deſtiny withſtood
The auncient Scepter to iniure in *Brutes* ſucceeding blood.
Vnlou'd *Careticus* was he that loſt the Goale at length:
Whenceforth, in vaine, to win their loſſe the *Brutons* vſe their ſtrēgth.
Yea God, that as it pleaſeth him, doth place or diſpoſſeſſe,
When foes, nor foiles, nor any force, their courage might ſuppreſſe,
Seem'd partiall in the *Saxon* Cauſe, and with a Plague did croſſe
The *Brutons*, that had els at leaſt rebated from their loſſe:
For *Cadwane*, and *Cadwallyn*, and *Cadwallader*, the laſt,
But not the leaſt for valorous of *Brittiſh* Princes paſt,
Brought out of *VVales* ſuch knightly wars as made their foes agaſt.
The Plague (worſe ſpoyler then the Wars) left *Cambre* almoſt waſte,
Which to auoid, the remnant *Brutes* into their Ships did haſte.
Cadwallader, in leauing thus his natiue Shore, he fixt
His eyes from whence his bodie ſhould, and with his ſighes he mixt
His royall teares, which giuing place, he ſpeaketh thus betwixt.
Sweet *Brutaine* (for I yet muſt vſe that ſweet, and ceaſing name)
Adew, thy King bids thee adew, whoſe flight no weapons frame:
But God cōmaunds, his wrath commandes, al counter-maund is vaine,
Els, for thy loue, to die in thee were life to thy Remaine.

Thus

Thus tymes haue turnes, thus Fortune ſtill is flying to and fro:
What was not, is: what is, ſhall ceaſe: ſome come, and others goe:
So, *Brutaine* thou of Nation and of name endureſt change,
Now balking vs whome thou haſt bread, and brooking people ſtrange.
Yeat (if I ſhoot not paſt mine aime) a world of time from me,
Part of our blood, in higheſt pompe, ſhall *Englands* glorie be:
And chieflie, when vnto a firſt ſucceeds a ſecond She.
But, leauing ſpeeches ominous, *Cadwallader* is woe,
That ſeeing death determines griefe, he dies not on his foe.
Ah, Fortune fayleth mightie ones, and meaner doth aduance:
The mightieſt Empier *Rome* hath change, then *Brutaine* brooke thy chance:
Let it ſuffice thou wert before and after *Rome* in fame:
And to indure what God intends were ſinne to count a ſhame.
Nor vaunt, ye *Saxons*, of our flight: but if ye needs will vaunt,
Then vaunt of this, that God diſplac'd whom you could neuer daunt.
This ſaid, the teares cõtrould his tong, & ſailes wrought land frõ ſight
When (ſaue a Remnant ſmall) the Iſle was rid of *Brutons* quight.

THE

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

CHAP. XX.

THe *Britons* thus departed hence, Seauen Kingdomes here begonne:
Where diuerslie in diuers broyles the *Saxons* lost and wonne.
King *Edel* and King *Adelbright* in *Diria* ioindly raigne:
In loyall concorde during life these Kingly friends remaine:
When *Adelbright* should leaue his life, to *Edel* thus he sayes:
By those same bondes of happie loue, that held vs friends alwaies,
By our by-parted Crowne, of which the Moyetie is mine,
By God, to whome my soule must passe, and so in time may thine,
I pray thee, nay I coniure thee, to nourish as thine owne
Thy Neece my Daughter *Argentile*, till she to age be growne,
And then, as thou receiuest it, resigne to her my Throne.
A promise had for this Bequest, the Testator he dies:
But all that *Edel* vndertooke, he afterward denies.
Yeat well he fosters for a time the Damsell, that was growne
The fairest Lady vnder Heauen: whose beautie being knowne,

A many Princes seeke her loue, but none might her obtaine:
For grippell *Adel* to himselfe her Kingdome sought to gaine,
And for that cause from sight of such he did his Ward restraine.
By chance one *Curan*, Sonne vnto a Prince in *Danske* did see
The Maid, with whom he fell in loue as much as one might bee.
Vnhappie Youth, what should he doe? his Saint was kept in Mewe:
Nor he, nor any Noble-man admitted to her vewe.
One while in Melancholy fits he pines himselfe away,
Anon he thought by force of Armes to win her, if he may,
And still against the Kings restraint did secretly inuay.
At length the high Controller Loue, whom none may disobay,
Imbased him from Lordlines, vnto a Kitchin Drudge:
That so at least of life or death she might become his Iudge.
Accesse so had to see, and speake, he did his loue bewray,
And tells his bearth: her answer was she husbandles would stay.
Meane while the King did beat his braines his booty to atchieue,
Nor caring what became of her, so he by her might thriue:
At last his resolution was some Pessant should her wiue.
And (which was working to his wish) he did obserue with ioye
How *Curan*, whom he thought a drudge, scapt many an amorous toy.
The King, perceiuing such his vaine, promotes his Vassall still,
Least that the baseneese of the man should let, perhaps, his will:
Assured therefore of his loue, but not suspecting who
The Louer was, the King himselfe in his behalfe did wowe.
The Lady, resolute from Loue, vnkindly takes that he
Should barre the Noble, and vnto so base a Match agree:
And therefore shifting out of doores, departed thence by stealth,
Preferring pouertie before a dangerous life in wealth.
When *Curan* heard of her escape, the anguish in his hart
Was more then much, and after her from Court he did depart:
Forgetfull of himselfe, his bearth, his Country, friends, and all,
And onely minding (whom he mist) the Foundresse of his thrall.

Nor

Nor meanes he after to frequent or Court or ſtately Townes,
But ſolitarily to liue amongſt the Country grownes.
A brace of yeeres he liued thus, well pleaſed ſo to liue,
And Shepherd-like to feede a flocke himſelfe did wholly giue.
So waſting loue, by worke, and want, grewe almoſt to the Waene:
But then began a ſecond Loue, the worſer of the twaene.
A Country wench, a Neatheards maid, where *Curan* kept his Sheep,
Did feed her Droue: and now on her was all the Shepheards keepe,
He borrowed on the working daies his holie ruſſets oft:
And of the Bacons fat, to make his Startops blacke and ſoft:
And leaſt his Tarbox ſhould offend he left it at the Folde:
Sweete Growte, or Whig, his Bottle had as much as it might hold:
A Sheeue of bread as browne as Nut, and Cheeſe as white as ſnowe,
And Wildings, or the Seaſons fruite, he did in Scrip beſtow:
And whil'ſt his py-bald Curre did ſleepe, and Sheep-hooke lay him by,
On hollow Quilles of Oten ſtrawe he piped melody:
But when he ſpied her his Saint, he wipte his greaſie ſhooes,
And clear'd the driuell from his beard and thus the Shepheard wooes.
I haue ſweet Wench a peece of Cheeſe, as good as tooth may chaw,
And bread, and Wildings ſouling-well (and therewithall did drawe
His Lardrie) and, in eating, ſee you Crumpled Ewe (quoth he)
Did twinne this fall, and twin ſhouldſt thou if I might tup with thee.
Thou art too eluiſh, faith thou art too eluiſh, and too coy:
Am I (I pray thee) beggerly, that ſuch a Flocke enioy?
I wis I am not: yeat that thou doeſt holde me in diſdaine
Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe to all that keepe this Plaine.
There be as quaint (at leaſt that think themſelues as quaint) that craue
The Match, that thou (I wot not why) maiſt, but miſlik'ſt to haue.
How wouldſt thou match? (for well I wot, thou art a Female) I,
I know not her that willingly with Maiden-head would die.
The Plowmans labour hath no end, and he a Churle will prooue:
The Craftſman hath more worke in hand then fitteth vnto loue:

The Marchant traffiquing abroad, ſuſpects his Wife at home:
A Youth will play the Wanton, and an olde-man prooue a Mome.
Then Chuſe a Shepheard. With the Sun he doth his Flocke vnfold,
And all the day on Hill or Plaine he merrie chat can hold:
And with the Sun doth folde againe: then iogging home betime,
He turnes a Crab, or tunes a round, or ſings ſome merrie ryme:
Nor lackes he gleefull tales to tell, whil'ſt round the Bole doth trot:
And ſitteth ſinging care-away, till he to bed hath got.
Theare ſleepes he ſoundly all the night, forgetting Morrow cares,
Nor feares he blaſting of his Corne nor vttering of his wares,
Or ſtormes by Seas, or ſtirres on Land, or cracke of credite loſt,
Not ſpending franklier then his Flocke ſhall ſtill defray the coſt.
Wel wot I, ſooth they ſay that ſay: more quiet nightes and daies
The Shepheard ſleeps & wakes than he whoſe Cattel he doth graize.
Beleeue me Laſſe, a King is but a man, and ſo am I:
Content is worth a Monarchie, and miſchiefes hit the hie:
As late it did a King and his, not dwelling far from hence,
Who left a Daughter, (ſaue thy ſelfe) for faire a matchleſſe wench:
(Here did he pauſe, as if his tongue had done his heart offence.)
The Neatreſſe, longing for the reſt, did egge him on to tell
How faire ſhe was, and who ſhe was. She bore (quoth he) the bell
For Beautie: though I clowniſh am, I know what Beautie is,
Or did I not, yeat ſeeing thee, I ſenceles were to mis.
Suppoſe her Beautie *Hellen*-like, or *Hellens* ſomewhat leſſe,
And euery Starre conſorting to a puer Complexion geſſe.
Her Stature comely tall, her gate well graced, and her wit
To maruell at, not meddle with, as matchles I omit.
A Globe-like head, a Gold-like haire, a Forhead ſmooth and hie,
An euen Noſe, on either ſide did ſhine a graiſh Eie:
Two roſie Cheekes, round ruddy Lips, white iuſt-ſet Teeth within:
A mouth in meane, and vnderneath a round and dimpled Chin:
Her Snowiſh necke with blewiſh Vaines ſtood bolt vpright vpon
Her

Her portly shoulders: beating Balles, her vained Breasts, anon
Adde more to Beautie: wand-like was her middle, falling still,
And rising whereas women rise: but ouer-skippe I will,
What Males in Females ouer-skippe: imagine nothing ill.
And more, her long and limber Armes had white and azure Wrists:
And slender Fingers auuswere to her smooth and lillie Fists:
A Legge in print, a pretie Foot: coniecture of the rest,
For amorous Eies, obseruing forme, thinke parts obscured best.
With these (O thing deuine) with these, her tong of speech was spaer:
But speaking, *Venus* seem'd to speake the Balle from *Ide* to baer.
With *Phœbe*, *Iuno*, and with both her selfe contends in face:
Wheare equall mixture did not want of milde and stately grace.
Her smiles were sober, and her lookes were chearefull vnto all:
And such as neither wanton seeme, nor waiward, mell, nor gall.
A quiet mind, a patient mood, and not disdaining any:
Not gybing, gadding, gawdie, and her faculties were many.
A Nimph, no tong, no heart, no Eie, might praise, might wish, might see
For life, for loue, for forme, more good, more worth, more faire, thẽ she:
Yea such an one, as such was none, saue onely shie was such:
Of *Argentile* to say the most, were to be silent much.
I knewe the Ladie very well, but worthles of such praies,
The Neatresse sayd: and muse I do, a Shepheard thus should blaze
The Coote of beautie. Credit me, thy latter speech bewraies
Thy clowniish shape a coined shew. But wherefore doest thou weepe?
(The Shepheard wept, and she was woe, and both doth silence keepe.)
In troth, quoth hee, I am not such as seeming I professe:
But then for her, and now for thee, I from my selfe digresse.
Her loued I, (wretch that I am a Recreant to be)
I loued her, that hated loue: but now I die for thee.
At *Kirkland* is my Fathers Court, and *Curan* is my name,
In *Edels* Court somtimes in pompe, till Loue contrould the same:
But now. What now? deare heart how now? what aileſt thou to weep?
(The Damsell wept, and he was woe, and both did silence keepe.)

I graunt quoth ſhe, it was too much, that you did loue ſo much:
But whom your former could not moue, your ſecond loue doth touch.
Thy twiſe beloued *Argentile* ſubmitteth her to thee:
And for thy double loue preſents herſelfe a ſingle fee:
In paſſion, not in perſon chaung'd, and I my Lord, am ſhe:
They ſweetly ſurfeiting in ioy, and ſilent for a ſpace,
When as the Extaſie had end did tenderly imbrace,
And for their wedding, and their wiſh got fitting time and place.
Not *England* (for of *Hengeſt* then was named ſo this Land)
Then *Curan* had an hardier Knight, his force could none withſtand:
Whoſe Sheep-hooke laid apart, he then had higher things in hand.
Firſt, making knowne his lawfull claime in *Argentile* her right,
He war'd in *Diria*, and he wonne *Brenitia* too in fight:
And ſo from trecherous *Edel* tooke at once his life and Crowne,
And of *Northumberland* was King, long ragning in renowne.

CHAP. XXI.

THe *Saxons* that, in theſe diſcents, deriue from Gods and men,
Ioue, Minos Geta, Flokwald, Flyn, Fredwolfe, Fraloffe, VVoden,
Each as here placed others ſon, not onely Conquer here,
But with their wandring Armies ſpoyle the World through-out welnere.
The *Engliſh Saxon* Kings oppreſſe the mightier ones the weake:
Each trifling cauſe ſufficing here their loue and leagues to breake.
One ſeazeth of his Neighbours Realme, and is diſſeaz'd ere-long:
For Empire ſome, for Enuie ſome, and ſome to right their wrong

Contend

Contend vnto their common losse, and some like Monsters raine:
As *Sigbert*, who for tyrannie did banishment sustaine.
He wandred vnbewailed long, a man whom men exempt
From house and helpe, pursuing him with capitall contempt.
Forlorne therefore, with drouping limbs, and dropping eies, in vaine,
He frendles walks the fruitles Woods, and foodles did complaine.
A Swineheard meeting him by chaunce, and pitying his estate,
Imploy'd the Westerne King, vnknowne, on his affaires to wait.
Nor did the needie King disdaine such roome, for such relieue:
An vnder-Swineheardship did serue, he sought not to be chiefe.
But when by speech and circumstance, his Maister vnderstood,
His seruant was the somtimes King: blood cries (quoth he) for blood:
My giltles Master in thy pompe, thou Tyrant, diddest slay,
Nor vnreuenged of his death thou shalt escape away.
With that he tooke a Libbat vp, and beateth out his braines:
And dead (so odious Tyrants be) not one for him complaines.

NOt all so ill, yeat cause of worse vnto the *English* state
Was *Osbert* of *Northumberland*: his loue did winne him hate.
Enamored on Lord *Buerns* wife, as tired in the Chace,
He left the Hounds, and with a fewe dismounts at *Buerns* Place.
Her husband absent, heartely his Lady entertaines
The King, and feasts him Royally, not sparing cost or paines.
But he that fed on Fansies food, and hungred whil'st he eates,
Thought *Venus* sparer in her loues then *Ceres* in her meates.
The Trayne and table voyded, then he taking her apart,
Directs her by his tongue and teares vnto his louing heart.
Delay he sayth, breedeth doubts, but sharpe deniall death,
Or do not long surcharge my bliss, or soone discharge my breath:
For if my praiers adde no edge vnto thy begged doome,
The vintage of my thriftlesse lone is blasted in the bloome.
Be fauorable to my fire: for thy sweete sake, be bolde,
I durst attempt euen Hell (if hell so sweete a thing might holde.)

Doe thinke her coie, or think her chaſte, my Cenſure I ſuſpend:
Some Women yeeld not at the firſt, yeat yeeld they in the ende.
She gaue repulſes to his luſt, and he replies of Loue:
Not all the Writs *Diana* had might *Cupids* Plaint remoue.
She countermaunding his demaund, he ceaſed Courting now,
And did with her by violence what vertues diſalow:
And then departed, leauing her in ſelfe-conceit diſgraſte:
More treſpaſſed then ſome would thinke, and yeat perhaps as chaſte.
Home came her Lord, whoſe browes had buds, and found his wife in teares,
And (fooliſh thing) ſhe told a troth, for which reuẽge he ſwears.
But ſo the man did proue a beaſt: he better might haue hid it,
Some ſuch are miſtically domme, yeat domly doe forbid it.
His Wiues eſcapes done ſecretly, if by the man detected,
Shewes hilled bũps (ſuppoſed bũps) meere hornes, not hornes ſuſpected.
At *Denmarke* in his Coſins Court, he telleth of his wrong:
And gaines againſt his ſoueraigne Lord of *Danes* an Armie ſtrong:
Hungar and *Hubba*, and himſelfe, Conductors of this Hoaſt,
Did with their forren forces land, and ſpoyle the Northerne Coaſte.
The vicious valiant *Osbret*, that had vanquiſhed ere then
The King and Kingdome of the *Scots*, though wanting armes & men,
Thought ſkorne his foes ſhould beard him ſo & bar him vp in walles,
And therefore, iſſuing out of *Yorke*, vpon the *Danes* he falles.
A Bloodie Bargaine then begonne, no fight might fearcer be,
And of the *Daniſh* part were ſlaine for euery *Engliſh* three.
But manhood loſt, and number wonne, the *Danes* they got the fielde:
And *Osbret* dyed valiantly, that not to liue would yeeld.

MEane while the *Danes* with freſh ſupplies ariue at euerie Shore,
And warre almoſt in euery ſhire infeſting *England* ſore:
With whome couragious *Etheldred* contended long in vaine,
By them was he, King *Ella*, and the holy *Edmund* ſlaine.
Nothing was done, but all vndone, till King *Alured* hee
In daunger of his Royall ſelfe did ſet his ſubiects free.

For euery day, in euery place, the *Danes* did ſo increaſe,
That he nor any *Engliſh* King enioy one day of peace.
Nor mightier men at Armes than they, might any wheare be found,
Who in their diuers Wars els-where did diuers Realmes confound:
For as the *Gothes*, the *Vandales*, *Hunnes*, and *Saxons* earſt did range,
So now the *Danes* did plague the world, as ſent by interchange.
This Weſterne and victorious king, and greateſt Monarke heere,
Perceiuing of this ſpoyled Iſle a toward Ruine neere,
Diſguiſed like a Minſtrill poore, did haunt the *Daniſh* Tents,
And with his feats and melodie the Enemie preſents:
And of their ſloth, their gluttonie, and Counſels priuie ſo,
He tooke aduantage, giuing them a ſodaine ouerthrow.
And ſlayeth *Hubba*, *Hungar*, and the Cauſe of their repayr,
And putteth all to ſword and Seas that vnbaptized wair.
Yeat to *Northumberland* return'd fearce *Gurmond* with the *Danes*,
Meane time did king *Alured* die, the Hatchet of their Tranes.
But *Adelſtane* (one king betwixt) not onely clear'd the Land
Of *Danes*, but of all *England* had ſole Empire in his hand.
Thus of this long diſmembred Realme was he the onely King:
In which, till *Egelred*, his raigne did proſper euerie thing.
He raigning, much of *England* then the Lordly *Danes* did hold,
Exacting Tributes euery yeare, and ſelling Peace for Gold.
And (which no doubt did hatch thoſe Plagues) the King a wicked one,
Did enter by his Brothers blood, extorting thus his Throne:

King *Edgar* that ſubdu'd the *Scots*, and ſlaughtered the *Danes*,
And of the *VVelch* had tribute Wolffs, of whom it more remaines
That, as it were in Triumph-wiſe, Eight Vnder kings did roe
Him, Sterns-man, on the Riuer *Dee*, with diuers honors moe.
This *Edgar* by a former wife had *Edward*, by an other
This *Egelred*, a Sonne vnto a kind and cruell Mother:
For as ſhe labors to preferre her owne by well and ill,
So to deſtroy her Son-in-law ſhe wanted meanes, not wil.

And meanes did hit. King *Edward* hunts, and hunting loſt his Traine,
Whom, man-les, at her Caſtle *Corſe* the Queene did entertaine.
He hauing ſeene to whom he came in curteſie to ſee,
Made haſte away, in Queſt of them that ſtill a hunting be:
And when he, mounted, ſhould depart, to him his Stepdame drinkes.
Whom, pledging, him an Hierling ſtab'd, & life-les downe he ſinkes.
Thus *Egelred* obtain'd the Crowne, but for his crowing ſo
His Subiects grudge, and he became a Preface to their woe.
For when this proud and vitious king, was neither lou'd of his,
Nor liued ſafely for the *Danes*, his ſecret Edict is,
That ſodainely in one ſelfe hower, throughout the Land ſhould paſſe
A common Maſſaker of *Danes*, which ſo performed was: (charge
Hartfordiã VVelwyn (*VVealth-wyn* then, for promptneſſe in that
Beginning, other Townes as it themſelues from *Danes* inlarge.

CHAP. XXI.

THis common murther of the *Danes* was common mirth to all
The *Engliſh*, whom they did oppreſſe with ſlaueries not ſmall,
Compelling mẽ by grieuous Draught as Beaſts to plough their Land,
Of whom the *Engliſh* as of Gods, or Feends, in terror ſtand.
The Husband durſt not vſe his Wife if liked of a *Dane*,
Nor Houſe nor Goods, nor ought he had, for who reſiſts was ſlaine:
That frankes and feedeth daintily, This pines and fareth ill,
And of his ſweat that hath the ſweete, and is imperious ſtill.
Each houſe maintained ſuch a *Dane*, that ſo they might preuent

Conſpiracies.

Conſpiracies, if any were, and grope how mindes were bent:
Lord *Dane* the ſame was called then, to them a pleaſing name,
Now odiouſly *Lur-dane* ſay we, when idle Mates we blame.
When *Swaine* the *Daciã* King did hear his *Danes* were murthered ſo,
With bitter vowes he ſhipt his men for *Englands* ouerthroe:
And landing, ſpar'd no ſhrine, nor Saint, nor Sex, nor any State,
Not wanting Aiders *Engliſh*-men, that held their King in hate.
Eſpecially falſe *Edricus* the Admirall deceiues
His King and Countrey oftentimes, and Bribes of *Swaine* receiues:
And *Egelred* his cowardiſſe incouraged the Foe,
Till *Swaine* at length, for Maſſes great, was bribed hence to goe.
But making ſhort returne, the Peeres of *England* that diſdaine
Th'indignities of ſuch a King, that did ſo feebly raigne,
Submit them Subiects vnto *Swaine*: and *Egelred* did flie
Vnto the Father of his Queene, the Duke of *Normandie*:
And *Swaine*, poſſeſſed of the land, did ſhortly after die.
His ſonne *Canutus*, preſent here, had Seazon of the Crowne,
Till *Egelred*, returning back by Armor puts him downe:
Who ſcarcely giueth breathing time, but that he back reſailes
From *Denmarke*, and by force, by friends, and fortune here preuailes:
For in this Warre King *Egelred* did ſicken and deceaſe:
And then the broiles (*Canutus* king) did for a time decreaſe,
Till *Edmund*, ſonne of *Egelred*, did interrupt that peace.

CConferring Armes, to *Edmonds* age when *Egelred* did lie
On death-bed, to his ſonne he ſaid: not quite forlorne am I,
Whoſe life hath had ſo much of griefe, thus gratiouſly to dye.
Ad more, thy vertues glad my death, yeat two things greeue among,
To leaue my Kingdom ſo in Warres, and thee for Warres too young,
So may theſe troubles weare to none as thou doeſt waxe I pray,
And ſo poſſeſſe thy Fathers Seate that all approoue thy ſway.
Not to be made a King (my Sonne) is ſo to make thee proude,
For Mildenes fitteth maieſtie, high mindes are diſaloude.

See me thy Father, now a King, and by and by but earth,
Nor thinke that euerie King hath hap to die a happie death.
Let nature for perfection molde a Paragon each way,
Yeat death at last on fineſt lumps of liuing fleſh will pray:
For nature neuer framed it, that neuer ſhall decay.
The braueſt are as bloſſomes, and the longeſt Liuer dies,
And dead, the loueleſt Creature as the lothſom'ſt Carrion lies.
Then thinke not but that kings are men, and as the reſt miſcarrie,
Saue that their fame or infamie continually doth tarry.
Deeme paſt Examples Sentences, and (which did fayle in me)
Make vſe of thoſe not now in vſe, for now will ceaſe to be.
Attempt not things beyond thy reach, ioyne fortune to thy will:
Leaſt *Phœbus* Chaire doe elſe ſurcharge raſh *Phaeton* his skill.
If Fortune helpe whom thou would'ſt hurt, fret not at it the more:
When *Aiax* ſtormed, then from him the Prize *Vlyſſes* bore.
Try friends by touch, a feeble friend may prooue thy ſtrõgeſt Foe:
Great *Pompeis* head to *Cæſars* hand it was betrayed ſo.
Admit thou hadſt *Pactolion* waues, to land thee Golde at will,
Know *Craſus* did to *Cyrus* kneele, and thou maiſt ſpeed as ill.
Abandon luſt, if not for ſinne, yeat to auoyd the ſhame:
So Hogges of *Ithacus* his men the *Latian* Witch did frame.
Be not too moody in thy wrath, but pauſe though fiſt be bent:
Oft *Philips* Sonne did raſhly ſtrike, and leiſurely repent.
Content thee with vnthreatned Meane, and play not *Æſops* Dogge:
The Golde that gentle *Bacchus* gaue did greedy *Mydas* clogge.
Be valiant, not too venterous, but fight to fight againe:
Euen *Hercules* did hold it ods for one to ſtriue with twaine.
Be not ambitiouſly a King, nor grudgingly decline:
One God did root out *Cis* his ſtock, and rayſe vp *Ieſſes* line.
Ieſt not with edge tooles, ſuffer Saints, let mightie Fooles be mad:
Note, *Seneca* by *Neroes* doome for Precepts pennance had.
Haue care to whom, of whõ, & What to ſpeak, though ſpeech be trew,
That Miſſe made *Phœbus* contrary his Rauens Swan-like hew.

He

He frameth torments to himſelfe that feeds a Tyrants vaine:
Perillus was by *Phalaris* adiudg'd to ſelf-taught paine.
Prayſe not the beautie of thy Wife, though ſhe of forme be ſped:
For *Gyges*, moued ſo, did graſt on *Candaules* his head.
Shunne Ielouſie that heart-breake loue, if Cat will goe to kind,
Be ſure that *Io* hath a meanes that *Argus* ſhall be blind.
Commit not Treaſure with thy Child to greedy minded men:
Thou leaueſt *Polidor* a ſpoyle to *Polymneſtor* then.
Occurrants giue occaſions ſtill of like, in which be ſure
To ſerue thy God, to ſaue thy ſelfe, and well to all procure.
Be vertuous, and aſſure thy ſelfe thou canſt not then but thriue:
In onely vertue it is ſayd, that men themſelues ſuruiue.
As for the vicious, ſuch they are, as is the heedleſſe Flye,
That killes it ſelfe, and hurts his ſight that hath her in his eye.
Farewell my Sonne, *England* farewell, thy neuer happy Prince
Doth take his leaue, an happy leaue, if taken ſo long ſince.
And, *Edmond* (burying not with me thy vertues, nor my ſpeech)
I bleſſe thee in his bleſſed Name whome I of bleſſe beſeech,
Said *Egelred*: and ſhortly gaue a quiet gaſpe or twaine,
And being dead, his noble Sonne ſucceeded him in Raigne.

THis like himſelfe, euen Knight-like and an *Engliſh-man* indeede,
Did quickē *Englands* quailing Prowes, & *Mars*-like did proceed.
A brauer Captaine than was he not any band might haue:
And yeat a *Mars* did match this *Mars*, *Canutus* was as braue.
Theſe wonders of that age for Armes, and *Dirii* of thoſe dayes,
Did often battell, equally to eithers loſſe and praies,
Now after many bloody Fieldes, when none might eſtimate
The better or the worſer part, a Knight that ſaw the ſtate
Then preſent, and by likelyhoods preſaged what might fall,
Said (hearing it the differing Kings and Souldiers almoſt all:)
We euer warre, and neuer winne, *Edmund* hath Fortitude,
Canutus Fortune, neither thus of other is ſubdude.

Death feares not vs, nor for their liues our Contraries doe care:
It followes then, that all muſt die wheare all ſo deſpret are.
If all be ſlayne, then who ſhall ſerue our Princes that ſuruiue?
Or fence out Forrens? better one, then none of both ſhould thriue.
To thriue therefore, were not a-miſſe, that ſeeing one of twaine
Will Owner all, that onely they the quarrell doe maintaine.
Or if Combattenſie not pleaſe, the Land is rich and large,
And they Copernicers may liue, and vs of death diſcharge.
If Combat nor Partition be, then will his Warre reuiue,
Till one, ſuruiuing all of vs, wants one with whome to ſtriue.
This ſayd, the Kings did marke and make a profit of the ſame,
And did conclude by Combacy to winne or looſe the Game.
Within a little Iſland neare (round which the Armies ſtand)
The Kingly Champions trie their Force, by fighting hand to hand.
They ſpur their Horſes, breake their Speares, & beat at Barriars long
And then, diſmounting, did renew a Battell braue and ſtrong.
Whil'ſt eyther King thus Martially defends, and did offend,
They breathing, King *Canutus* ſaid: we both I ſee ſhall end,
Ere Empire ſhall begin to one: then be it at thy choyce
To fight, or part. With it their Knights crie out with common voyce,
Deuide, moſt valiant Kings deuide, enough ye haue of Fight:
And ſo the Champions did embrace, forgetting malice quite.
Partition equally was made betwixt theſe Princes twaine,
And Brother-like they liue and loue: till by a deu'liſh traine,
Earle *Edricus*, a Traytor to the Father and the Sonne,
Did murther *Edmund*: and his head (ſuppoſing to haue wonne
The fauour of *Canutus* ſo) preſenting ſayd (O King)
For loue of thee I thus haue done. Amazed at the thing,
Canutus ſayd, and for that thou haſt headed him for me,
Thy head aboue all *Engliſh* heads exalted it ſhall be:
The Earle was headed, and his head poold vp for all to ſee.
Of *England*, *Danske*, & *Norway*, then *Canut* was perfect Lord,
And in this triple Regiment all with vertue did accord.

Harold,

Harold, & *Hardi-knought* his ſonnes each th'other did ſucceede:
Of either which ſmall certaine Fame of well or ill we reede,
Saue by their Raigns to *Engl ſh-men* did grieuous thraldō breede.
But after *Hardi-knought* his death the *Danes* were chaſed hence,
Not intermedling with the ſtate of *England* euerſince.

CHAP. XXII.



FForeſaid *Egelred* his Sonnes, *Alured*, and his brother,
Was *Edward* King: (for *Goodwins* guile had made away that other.)
Religious, chaſte, wiſe, fortunate, ſtout, francke, and milde was hee:
And from all Taxes, wrongs, and Foes, did ſet his Kingdome free.
By ouer-ruling of his Lords, intreating long the ſame,
Leaſt, dying Iſſueleſſe, he leaue ſucceſſion out of frame,
He tooke to Queene a Damſell faire: howbeit, by conſent,
In vowes of ſecret chaſtitie their louing liues they ſpent.
The Father of this maiden-wife, he ſitting by the King,
And ſeeing one that ſtumbled, but not falling, vp to ſpring,
Did laughing ſay, the brother theare the brother well hath eaſ'd,
(His meaning was the Stumblers feete.) And haddeſt thou ſo pleaſ'd,
So had my Brother, quoth the King, bin eaſing vnto me.
The traitrous Earle tooke bread and ſayd, ſo this digeſted be
As I am guiltleſſe of his death: theſe words he ſcarcely ſpoke,
But that in preſence of the King the bread did *Goodwyn* choke.
His ſonne *Harold*, by *Hardi-knoghts* late daughter, him ſurviues,
He, croſſed by contrary winds, in *Normandie* ariues,

Where

Where *Goodwins* ſonne did take an oth, Duke *VVilliam* vrging ſo,
To keepe vnto the Duke his vſe, when *Edward* hence ſhould go,
The Crowne of *England* (claimed by Adoption, and by blood.)
But *Harold*, after *Edwards* death, not to his promiſe ſtood.
And for he was in wealth, in friends, in blood, and Armor ſtrong,
And title had his Mothers right, he forced not the wrong:
But arming him againſt the Duke, ſo vrged vnto wroth,
Did ſeaze the Crowne vnto himſelfe, contrary to his oth.
Whil'ſt *VVilliam* therfore works for war, King *Harold* had not reſt,
For *Harold Hare-foote*, King of *Danes* and *Norwaies*, much oppreſt
The *Engliſh* with his puiſſant Bands. But *Harold* him aſſailes,
And after ſcarce and doubtfull fight moſt valiantly preuailes:
And with the *Norgaine* Prince he ſlew his people almoſt all:
When, for deuiſion of the ſpoyle, did much contention fall
Betwixt the King and *Engliſh-men*: and many a noble Knight
Not onely murmur and maligne, but did forſake him quight.
Such malice growing, *VVilliam* with his *Normanes* taking land,
Found hot-ſpur *Harold* preſt in Armes, his puiſſance to withſtand:
And either Battell Marſhalled, as either Captaine wild,
The King of *England* eagerly the *Normane* Oſte behild,
And with his cheerefull ſpeeches thus his men with courage fild.
See valiant (War-friends) yonder be the firſt, the laſt, and all
The Agentes of our Enemies: they hencefoorth cannot call
Supplies: for weedes at *Normandie* by this in Porches groe:
Then Conquer theſe would Conquer you, and dread no further Foe.
They are no ſtouter than the *Brutes*, whom we did hence exile:
Nor ſtronger than the ſturdy *Danes*, or victory er while:
Not *Saxonie* could once containe, or ſcarce the world beſide
Our Fathers, who did ſway by ſword where liſted them to bide.
Then doe not ye degenerate, take courage by diſcent,
And by their burialles, not abode, their force and flight preuent.
Ye haue in hand your Countries cauſe, a Conqueſt they pretend,
Which (were ye not the ſame ye be) euen Cowards would defend.

I graunt that part of vs are fled and linked to the Foe,
And glad I am our Armie is of Traytours cleered so:
Yea pardon hath he to depart that stayeth Mal-content:
I prize the minde aboue the man, like zeale hath like euent.
Yea troth it is, no well or ill this Iland euer had,
But through the well or ill Support of Subiects good or bad.
Not *Cæsar*, *Hengest*, *Swayn*, or now (which neretheles shall fayle)
The *Normane* Bastard (*Albion* true) did, could, or can preuaile.
But to be selfe-false in this Isle a selfe-Foe euer is,
Yea wot I, neuer Traytour did his Treasons Stipend miss.
Shrinke who will shrinke, let Armors wayte presse downe the burdned
My Foes, with wondring eyes, shal see I ouer-prize my death. (earth,
But since ye all (for all, I hope, a-like affected bee,
Your Wiues, your Children, liues, and Land from seruitude to free)
Are Armed both in shew and zeale, then gloriously contend,
To winne and weare the home-brought Spoyles, of Victorie the end.
Let not the Skinners daughters Sonne possesse what he pretends,
He liues to die a noble death that life for freedome spendes.
As *Harold* hartned thus his men, so did the *Normane* his:
And looking wishly on the earth, Duke *William* speaketh this.
To liue vpon, or lie within, this is my Ground or Graue,
(My louing Souldiers) one of twaine your Duke resolues to haue.
Nor be ye *Normanes* now to seeke in what you should be stout,
Ye come amidst the *English* Pikes to hewe your honors out,
Ye come to winne the same by Launce, that is your owne by law,
Ye come, I say, in righteous warre reuenging swords to draw.
Howbeit of more hardie Foes no passed Fight hath spead ye,
Since *Rollo* to your now-Abode with Bands victorious lead ye
Or *Turchus*, Sonne of *Troylus*, in *Scythian Fazo* bread ye.
Then worthy yout Progenitors ye Seede of *Priams* sonne
Exployt this businesse: *Rollons* do that which ye wish be done.
Three People haue as many times got and forgone this shore,
It resteth now ye Conquer it not to be Conqured more:

For

For *Normane* and the *Saxon* Blood conioyning as it may,
From that consorted Seede the Crowne shall neuer passe away.
Before vs are our armed Foes, behind vs are the Seas,
On either side the Foe hath Holdes of succour, and for ease.
But that Aduantage shall returne their Disaduantage thus,
If ye obserue no shore is left the which may shelter vs,
And so hold out amidst the Rough, whil'st they hale in for Lee,
Whereas, whil'st men securely sayle, not seldome shipwracks bee.
What should I cite your passed Acts, or tediously incence
To present Armes? your faces shewe your hearts conceiue offence:
Yea euen your courages deuine a Conquest not to faile:
Hope then your Duke doth prophecie, and in that hope preuaile.
A People braue, a terren Heauen, both Obiects wroth your warres,
Shall be the Prizes of your Prow's, and mount your fame to Starres.
Let not a Traytors periur'd Sonne extrude vs from our right:
He dyes to liue a famous life, that doth for Conquest fight.

By this the furious Battels ioyne, a bloody day to eyther,
And long they fight, the victory inclining vnto neyther:
At length the *English* had the ods, who keeping close aray,
Vnto the Duchie Forces gaue no entraunce any way:
Who fayning feare, and Martially retyring as oppresst,
The *English* so became secure, and follow on dispersst.
To which aduantage, furiously the *Normanes* did returne,
And got a bloody victorie. In vayne the *English* spurne
Amidst the Pikes against the pricke: King *Harold* then was slayne:
From whom began the *Normanes* sole, but soone conioyned rayne:
For second *Henry*, *Mawd* her Sonne, freed *Englands* blood agayne.
Since when (and euer may they so) that Of-spring ruled vs:
Of whose Coniunction in the Crowne, the Genalogue is thus.
King *Edmund Iron-side* Issue had *Edward* the Out-law: he
Had *Margaret*: *Mawd* by *Malcolme* (the the King of *Scots*) had she:
Mawd to the Conqueror his Sonne first *Henry*, *Mawd* did beire:
This second *Mawd* the *Angeos* wife, had second *Henry* heire.

Edward

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

EDward, King Harolds Preregnant, of the ſame Change foretold,
Who preſent and ſucceeding times thus, dying, did vnfold:
It is a world, to note (quoth he) the wayes that men adore,
And how Hypocriſie hath bred of Godlike Deuils ſtore,
That ſpeake to ſeeme, that ſeeme to ſhift, that ſhift to ſpoyle by guile,
That ſmooth, & ſooth, & yeat deceiue with *Scriptum eſt* meane while.
But let them heaue their hands to Heauen, they haue their hier in Hell,
That ſeeme deuout to cloake deceit, and ſay, but doe not well.
The Rich are retchles in their willes, their liking is for law:
The Poore repine, and Goods, not theirs, by idle ſhiftings claw.
The Lords and Landed ouer-rent, and cunningly the lame
The Paraſite doth ouer-reach, and beares away the game.
One riſeth by anothers fall, and ſome doe clime ſo faſt,
That in the Clowdes they doe forget what Climates they haue paſt.
But Eagle-winged mindes that fly to neſtle in the Sunne,
Their lofty heads haue leaden heeles, and end where they begun.
It is a common point on which the aged groſſely ronne,
Once to haue dared, ſayd, and ſeene, more then was euer done.
The Youth are fooliſh-hardie, or leſſe hardie then they ought,
Effeminate, phantaſticall, in few, not few are nought.
At *Cyprus* not the wanton Saint, nor yeat her wylie Sonne,
Did want her Orgies: nor at *Rome* did *Veſta* lacke her Nonne:
The *Lampſacens* gaue *Pryapus* his filthie Rites, and *Create*
To *Ioue* his Bulles: and *Sicilie* to *Ceres* tithed Wheat:
The *Thracians* with their *Bacchanales* did *Lybers* Temple fill:
And *Italie* did blood of Babes on *Saturnes* Altars ſpill:
And fatall wreathes of Myrtill boughes were ſacred vnto *Dys:*
In fewe, there was no Pagane God his Sacrifice did mis.
But *Engliſh-men*, nay Chriſtian men, not onely ſeeme prophane,
But Man to Man, as Beaſt to Beaſt, holds ciuill dueties vayne.
Yea Pulpits ſome, like Pedlers packs, yeeld forth as men affect,
And what a Synode ſhall conclude, a Sowter will correct.
The rude thus boaſting Litrature, one Schiſme begets another,

And grossely though a Schisme, yeat hath each Schismatike his Soother.
Meane while the learned want their Meed, & none with prosfur heares
The tedious Doult, whose artles tongue doth preach to weary eares.
Here could I enter in a field of matter more than much:
But gesse that all is out of frame, and long time hath bin such:
And what shall be let time disclose. This onely will I touch:
A Greene Tree cut from withered Stock, deurded Furlongs three
From proper Roote, it shall reioyne, and after fruitfull bee:
Thus sayd the King. And thus doe some expound that Propheseе:
The Tree this Land, the Stock and Roote the thralled *English* line:
King *Harold*, and the *VVilliams* twaine, the Furlongs some define:
Henry the *Normane* that begot on *Mawde* his *English* Queene
Mawde, second *Henries* Mother, was the Trees Returne to greene.
King *Stephen* first, though not so firme, did in this Turne proceede:
But second *Henrie* perfectly restalled *VVodens* Seede.

THE

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

CHAP. XXIII.

ASsisted by the former Bowne persist, my Muse, and tell
How by the *Normane* Conquest here an other world befell.
New lawes (not Labyrinths as now through wrested Quirkes) came in:
New Lords also, at whom, for most, our auncient Crests begin.
The *English* sinke, the *Normanes* swimme, all topsie turuie was,
Vntill the Conquerour had brought his whole command to pas.
Then was one *Edgar*, sonne vnto the out-law *Edward*, he
To holy *Edward* had been heire, had not King *Harold* be:
And *VVilliam* pleading too by sword admits no mildet law:
So *Edgar* in his sooneſt flight his safest issue saw:
Who with his mother (daughter to the King of *Hungarie*)
And Sisters, did attempt into his Grandsiers Realme to flie.
Thus *Englands* hope with *Englands* heir in one same Barke did sayle:
When desprate from their villanage was English blood of baile.
BA God, that to the hopeles is not helples, if he please,
Did driue the storm-beate English ship into the Scottish seas:
Wheare, cast a shore, King *Malcolme* soone had notice of the wracke,

And did become a gracious Lord vnto their present lacke.
And (*Agatha* a Votarisse) tooke *Margaret* to Queene:
Protects her brother euen by Armes, against King *Williams* teene:
Vntill by warre and wise conuay he so to passe did bring
That *Edgar* reconciled was vnto the English King:
In credit, though withheld his Crowne, and thus at least did good:
His slight Scotch-queen'd his Sister, she regraded *Englands* blood.
For let we *Edgar* gainst the haer preserued, as expresst,
And either *VVilliam*, luckie Knight at armes, interred rest,
And set first *VVilliams* yongest sonne, first *Henry*, on the Throne,
Through him the royall *English* and the *Normane* bloods grew one.
On *Mawd*, Scotch *Malcomes* daughter by the foresaid *Margaret* he
Had *Mawd*, that solie did suruiue her drowned brothers three,
Her, Empresse to the Emperour then newly being ded,
Did *Geffrey Plantaganet* the Earle of *Anioy* wed,
And she vnto *Plantaganet* did second *Henry* beire,
Of *England*, *Angeo*, *Guscoyne*, and of *Normandie* the heire. (marrie,
Yeat *Stephen*, first *VVilliams* daughters son whō th'Earle of *Bloys* did
Did with the Empresse and her son now King now Captiue varrie:
But lastly, tyred, and inter'd, all *England* by his death
Was quietly second *Henries*, who was lawfullst heire by birth.
With *Hengests* blood our droupen Muse it also now reuiues:
For harshly sounds our Poeame, saue in matter where it thriues.
Let be your bitten Vine, we here a blissfull vintage gayne,
That did, and doth, and euermore vnblasted may remaine:
For this coriuall seede beget *England* English againe.
From whence we note what Scepters, what discents, & turnes befel:
Lesse pleasing vnto some, perhaps, than toyes which many tell
That but of phansies, women, loues, and wantonnes can sing:
From which their tunes but pip their toungs & thē they hang the wing

THis second *Henry*, mightie both in Empire and in Armes,
Was onely by his Cleargie crost with vnbeseeming harmes.

Perplexed

Perplexed therefore at th'apeales that waiward *Becket* made,
To some, demaunding his disease at *Normandie* he sayd:
Our Popes that seeme (they do but seeme) S. *Peter* to succeede
Who did denie, although deserue, high Styles to him decree'd,
Are quite vnlike to *Peter* and Popes thirty three fore-past
Who liu'd in miserie and died by Martyrdome at last.
Now neede not Tyrants Popes to Popes be Tyrants: and they all
Doe wrest euen Principalities submissiue to their Pall.
Peter did sinne, and sinning to repentant teares did flye:
Popes sinne not, but to others sinnes giue pardon (els they lye.)
Christ washed feete, Kings kisse their feet, Christ gaue to *Cæsar* his,
They take, and say that either Sword in their subiection is.
The Pope did so our mothers Pheare the Emperour intreate,
As that his proud attempts I shame and sorrow to repeate.
What cite I forraine matters, when our native Stories yeeld
Of Myters medling with our Sword an ouerplenteous feeld?
We offer Tapers, pay our Tythes and Vowes, we Pilgrimes goe
To euery Saint at euery shrine we Offrings doe bestoe,
We kisse the Pix, we creepe the Crosse, our Beades we ouer-runne,
The Couent hath a Legacie, who so is left vndone:
We fast the Eaue, we feast the day of euery Saint they make,
Their houslings, Shrifts, and Sacraments most reuerently we take,
By-tale we say Orysons, and to words vnknowne Amen:
The Quiet doth chaunt, we knock our brests, we bow & crosse vs thē:
Their skaer-spright water, boxed Boans, their hoasts, & what not
The Priest, the Frier, or Pardoner we count not holy things? (brings
We seat them in our fattest Soyles for Pasture, wood, and spring,
We lodge them safe in stately walles, we sorrowing when they sing.
Their Belles call them from easie beds to sing in gownes as warme,
But Larums vs from restles Campes, by wounds to heale their harme.
And meete is so: but meete also that they protected thus,

Be not vnquiet, but for their quiet pray for and further vs.
When our great Grādsier thought this Isle by Cōqueſt clearly wōne,
And entred *Kent*, what earſt he did did ſeeme in *Kent* vndone.
A mooving wood ſtole marching on, and hem'd his Armie round,
When al at once, their boughes caſt downe, was heard a warlike ſoūd,
That to the *Normanes* did diſcloſe an Armie ordered well,
Reſolu'd to die, rather then leaue the lawes where they did dwell:
(For ſo, in way of Parlie, did their mytred *Stygand* tell.)
Their Biſhop, their Contriuer, and their chiefe conduct was he,
By whoſe deuiſe the conqueror, intrapped, did agree
To ratifie the lawes of *Kent* ſuch as they were, and be.
But bearing in a common good with Croſiers croſſing Crownes,
Proud *Anſelme* in our Vncles raigne did farre exceede the bownes
Of Prelacie or pietie (for Church-men ſhould be meeke:
Yeat ſome in practiſe leaue what they of vs in preaching ſeeke:
For they that bid me doe, and doe themſelues the good they bid,
Doe leade me to the ſubſtantiue, and leaue me not in *quid*)
Yea, either of our Vncles thriu'd in Forraine Conqueſts more,
Than gainſt their Church-men, ſetting al their Kingdome in vprore.
One Prelate wrought the pope to curſe & croſſe his Prince with foes:
Twixt others long ambitions Pleas for Primacie aroes:
And now, through *Becket*, to our ſelfe no leſſer damage groes.
I haue had hardy Knights for warres, and helpfull friends in peace,
Yeat helples friends, and hartles Knights this Cleargie-pride to ceace.
These words heard diuers preſent Knights, who vexed at the wrong,
Did, cleane vnwitting to the King, ariue in *Kent* ere long,
And at S. *Bennits* Altar, in the Minſter of his Sea,
At ſacring for a ſacrifice the ſawcie Clerke did ſlea.
Which heard, the Pope canonized the ſlir-ſtrit Prieſt a Saint,
Inſencing Kings againſt our King, till warres made *Hen.* faynt.
Then humbled vnto haughty Prieſt as Legats ſent from *Rome*
He baſely bowes: and they to him for begged Pennance dome
Purſ-payne and heathen battels, and (which worſer was decreed)

Bareſoote

Barefoote he went, whom Monkes did whip till feete & bodie bleede.
Barefoote to *Iurie* fare the Knights, fo dying for their deede:
Nor might they mend it, for as bad euen Emperors did ſpeede.

CHAP. XXIIII.

THe Kings fayre Leiman *Roſamund*, and how his Sonnes rebell
I ouer-paſſe. To *Richard* next the Dyadem befel.
He did in *Cypris*, *Sycil*, and in *Syria* warre and winne:
Whoſe glory his confederate Peeres to enuy did bginne:
And, warring with the Souldan, left the Engliſh King behinde:
Who left not fighting till he forſt Conditions to his minde,
And of *Ieruſalem* was King. But as he did returne,
The *Auſtrich* Duke, (whoſe reared flagge our wrōged king did ſpurne
From *Acon* walles, his victorie,) did *Richard* intercept,
And him in eaſeleſſe priſon for reuenge and raunſome kept.
The Duke his daughter, as the King did theare a captiue lie,
Did labour ſtrongly in the loue ſhe would but could not flie:
And ſighing wept, and weeping ſpake, and ſpeaking thus ſhee ſayd:
Richard through hate, through loue am I in diffring bands betrayd.
My harueſt hangeth in the graſſe, and ere the proofe may blaſt:
Or clew-led *Theſeus*, from the denne of *Minotaurus* paſt,
To fatre more harder ſtarres than was poore *Ariadne* leit
Leaue me he may, of all, yea, more than all, of him bereſt.
Sweet Loue, Saint Loue, or rather I thy Saint and thou my God,
In ſuch deſarts let ſuch deceite be, as ſhould be, forbod.

The Gailor, bribed, with his keyes to ſtay or free him ſent her.
Loue (louely *Richard*) makes, quoth ſhe, that I this hell-houſe enter,
Hence make eſcape, remembring me that thus for thee doe venter.
Attentiue to her ſpeech, but more retentiue of her ſhape,
The King, awaking to her forme, did ſleepe his owne eſcape:
And giuing her a meeting kiſſe, quoth he, ſo God me keepe
As true deſire to quite this good in mee ſhall neuer ſleepe.
Yeat ranſomeleſſe I will not hence: but fetching backe the lone,
When as thy Father ſhall repay to *England* tenne for one,
I vow thy loue a recompence, till when I liue to thee.
Thus ſeuer they: and raunſome him ere many weekes did free.
Soone after on the *Belgicke* towers he Engliſh flags did reare:
Auſtrich and all the Empire of his proweſſe ſtoode in feare:
Vntill a deſperate Stragler with an arrow pierſt his head,
And ſent the wofull Engliſh home, their worthie Leader dead:
Thus Lyons-hart (his courage got that ſurname) laſtly ſped.
To whom King *Iohn*, in courage not inferior to the other,
Succeeded, but in life and death more tragicke than his brother.

IN *Scotland*, *Fraunce*, *Ireland*, and *VVales* he warred, wearied leſſe,
Than by the Pope and Engliſh Prieſts wronged without redreſſe,
Nor was, ſaue from their Soueraignes death, their malice out of date:
Yeat *Iohn*, faine they, hut they felt *Iohn*, did trouble Church and ſtate.
When (for as Gaylers with Conuicts, ſo Popes deale with a faulter:
Their ſin-ſalue like the ſetting looſe from Shackles to the haulter)
When Maſſe and all the Sacraments were Strangers many a day,
And that, ſo farreforth as it in the triple Myter lay,
Euen God himſelfe was barred hence, and that, proſtrate before
His Vaſſall Biſhop *Langtons* feete, the King did grace implore,
When *Peter* pence were graunted, and the Engliſh Crowne to hold
By rent and Homage of the Pope, and that for ſums of gold
The French Kings ſon was curſed hēce, who els had wore ỹ Crowne
And that the reconciled King did ſeeme on ſureſt ground,

Then

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Then he, whil'st he in progresse did at Swinshed Abbey lye,
Was poysned by a Monke, that baend himselfe that *Iohn* might dye.
The Monke, more solemnely inter'd and song for than the King,
Was cause that diuers diuersly did consture of the thing.
Some charg'd the Popes of Auarice, for that when Rings offend
They sell them peace: of pride, for that to them euen Monarks bend:
Of meere incharitie, for that to wreake their priuate spight
Gainst Kingdomes Kingdomes they incense, and, worser, do acquite
Euen subiects to allegiance sworne against their Lords to fight:
Of Treason, for that to intrap such as from them discent
With othes and al things they dispence: Some bid vs thus preuent
Their sinnes and sleights, doe not as they, not deale with them, for why:
Who doth must liue their Vassal or their Victorie must die.
A merrie mate amongst the rest, of cloysterers thus told.

THis cloystring and fat feeding of Religious is not old
(Quoth he.) Not long since was a man that did his deuoire giue
To kill the passions of his flesh, and did in penance liue:
And, though beloued of the King, he liued by his swear:
Affirming men that would not worke vnworthy for to eate.
He told the erring their amisse, and taught them to amend.
He counselled the comfortlesse and all his daies did spend
In prayer and in pouertie. Amongst his doings well
High-waies he mended: doing which this Accident befell.
A dosen Theeues to haue beene hang'd were lead this Hermite by,
To whom he went, exhorting them as Christian-men to dye.
So penitent they were, and he so pitifull (good man)
As to the King for pardon of the Prisoners he ran:
Which got, he gaue it them. But this *Prouiso* did he add
That they should euer worke as he. They graunt, poore soules, & glad.
He got them gownes of countrey gray, and hoods for raine and cold,
And hempen girdles, (which besides themselues) might burthens hold,
Pick axe and Spade: and hard to worke the Couent fell together,

With Roabes, & Ropes, & eu'rie toole for eu'rie worke & wheather.
So did they toyle as thereabont no Cauſie was vnwrought:
Wherefore new labours for his men the holie Hermite ſought:
But at departure prayed them to faſt, to watch, and pray,
And liue remote from worldly men, and goeth ſo his way.
The holy Theeues (for now in them had cuſtome wrought contēt)
Could much of Scripture and, indeede, did hartely repent.
But when the countrey folke did heare of theſe ſame men deuout
Religiouſly they haunt their Celles, and laſtly brought about
That frō the woods to Buildings braue they wound the Hermits crew,
Who was from found-out worke returnde, and their *Apoſta* knew.
He going to their ſtately place, did finde in euery diſh
Fat beefe and brewis, and great ſtore of daintie fowle and fiſh.
Who ſeeing their ſaturitie, and practiſing to winne
His Puples thence, Exceſſe, he ſayd, doth worke acceſſe to ſinne.
Who fareth fineſt doth but feeed, and ouer-feedeth oft:
Who ſleepeth ſofteſt doth but ſleepe, and ſometimes ouer ſoft:
Who clads him trimmeſt is but clad: the faireſt is but faire:
And all but liue: yea, if ſo long, yeat not with leſſer care
Than formes, backs, boanes & bellies that more hōely cheriſht are.
Learne freedome and felicitie, Hawkes flying where they liſt
Be kindlier and more ſound than Hawkes beſt tended on the fiſt.
Thus preacht he promiſt abſtinence, and bids them come away.
No haſt but good: well weare they, and ſo wel, as they would ſtay.
The godly Hermit, when all meanes in vaine he did perceiue,
Departing ſayd: I found you knaues, and knaues I doe you leaue.
Hence ſayd this merrie fellowe (if the merriment be trew)
That Cloyſtring, Friers cloathing, and a Couents number grew.
This heard a ſimple Northerne-man, no friend to Monke, or Frier,
Or preaching Lymmer: for his ſpeach diſcloſed thus his yre.

A Fowle ill on their weazens, for the Carles garre ſyke a dinne,
That more we member of their iapes than mend vs of our ſinne.

At Ewle we wonten gambole, daunce, to carrole, and to ſing,
To haue gud ſpiced Sewe, and Roſte, and plum-pies for a King:
At Faſtſ-eue pan puffes: Gang tide gaites did alie Maſſes bring:
At Paſke begun our Morriſe: and ere Penticoſt our May:
Tho Roben hood, liell Iohn, Frier Tucke, and Marian deftly play,
And Lard and Ladie gang till Kirke with Lads and Laſſes gay:
Fra Maſſe and Eenſong ſa gud cheere and glee on ery Greene,
As, ſaue our wakes twixt Eames and Sibbes, like gam was neuer ſeene:
At Baptiſ-day with Ale and cakes bout bon-fires neighbors ſtood:
At Martelmaſſe wa turnd a crabbe, thilke told of Roben hood,
Till after long time myrke, whē bleſt were windowes, dares & lights,
And pails were fild, & hathes were ſwept, gainſt Fairie-elues & ſprits:
Rock, & plow Mōdaies gams ſal gāg, with ſaint-feaſts & kirk-ſights.
Iis tell yee, Clearkes earſt racked not of purpoe ne of pall:
Ylke yeoman fed moé poore tume wambes than Gentiles now in Hall.
Yea, ledge they nere ſa hally Writ, thilke tide was greater wrang
Than heretoforne: tho words had ſooth, na writing now ſo ſtrāg:
Iis na Wizard, yet I drad it will be warſe ere lang.
Belyue doone lyther Kirk-men reaue the crop, and we the tythe,
And mykell bukiſh ben they gif they tache our lakines blithe.
Some egge vs ſla the Prince and ſhewe a Bullocke fra the Pape,
Whilke, gif it guds the ſawle, Iis ſure the cragge gangs till the rape:
Syke votion gyles the people, ſa but ſylde gud Princes ſcape:
Sa teend our King his life, and ſong is *Requiem* for the Monke:
Gud King God reſt thy ſawle, but Feēds reaue him bath ſawle & trōke.
Such talke was long on foote, and ſtill was quittance tale for tale.
Dunſtone, quod one, made *Edgar*, earſt an Engliſh Monarke, quale
For matter of leſſe moment, euen for wedding of a Nunne,
Whom in her Cell the King eſpi'de, lou'de, wooed, and thus wonne.

THe ſame (quod he) that rules this Land the ſame intreateth thee:
Thou maiſt, ſweet Wench, vnto thy ſelfe deriue a Queene frō me.

What

What lets, since none may loue thee more, vnles perhaps this Cell,
Too strict a place wherein thy selfe, eue Beauties selfe, shouldst dwell.
Let nature hide her barren formes and imperfections thus,
And in such Puritanes as thou commend her skill to vs.
Thou wrongest Nature, molding thee to molde by thee as faer:
Thou wrõgest mẽ, that would beget the fruit which thou sholdst baer:
Thou wrong'st thy Countrie of increase: thou wrõg'st me in like sort:
Thou wrong'st thy Kin of kindred: & thou wrong'st thy selfe of sport.
Shouldst thou but dreame what marriage were, thou would'st not line
One heart of two, two Soules to one by wedlock is cõuaid. (a maid:
An husbands open kissings, and his secret coyings, nay,
The very Soule of Loue, more sweet then thou or I can say,
The ioy of babes which thou should'st beare, the Seruice at thy becke,
The sweet consorted common weale of houshold at thy checke,
Would make thee seeme a Goddesse: who, because thou art not such,
Offendest God in hiding of thy Tallent. Too too much
Thou dotest on Virginitie, permitted, not impos'd
On any, saue on such as for no such thy selfe thou knoest.
Els what should meane this penning vp, such vowing, & these Vailes,
Since Vessels onely are of worth that beare in stormes their sailes.
The Seedsters of thine Essence had they been as thou would'st be
Thou hadst not been: Then gratifie the same, thy selfe, and me,
And leaue these superstitious walles: Thou profitst not hereby,
Nor are we male and female borne that fruitlesse we should dye:
Then loue me, for, beleeue me, so will proue a Iubilie.
Her red dispersst in shadowed white, did adde to either more,
To her of beautie, and to him Loue greater than before.
She claimes the places priuiledge, and fainrly cites a Tex:
She pleades her birth too base, and playes the No-I of her Sex,
And fighteth as she would be foyld. But, prized, *Dunstone* makes
It Sacrilege: and for to wife the Recluse *Edgar* takes,
In twelue yeeres would he not annoynt or crowne him King & more,

Enioynes

Enioynes him seuen yeeres pennance, and to edifie and store
Great Monasteries fortie ere Indulgence could be got:
Thus *Edgar* for his Cloyster cheere did pay this costly shot.

CHAP. XXV.

Iohns murther bred such murmure. But third *Henry*, *Iohn* his sonne,
Assisted chiefly by the Pope, his fathers Scepter wonne:
Who interdited *Lewis*, till hee curst him into *France*,
And left to *Henry* prosperous raigne, till hapned this mischance.

A Parliament at *Oxenford* did derogate so much
From his prerogatiue, as that the Quarrell grew to such,
That ciuill warres betwixt the King and Barronage began:
Not ending, but with tragicke ends of many a worthy man;
Brother to brother, sire to sonne, and friend to friend was foe:
Al labouring (which they should vphold) their Countries ouerthrow.
Now was the King a Captiue, and the Barrons by and by
His Conquest, and the ciuill strife too fast begot supply.
My heart vnapts mine hand to write the troth of it too trew:
Euen warres *Idea*: more then tongue or eye can say or view.
But to conclude (which still concludes) the King he did subdue:
And shewes himselfe a gentle foe thus hauing wonne his peace:
And after liu'd in honour, and did happily decease.
Whose death (then warring with renowme in *Syria*) being knowne
To *Edward*, he resailed and possest his fathers Throne.

THe hanſell of his Scepter was, the *Welchmen* did rebell:
Of whom to *Edward*, though with loſſe, the Victorie befell.
Then on the *French* he warred, and a Winner did reſayle:
And for that *Baliol*, whom he made the King of *Scots*, did faile
His Homage, thence from *Albanacke* to *England* due and done,
Againſt the *Scots* he grieuous, but a glorious warre begun.
Not *Barwicke*, though for number bold vntill it flowed blood,
Nor any *Scottiſh* armes or hold, though infinite and good,
Might ſtay his awing proweſſe, till he had their King his thrall,
And in that Land, by Conqueſt, made himſelfe the Lord of all.
Then taking *Scottiſh* othes, which they did breake, and he reuenge,
With thoſe Exploits he French attempts as gloriouſly did menge.
Yea *Paganes*, *French*, *Cambries*, & *Scots*, remembring but his name,
Cannot forget their skarres he made, though enuious of his Fame,
Matchles for Chiualrie: and yeat his Iuſtice matcht the ſame,
Not partiall for the Prince his Sonne, a raſh vnbridled youth,
Whom he impriſon'd, hearing of his outrages the truth,
And vnto whom he dying ſpake words worth report and ruth.
My life (quoth he) a warfare right in body and in ſoule,
Reſignes my robed carkaſſe to be rotted in the moule.
If well I did, well ſhall I doe, if ill, as ill and worſe:
And therefore (*Ned*) worke as I will vpon my bleſſe or curſe.
When thou becom'ſt an earthly God mens liues to ouerſee,
Forget not that Eternall God that ouerlooketh thee.
The leaſt part of a King is his, all owing him, and none
Leſſe priuate than a Prince, the weale or woe of euery one.
He and his People make but one, a bodie weake or ſtrong,
As doth the head the lims, or lims the head aſſiſt or wrong.
Deriue thy lawes from wiſeſt heads, to be vpholden ſtill,
Not adding or abſtracting as conceited Tier-braines will.
Be cheereſull, and in worke nor word be neither proud nor hot,
No ſincere loue, but ſeruile feare, or neither, ſo is got.
Encourage good Men by thy loue: reforme the bad by lawe:

Reſerue

Reſerue an care for either Plea: and borrow leaſt of awe.
Oppreſſe not rich men, ſeeking ſo to pleaſe the poore: for neither
Is to be doomed, but as right or wrong is found in either.
To loyter well deſerued gifts is not to giue but ſell,
When to requite ingratitude were to doe euill well.
And (which ſaue for the ill-miſt ill might els haue bene forgot)
Be choyce, but chuſe: for wiueleſſe haue each ſtranger, place, & ſhot.
Their heire, their home, & coſt: which, ſaue the laſt, indeed are not.
Reforme thee euen to day: vnapt to day, leſſe apt to morrow:
Youth aptly offers vertues ſuch as yeares vnaptly borrowe.
For he that plies the lappes and lippes of Ladies all his prime,
And falles to Armes when age failes Armes, then alſo looſeth time,
As if a Beare in Moone-ſhine ſhould attempt the Moone to clime.
Well haue I driuen out my date, and well thy dayes ſhall runne,
If thou proue not my Glories graue, nor I plange in my Sonne.
The ouer-weening of thy wits doth make thy Foes to ſmile,
Thy Friends to weepe, and Clawbacks thee with ſoothings to beguile.
Yea, thoſe thy Purſes Paraſites, vnworthie thine Eſtate,
Doe loue thee for themſelues, nor will they leaue thee but too late.
I bleſſe thee; if thou baniſh them, and curſe thee, if they bide:
My bliſſe and curſe be at thy choyce. And ſo he ſhortly dide.

FOrthwith a ſecond *Edward*, ſonne to *Edward*, wore the Crowne,
He to promote his Flatterers did put his Nobles downe.
So *Robert Bruze*, then King of *Scots*, found ingreſſe for his Armes:
Recouering *Scottiſh* forces, and did ſpoyle our men by ſwarmes.
Barwicke in fine, and all erſt wonne, and more then all was loſt:
Yeat of more multeous Armies we than *Scotland* were at coſt.
No Land deuided in it ſelfe can ſtand, was found too true:
To worſer then the wars abroad the home-bred Quarrels grewe.
Grange-gotten *Pierce* of *Cauelſtone*, and *Spenſers* two like ſort,
Meane Gentlemen, created Earles, of chiefe accoumpt and port,
Enuying all equalitie, contriue of many a Peere.

The wrested death: those fewe that liue liu'd mal-contented heere.
Good *Thomas* Earle of *Lancaster*, on whom the rest relye,
The chiefe and graueſt of the Peeres, did, ouer-warred, flye
Into the woods: whereas himselfe and state he did bewray
Vnto an Hermite: vnto whom he, sighing, thus did say.
Happie are you sequestred thus from (so I may deuine)
Our common wracke of common weale: for how it doth decline
Through wilde and wanton Guydes in part I feele, in part I aime,
By Presidents too like and fire too likely heere to flame:
Heare (if you haue not heard) what fire, our leisure fits the same.

CHAP. XXV.

THe *Spartanes* war for rapted Queene, to *Ilions* ouerthrowe,
The Monarke of *Assyria* chang'd, & *Latine* Kings also
For *Tarquins* lust, yea how with vs a double chaunge did groe,
Whē Brittish *Vortiger* did doat vpō the *Saxons* daughter,
And *Buerne* for his forced wife frō *Denmarke* brought vs slaughter,
I ouerpasse. Who knoweth not *Ireland*, our neighbour Ile?
Where *Noe* his Neece, ere *Noe* his flood, inhabited a while:
The first manured Westerne Ile, by *Cham* and *Iaphets* race:
Who, ioyntly entring, sundry times each other did displace:
Till *Greece*-bred *Gathelus* his brood from *Biscay* did ariue,
Attempting *Irelands* Conquest, and a Conquest did atchiue.
Fiue kings at once did rule that Ile, in ciuill strife that droopes,
When fierce *Turgesius* landed with his misbeleeuing Troopes.

This

This proud *Norwegan* Rouer ſo by aides and armes did thriue,
As he became ſole Monarke of the Iriſh Kingdomes fiue:
Erecting Paganiſme, and did eiect the Chriſtian lawe:
And thirtie yeeres, tyrannizing, did keepe that Ile in awe:
Nor any hope of after helpe the hartleſſe Iriſh ſawe.
Alone the wylie King of *Meth*, a *Prothew* plying fauor,
Stood in the Tyrants grace that much affected his behauor.
For what he ſayd that other ſoothde, ſo ecco'ing his vayne,
As not an Iriſh els but he a pettie King did raigne.
Turgeſius friends that Vice-roy for his daughters loue the rather,
And therefore for his Leiman askt the Damſell of her Father.
Ill wot I what they knowe that loue, well wot I that I know
That that browne Girle of mine lackes worth to be beloued ſo:
I haue a many Neeces farre more fairer then is ſhe,
Yeat thinke I faireſt of thoſe faires vnworthie you, quoth he,
But ſhe and they are yours, my Lord, ſuch Beauties as they be.
This Preface likte the Tyrant well, that longed for the play:
Not well contented that ſo long the Actors were away:
Oft iterating his demaund, impatient of delay.
Now haue I, quoth the King of *Meth*, conuented to your bed
My Neeces, and my daughter, loath to looſe her Maidenhead.
But doubt not Sir: coy Wenches cloſe their longings in their palmes,
And all their painted Stormes at length conuert to perfect Calmes.
Alonely if their beauties like (as likelier haue we none)
You may conclude them women, and the Goale therefore your owne.
To morrow, ſeuered from your Traine, vnleſſe ſome ſpeciall few,
Expect them in your chamber where I leaue the game to you:
Yeat when your eye hath ſerude your heart of her that likes you beſt,
Remember they are mine Alies, vntoucht diſmiſſe the reſt.
Sweete alſo was this Scene: and now vnto an Act we groe.
The *Iriſh* Princeſſe, and with her a fifteene others moe,
With hāging Glybbes that hid their necks as tynſel ſhadowing ſnoe,

Whoſe

Whose faces very *Stoickes* would, *Narcissus*-like, admire
Such *Semeles* as might consume *Ioues* selfe with glorious fire,
And from the Smith of heauens wife allure the amorous haunt,
And reintise the Club-God *Dys* and all his diuelles to daunt,
And make the Sunne-God swifter than himselfe, such *Daphnes* chaced,
And Loue to fall in loue with them, his *Psichis* quite disgraced,
These rater then the onely Fowle of Spice-burnt Ashes bread,
And sweeter than the Flower that with *Phœbus* turneth head,
Resembling her from gaze of whome transformde *Acteon* fled,
From *Meth* came to *Tergesius* Court, as Presents for his bed.
In secret was their comming, and their chambering the same:
And now the lustfull Chuffe was come to single out his game:
His Pages onely, and a youth or twaine attending him,
Wheare Banquet, Bed, Perfumes, and all were delicately trim.
He giues them curteous welcome, and did finde them merry talke:
Meane while (the Harbengers of lust) his amorous eyes did walke
More clogd with change of Beauties than King *Midas* once with gold:
Now This, now That, and one by one he did them all behold.
This seemed faire, and That as faire: and, letting either passe,
A Third he thought a proper Girle, a Fourth a pleasant Lasse,
Louely the Fift, liuely the Sixt, the Seuenth a goodly Wench,
The Eight of sweete Complection, to the Ninth he altreth thence,
That mildly seem'd maiesticall, Tenth modest looke and tongue,
Th'Eleuenth could sweetly intertain, the Twelfe was fresh & yonge,
The Next a gay Brownetta, Next and Next admirde among:
And eury feature so intycte his intricate affection,
As liking all alike he lou'd confounded in election.
Sweete harts quoth he, or *Iupiter* fetcht hence full many a Theste,
Or hether brought he Thests that here their Leiman Children leste.
Heere wandring *Cadmus* should haue sought his misled Sister, wheare
Faire *Leda* hatcht her Cignets, whilst nor Cocke not Henne did feare.
How many view I fairer than *Europa* or the rest,

And

And Girle-boyes, fauouring *Ganimede* heere with his Lord a Guest.
And *Ganimedes* we are, quoth one, and thou a Prophet trew:
And hidden Skeines from vnderneath their forged garments drew,
Wherewith the Tyrant and his Bawds, with safe escape, they slew:
Of which yong Irish Gentlemen and *Methean* Ladies act
The Isle was filled in a trise, nor any *Irish* slackt
To prosecute their freedome and th'amased *Norgaines* fall,
Which was performed, and the King of *Meth* extold of all.
Those Rouers (whose Originals, and others not a fewe,
As *Switzers*, *Normaines*, *Lumbardes*, *Danes*, from *Scandinauia* grew,
A mightie Isle, an other world, in *Scythian Pontus* Clyme)
Thus wrackt, left *Ireland* free vnto our second *Henries* time:
When, farre vnlike the *Methes* that earst their Countrie did restore,
An Amorous Queene thereof did cause new Conquests and vprore:
Dermot the King of *Leynister*, whom all besides did spight,
Did loue, belou'd, the Queene of *Meth* to whom he thus did wright.

THy King, sweete Queene, the hindrance of our harts-ease is away,
And I, in heart at home with thee, at hand in person stay.
Now is the time (Time is a God) to worke our loue good lucke,
Long since I cheapned it, nor is my comming now to hucke:
But, since our fire is equall, let vs equally assist
To finish what we fancy, say Maligners what they list.
No like immortall she-Egge Chucke of *Tyndarus* his wife,
(The wracke of *Dardane* walles) shal mooue to vs like costly strife.
Thy husband no *Atrides* is: or were it he were such,
The *Idane* ball Iudge did not more, but I would doo as much.
For why? thy selfe, a richer cause of warre, art worthy so:
Whome to continue euer frend, I careless am of foe.
My Kingdome shall containe thee that containest me and it:
Yea, though we be condemned, Loue or armour shall vs quit.
Loues lawe at least adiudgeth barres, cleere bookes, to pleade in breese
Prescription to obiections how his passions bee our cheese:

For none doth liue not passionate of loue, ire, mirth, or greefe.
I waite thee in the neereſt woods, and thether, watching watch,
Doe waite eſcape: of all things els my ſelfe doe care diſparch:
Let onely Loue (ſweete Loue) perſwade, if more remaine to wowe,
I hope I wiſh not more be done than what you meane to doo.
This read, and red her cheekes, and to his reede alreadie bent,
Not caſting further doubts vnto her Paramour ſhe went,
Conueyed into *Leynister*. Not many weekes enſewe,
When *Morice* King of *Meth* returnes, and what had hapned knew.
A whirle-winde in a whirle poole rooſt that paire of doues (quoth he)
The ſingle ſtate is double ſweet, at price too deere I ſee.
How wowe we woe? and won, how loth we fowle & doubt we faire?
And onely then lacke women faults when men their faultes forbeare.
The diuell goe with her, ſo that I with credite might forgoe her,
But ſuch doth ſinne with fauour, he is flouted that doth owe her.
I may not put it vp, vnleſſe I put vp many a mocke:
Fowle fall that Harrolde cauſing that my Geitrone is the ſmocke,
He worth, and wronged, and his wrong a common quarrel made,
Aſſiſted by the Iriſh Kings, did *Leynister* inuade.
King *Dermste*, whom his ſubiects then and long ere then did hate,
Was left defenceleſſe, deſprate of his life, depriu'd his State,
And fled to *England*: wheare the Pope imbulled had of late
England for *Irelands* Conqueſt: So the Exile welcome was,
As apteſt Inſtrument to bring that Stratageme to paſſe.
For but to be reſeated was the Fugitiues requeſt,
And then to tribute part and leaue to Engliſh men the reſt.
King *Henry*, yeat in warre elſe-where, did freely licenſe any
To make aduenture for themſelues: ſo *Dermot* ſped of many.
Earle *Strangbowe*, & the *Geraldines*, *Fitz Stephans*, *Reymonde*, and
Moe worthy Knights, of *Wales* for moſt, did take the taske in hand,
And to the Crowne of *Englands* vſe made Conqueſt of that Land.
But ſhould you aske how *Dermot* ſped (Father) he ſped too well:
And nothing elſe the Iriſh bookes doo of his Leiman tell.

Alone

Alone obserue what changes heere through onely lust befell:
And note our *England* surfetteth in greater sinnes than it
The onely cause that I am Earle an Exile heere doo sit.
The County thus concluded, and the Hermite answered this:]

CHAP. XXVII.

TO lose an Earldome, and to liue an exile what it is
I cannot tell, but not to haue what may bee lost were blis.
I will not speake of Coiture, nor of Conception, naither
It fits I should, for neuer made I Grandsier of my Father:
But mine experience at our birth begins it birth, I speake
How than doe we no creature worlds lesse helpefull or more weake.
From birth our Infancy throughout we liue as not aliue:
To others diuersly a care, we senceless how we thriue.
No sooner we vncradell, be we females be we boyes,
But we affect so many, and (God wot) such foolish toyes,
And are so apt for daungers, and vnapt to shift the same,
As aptly vanities by terme of childishnes we blame.
Thence growe we to more strength and sence, still senceles howbeit
Of vice or vertue bettring by correction, not by wit:
Gamesome, not caring who takes care, nor can we saue or git.
Next but demies, nor boyes, nor men, our daungerous times succeede:
For vanities erst aymed at we shortly act in deede:
Wilde roysting, wanton loue, or else vnthrittie shots and game
Doe cuppell, ere we finde our fault, distresse vnto defame,

Perhaps experience beating vs doth bid vs lay to thriue:
The first degree to which (say some) is warely to wiue.
But, wiued, if our Saint become (as not vnlike) a Shroe,
Then is that first degree to thrift the third degree in woe.
Or be it she be constant, wie, well intertayning, faire,
Doe graunt her silence, patience, and what vertues els be rare,
Yeat by how much more shee deserues so much more we desire
To please and profite such an one, for whom on hers we tire
Our selues and sences, yea perchance, labour the most we may,
Much labour is too little that should houshould charge defray.
We aged carke to liue and leaue an ouerplus in store:
Perhaps for Spendals: so amidst abundance liue we poore:
Our heires waxe sickishe of our health, too long our here abod,
Meane while the neerer to our graues the further wee from God:
Grippell in workes, testy in words, lothsome for most at length,
And such at fourescore as at foure for manners, witte, and strength.
Thus Infancie is feeble: and our lustie youth vnstayde:
Our manhood carking: and our age more lothed than obayde.
And thus from first to last our liues be fruiteles and vnqueate.
But you, perhaps, expect I should of nouelties intreate.
I haue no tales of *Robin Hood*, though mal-content was he
In better daies, first *Richards* daies, and liu'd in woods as wee
A *Tymon* of the world: but not deuoutly was he soe,
And therefore praise I not the man. But for from him did groe
Words worth the note, a word or twaine of him ere hence we go.
Those daies begot some mal-contents, the Principall of whome
A County was, that with a troope of Yomandry did rome,
Braue Archers and deliuer men, since nor before so good,
Those took from rich to giue the poore, and manned *Robin Hood*.
He fed them well, and lodg'd them safe in pleasant Caues and bowers,
Oft saying to his merry men, what iuster life than ours?
Here vse we Tallents that abroad the Churles abuse or hide,

Their

Their Coffers excrements, and yeat for common wants deuide.
We might haue sterued for their store, & they haue dyest our bones,
Whose tongues, drifts, harts, intice, meane, melt, as *Syrens*, Foxes,
Yea euē the best that betterd thē heard but aloofe our mones. (stones,
And redily the Churles could prie and prate of our amis,
Forgetfull of their owne, when their reproofes had proofe as this:
* It was at midnight when a Nonne, in trauell of a childe,
Was checked of her fellow Nonnes for being so defilde:
The Lady Prioresse heard a stirre, and starting out of bed,
Did taunt the Nouasse bitterly, Who, lifting vp her hed,
Sayd, Madame, mend your hood (for why so hastely she rose,
That on her head, mistooke for hood, she donde a Channons hose.)
* I did amis, not missing friends that wisht mee to amend:
I did amend, but missed friends when mine amis had end:
My friends therefore shall finde me true, but I will trust no friend.
Not one I knewe that wisht me ill, nor any workt me well,
To lose, lacke, liue, time, frends, in yncke, an hell, an hell, an hell:
Then happie we (quoth *Robin Hood*) in merry *Sherwood* that dwell.
Thus sayd the Out lawe: But no more of him I list to tell.
Grammarian-like, in order wordes significant to speake,
Logitian-like, to reason *pro* and *contra* am I weake:
Rhetoricall I am not with a fluant tongue to ster:
Arithmatieke in numbring hath substracted me from her:
Geometrie her Plattes, Bownes, and Proportions passe my strayne:
Not *Musick* with her Concords or her Discords breakes my braine:
Nor yeat *Astronomie*, whose Globes doth Heauen and earth containe:
Let faire *Mnemosine* her broode their thrise three selues explaine.
Expect not here Anatomies of Lands, Seas, Hell, and Skyes,
Such lengrh, bredth, depth, & height I balke: nor would I be so wise,
Least, knowing all thing els, I should not knowe my selfe precise.
The Skyes containe the fierie Lights: Clowdes moysture: & the ayre
Windes, Birds & Vapors: men & Beasts the vpper Earth doth beare:
Her Bowels Wormes and Mettals: Seas to Fishes proper are.

Whom this Astrologie, and this Cosmographie mislike,
Beneath the Earth, beyond the Moone, further then farre must seeke.
Signes workings, Planets Iunctures, and the elcuated Pole,
With thousand toyes and tearmes wherein our curious Artists roule,
Be strangers to my Cell: yeat loe as sound a minde and heart
As theirs that calculate their times, eate, sleepe, and wake by arte.
What was the world before the world, or God ere he was God,
Why this he did, or doth not that, his bidden, or forbod,
I dare not thinke, or arrogate such Misteries deuine,
Faith with her Fruites significant suffice these wittes of mine,
To loue God, and our neighouer as our selfe is all in fine.
One Law and Gospell was and is, and eithers drift is thus,
To shewe vs how the law doth kill, and Gospell quicken vs:
Which Corasiue ahd Lenatiue of Simples made compound
Doe rather cure, he kindly heales that alth feeles his wonnd.
This is my rest: if more I knewe I should but know too much,
Or build in my conceited brayne too high aboue my touch,
Or else against the hare in all proue toyous: euen such
As be too many blockish Clerkes and bookish Clownes, extaeeme
In all things, saue in honesty, that haue no zeale but seeme.
As for the Court it is, you knowe, become a skittish Coult,
Of wise men hardlier mannaged than of the glorious doult,
Vice rides on horse backe, vertue doth from out the saddell boult.
Theare all deformities in forme in some one man wee see:
More garded than regarded, franke not to continue free,
When as the Marchants booke the Map of al his wealth shalbe.
The Muses bacely begge, or bibbe, or both, and must, for why?
They finde as bad Bestoe as is their Portage beggerly.
Yea now by melancholie walkes and thred-bare coates we gesse
At Clyents and at Poetes: none worke more and profite lesse:
None make too more, vnmade of more, the good of other men,
For those intich our Gownests, these eternize with their pen.
Yeat, soothly, nodds to Poets now weare largisse, and but lost,

Since

Since for the nonlant they obserue no pen-note worth the coſt:
For pallace Hermites liue ſecure obſcure in rouſes imboſt.
Some few there be much honored (well worthy of ſo much,)
Once wanting, wealthie, then and now in either fortune ſuch:
But many a bace ſtoute blood theare is mote lordly than be Lords,
Who w heare himſelf once coucht & bowde nor cap or beck affords:
But ſhould we ſinne (God ſheild wee ſhould in ſmalleſt ſinnes offend)
What ſmaller ſinne then skoffe ſuch fooles ſo skornefull to no end?
The Souldiers qaue nor pay nor pray, but (if I may be bolde)
Themſelues be prayed vpon by ſome that doe it vncontroulde:
And whilſt the ſame on ſhore or ſaas be ouer ſet or pine,
Or Cuppes on Cuſhions full ſecure we victorie define:
We caſt what may bee done, but keep the helps meane time awaye,
And diet thriftly our friends to giue our foes a pray.
The Citizens, like ponned Pikes, the leſſers feede the greate:
The rich for meate ſeeke ſtomackes, & the poore for ſtomackes meate:
And euery wheare no Goſpell is more goſpelled than this,
To him that hath is giuen, from him that hath not taken is.
Court, Citie, Countrie, Campe, and I, at ods thus euen bee,
I intermeddle not with them, they intercept not mee,
For ſtill I tether thence mine eyes, ſo heere my heart is free.
Bele eue mee, Sir, ſuch is this world, this croſſe-bliſſe world of ours
That Vertue hardly hides her ſelfe in poore and deſart Bowres:
And ſuch be beſt that ſeeme not beſt: Content exceeds a Crowne:
They may be richer, but more ſweete my pennie than their powne.
For wreſt they, cark they, build they, ſport they, get they worlds to-
At firſt or laſt they die frō al, & paſſe they wot not whether: (gether,
Then comes their pelfe in plea, themſelues not prayſed at a feather.
And then (for ſo the Princes of great *Alexander* did)
Greedie of his, they ſtriue and let the dead-man ſtinke vnhid.
Or he that had a Countrie hath, perhaps a Coffen now:
Perhaps leſſe Coſt, a Sheete and corſe: perhaps, his heires allow
The toombe himſelfe aliue had build, els toombles might he lye,

As, saue for fashion, teareleſſe. And it matters not: for why?
Teſtators and Executors ſo giue and ſo receaue,
As doubtfull whethers ioy or griefe is more to take or leaue:
For, as do hogges their troughes to hounds, ſo theſe giue and get place:
Death, not the Dier giues bequeſtes, and therefore but Graue-grace.
Nor all die teſtate: if they doe, yet wieles may wills preuent:
Or what by rigor was miſgot, in ryote is miſpent.
Then Churles, why are they Churles vnto themſelues and others too:
The good that commeth of their goods is good themſelues ſhall doo.
But men doe walke in ſhadoes, and diſquiet themſelues in vaine
To gather Riches, ignorant to whom they ſhall remaine.
The world thus brooding Vanities, and I obſeruing it,
Here in the world, not of the world, ſuch as you ſee me ſit.
The Earle did well allow his words, and would haue liu'd his life,
Durſt he haue ſtayd, for whom purſute in euerie place was rife.
He reconuenting armes therefore, and taken Priſner ſo,
Died to his Countries friends a friend, and to her foes a foe.

NOr might ỹ Queene & Kings own Son eſcape the *Spẽcers* pride,
But, fearing, fled to *France*, and there as baniſhed abide:
Til thence ſupplanted, ſafetie at *Henaude* they prouide.
Iohn, brother to the Earle, a Knight of Chiualrie the chiefe,
With little, but a luckie band, was ſhipte for their reliefe.
No ſooner had the *Zealand* ſhips conuaide their men aſhoare,
But Engliſh Succors daylie did increaſe their Standerds more.
Yeat firſt the Queene, Prince *Edward*, and the Nobles humbly craue
Theirs and their Countries enemies, but no redreſſe might haue:
And then Sir *Iohn* of *Henaude* ſhewde himſelfe a warrior braue.
The King, his wicked Councellors, his big Vpſtarts, and all
Were ouercome: So *Spencers* both from heauen to hell did fal,
Put to a fowle and ſhamefull death: with others that miſled
The King in Out-rages more great than earſt in *England* bred.

Prolers,

Prolers, Blood-thirſtie, Paraſites, Make-ſhifts, & Bawdes did thriue,
Nor was an ancient Engliſh Peere vnbaniſht or aliue:
For forraine and domeſticke Swords, Plague, Famine, and Exile,
Did more than tythe, yea tythe the Tythe of men within this Ile.
Of Baldricks, Hoodes, Tabrides, and Furres, from Knights diſgraded
Attaintures of Nobilitie, and Armes reuerſed ſtore,
So many Spurres hewen off the heeles, and Swords broke ouer head,
Were through a King ſo light and lewd a Councell neuer read.
The King in priſon and depos'd, tyranniſed, he dide
By Trecheries of *Mortimer* that ruld the Roſte that tide,
Whilſt *Edward*, in Minoritie, his Fathers throne ſupplide.

CHAP. XXVIII.

THIS third of that ſame Name, as yet in Nonage for a time,
Although a King was vnder-kept by ſome that ouer-clime:
Queene mother & proude *Mortimer*, familiar more than ſhould,
Did and vndid more than they might, not leſſe than as they would:
Till *Edward*, better counſelled, hong *Mortimer*, the death
Of many a Peere, who Earle of *March*, and haughtie for his birth,
Was Lord of nine skore dubbed Knights, his other traynes except,
For greater pompe than did his Prince this Lord of *VVigmore* kept.
But more he had bene happie though leſſe hautie in his Halls,
More honour in humilitie than ſafetie in walls:
Proud Climers proue not monuments, ſaue onely in their falls.
The ſenſeleſſe pride of Fooles therefore, whome reuerently we ride,

Should

Should leſſen, at the leaſt becauſe that earth their earth ſhall hide.
The Countrie purg'd of Fleecers, and of Flatterers the Court,
The King became a *Mars* for Armes, a *Iupiter* for Port:
Th-*Olympids*, the *Pythea*, and the proweſſe of the Earth,
Did ſeeme euen now, and not but now, to haue in him their birth:
Eaſt, South, and North, gaue ayme farre off, admiring ſo the Weſt,
As if that *Mars* diſcarding them had ſet our Realme his Reſt.
Philip Valois, & *Dauid Bruz*, of power and courage more
Than any *French* or *Scottiſh* Kings ſince or of long before,
Confedrate with three other Kings and Princes farre and neere,
Warre all at once on *Edward*, but did buy their warring deere.
Dauid debelled, left his land, but laſtly did returne,
And, whilſt our King did war in *France*, much did he ſpoyle & burne,
And proud of mightie Troopes of men, of vnreſiſted prayes,
And *Edwards* abſence, proſperouſly he on aduantage playes,
Vntill, not ſending hence for helpe, the Queene did muſter Knights,
And with the Foe, though tripled-wiſe, victoriouſly ſhe fights:
The *Scots* for moſt did periſh, and their King was Priſner taine,
And *Scotland* wholly for a pray to *England* did remaine
Meane while was *Paris* ſcarcely left, to reſcue *Philips* Goale,
Whom *Edward* ferrits ſo from hold to hold as Fox from hoale,
That Melancholie he deceaſt, and valiant *Iohn* his ſonne
Was crowned King of *France*: and then the wars afreſh begonne.
But after many fieldes, vnto the Foes continuall wracke,
The *French* King captiuated to the Engliſh Monarke, backe
His Victor ſayles, the Prince of *VVales*, *Edward* ſurnamed blacke:
The flower of Chiualrie, the feare of *France*, and ſcourge of *Spaine*,
Wheare *Peter*, diſpoſſeſt of Crowne, was crownde by him againe.
Fower yeeres the *French*, eleuen yeres was the *Scotch* K. priſners heere,
Whoſe, & the *Dolphines* ranſomes were as great as good their cheere.

PRince *Edw. Iohn* of *Gaunt*, & all their Fathers ſonnes might boaſte
Of famous Sier, and he of ſonnes matchleſſe in any Coaſte:
Howbeit,

Howbeit, King and Prince at last, misled by counsell ill,
Through Taxes lost a many hearts that bore them earst good will:
Thence finding *Fortune* contrary to that she was before,
Yeat either dying seaz'd of *French* and *Scottish* Conquests store:
Yea *Callice* late, and *Barwick* yet of their Exployts is lest,
Though Sonne before the Sier and both of liues long since bereft.
When *Barwick* was besieged, and stood brauely at defence,
Sir *Alexander Seiton*, theare chiefe Captaine, had pretence
To linger forth the Siege till *Scots* should draw the *English* thence
In rescue of *Northumberland*, and therefore sent his sonne
A Pledge of treated Truce: and when the guile-got Truce was done,
And *Barwick* not relecued nor resigned, as it ought,
Two sonnes of *Seiton* were before the walls besieged brought,
They ready for the Iybbet and their Father for his Graue,
For eyther he must yeeld the Towne or them he might not saue.
In griefe he then his Countries cause and Childrens case reuolues:
But, partiall vnto either, he on neither Choyce resolues,
To be a loyall Subiect and a louing Father too
Behooued him: but both to bee was not in him to doo.
Nature and honour wrought at once, but Nature ouer-wrought,
And, but his Ladie it preuents, to yeeld the Towne he thought.
O what pretend you Sir, quoth she, is *Barwick* woorth no more
Than error of such loue? I ioy that I such Children bore
Whom cruell *Edward* honoureth with such a cause of death,
For that especiall cause for which we all receaue our breath,
Euen for their Countries cause they dye, whose liues for it be dewe.
Why see their faces, (constantly she did their faces viewe)
The same, my *Seiton*, seeme so farre from dreading any woe,
As if they skornde that *Barwicke* should redeeme them from the Foe.
Full deere they were to me vnborne, at birth, and borne, and now,
And Mother like I moane their death and yet their death allow.
Moe Sonnes and such you may beget, your honour if you staine,
Defected honour neuermore is to be got againe.

Preuent not then your ſelfe, your Sonnes, and me ſo great a blis:
Adiew, & dye (ſweet Sonnes) your ſoules in heauen ſhall liue for this.
With ſuch perſwaſions did ſhe win her husband from the walls:
And *Edward* executes their Sonnes, and to aſſault he falls
So long that *Barwicke* yeelds at length, and ſtill vs maſter calls.

THeſe were the dayes when *Engliſh* armes had cu'rie where requeſt,
And *Edw.* knights throughout the world had prick & praiſe for beſt.
Not Knights alone, but Prelates too, & Queenes: whereof were twain,
The *quondam* & *in eſſe* Queenes, by Armour honour gain:
By Warre the Queene that was did ceaſe her husbands tragicke Rayn,
And by the Queene then being was the *Scotch* King Priſoner tayne.
It followes then, that as the Pawnee doth circkle with the Sonne,
So to the vice or vertue of the Prince are people wonne.
O that our Muſe might euermore on ſuch a Subiect ronne:
But *Vulcan* forgeth other Tooles, and ſharpneth deadlier ſwords,
For little els then ciuill warres our following Penne affords.
French Expeditions badly thriue, whereof we ceaſe to ſpeake:
Not forraine, but Domeſtick warres, grew ſtrong to make vs weake.
Melpomen here might racke her wits, *Sylla* & *Marius* hate,
Pharſalian Fields were gentle Frayes, regarding this debate.
The ſecond *Richard*, ſonne vnto the blacke Prince (*Edward* dead)
Was crownde an Infant, and from him the Stratagem was bread.
The bace attempts of *Ball*, of *Straw*, of *Lyſter*, tag, and rag,
Of Villains, Of-skoms, Clownes, & knaues that checkmate durſt to
With *Richards* ſelf, & to their deaths his chiefeſt Princes drag. (brag
Till *Walworths* girdle-Armor made the Armes of *London* more,
Becauſe his courage chiefly gaue an end to that vprore,
And what-ſo-els Occurrants much may interrupt our Vayne,
Digeſting *Yorke* & *Lancaſter*, acquiring eithers Rayne,
Our Penne ſhall not endenizen: Now drops it ſacred blood
Of Men-Gods, *Engliſh* Potentates that in this Faction ſtood.
Richard begun that ciuill warre, that till the Seauenth from him

Did

Did laſt: though often fields with blood of Citizens did ſwim.
Againſt the Nobles he vphild innoble, and his Peeres
And Commons went alike to wracke, nor God nor man he feares.
In fewe, Ambition, Auarice, and Counſell lewd had wrought
In him a nature worſer than into the world he brought:
Whereby, and thus, himſelfe and houſe at length a down-fal cought.

Twixt *Mowbray* D. of *Norffolke*, and the D. of *Hertford*, ſonne
To *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, cloſe Conference of better dayes begun.
The King (ſayd *Henry Hertford*) more remiſſe than doth beſeeme,
Leaues *France* to *French*, *Scotland* to *Scots*, and vs to woes extreeme:
His Flatterers doe fleece the Crowne and Commons, not a State
Doth or dares counſell, ancient Coats that on the Crowne ſhould wate
Giue aime to baſtard Armorie: what reſteth then but this?
Plucke downe thoſe grating *Harpies* that ſeduce our King amis,
If worthles ſtill, ſet vp a King worthier than he that is.
The other, ſaying little then, immediatly reueales
The ſecrete, and before the King his Foe-made frend appeales:
Whoſe Gauntlet rayſed by the Duke defendant, at the laſt
It grew to ſingle Combate, when the King his Warder caſt,
And to the Duke of *Norffolke* iudg'd for euermore exile,
And ſelfe ſame law Duke *Henry* had, ſaue for a leſſer while.
Thus That did This, but This and That their Iudge did thus begile:
And to his Coffers did eſcheate a world of wealth, a Pray
Vnto his Paraſites, which thriu'd by other mens decay.

Meane while (whoſe actious life had lawd) did *Iohn* of *Gaunt* de-
So to the baniſht Duke his Sonne fiue Cronets did increaſe. (ceaſe:
But with his kindly aire the King withheld him all the ſame:
Till entring, ayded by his friends, he wonne beyond his clame:
For *Richard* was impriſon'd, and by Parlament put downe,
And *Henry* Duke of *Lancaſter* elected to the Crowne,
The Lyne *Lancaſtrian* trollicke, but the houſe of *Yorke* did frowne.
For to thoſe *Hydra*-kinded warres that after did enſue
Thoſe Families gaue name: though firſt the Diadem was due

Vnto the house of *Clarence*, till to *Yorke* that interest gre we
By marriage, here omitted: for we onely giue a viewe
How *Yorke* mis-raigning *Lancaster* did enter, then how This
Was dispossest, That repossest, and how their Vnion is.

THE SIXT BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

CHAP. XXIX.

HEnry (the fourth so named) hild the King deposed strate
In *Pomfret* Castell, howebeit in honourable State:
And got an Act, that who so wrought the Prisner to restore,
That *Richards* selfe, to voyd their hope, should dye the first therefore:
Whose birth brought Nature, gentle Lord, returning whence it straid,
Now altred him, erst altring it: and *Richard* mildly said.
I must not say I am, and would I might not say I was,
Of great the greatest: lesse they grieue from whom doth little passe:
Nor more it grieues to contrarie the fame I haue been, then
To haue deserued not to be vnmaliced of men.
Thus humbled and full penitent liues he, lesse mal-content
Than was the Duke of *Exeter* his brother, whose intent
Was at a Iusts to haue destroyd King *Henrie*, but descryed;
Himselfe,

Himselfe, fower such, and many Knights the death of Traytors dyed:
And by these primer *Yorkests* thus King *Richards* date grew out:
But whether brayned, famisht, or exiled rests a doubt:
For often Vprores did ensue for him, as vndeceast,
How beit solemnely inter'd, himselfe, or Signe at least.
Twise by confedrate Chiualrie the *Percies* and their frends
Did fight and fall, for either warre to *Henries* honor ends.
He neuer had but warre, and was victorious euermore,
Aswell at home, as also of his Foes on forraine Shore:
Till lastly Armor ouercame all Enuie, and he liues
Of all beloued, and his death a common sorrow giues.

HOt spur his Sonne, *Henry* the fifth, hung at his Fathers eyes,
To watch his Ghoste, and catch his Crowne, and that or ere he dyes.
And where the Father doubted if he got it well or noe,
The Sonne did sweare, how so it came, he would it not forgoe.
His bad did blisse the Bad, the Good dispaire all good: But neither
Did aime aright, for sodainly his chaunge deceiued either:
Of good becomming best, that was of ill the baddest, and
The true perfection of a King was not but in this Land.
He lead good fortune in a line, and did but warre and winne:
Fraunce was his Conqueste: *Scots* but brag and he did beate them in:
A friend vnto weldoings, and an Enemie to sinne.
Yeat of the *Yorkests* neuer lackt he Princes that rebell:
Nor other than confusion to their still conibring fell.
In fewe, if any *Homer* should of this *Achilles* sing,
As of that *Greeke* & *Myrmidon* the *Macedonian* King
Once noted would I note both Prince and Poet happiest men,
That for deseruing prayse, and This for well imployed pen:
For well this Subiect might increase the Worthies vnto ten.
He, aged thirtie sixe, deceast and left his infant Sonne,
His Kingdome, Conquests, and his Queene, whose Fathers Realme he wonne,
To graue protection, Regents, and so royall for the port,

As

As that his Orphants Cradle seem'd an *Alexanders* Court.
Queene *Katherin*, Daughter of the *French*, King *Henryes* wife of late,
The fayrest Ladye in the West, hild with her sonne Estate.
She oft behild, and hild her peace, a braue Esquier of *VVales*,
That tyde her fancie to his forme, till fancied forme preuailes.
All liking was reuersed Loue, saue *Owen Tuder*, all
Saue him (that durst not dreame such good) to her was lesse than small.
She formally, by quaint degrees, attracting him to fauor,
Did nourish burnings in her selfe, by noting his behauor.
She pitched Tewe, he masshed: She vncompaned, To flie
He bids her solitary moodes: She askes the remedie:
Disclosed pangues sometimes, quoth he, in Phisicke Phisick is:
Which sometimes to obserue, quoth she, doth Patients patience mis:
Cureles to *Æsculapius* and *Apollos* selfe am I:
The latter felt my languor, and, immortall, wisht to die:
And yeat, saue one, no one disease lay hidden to his Art:
For you were bootlesse then to gesse how to vngreeue my smart.
Had *Daphne* to *Apollo* beene *Apollo*, *Tuder* said,
His might haue beene, and so may be your Graces humor staid.
He, other Gods and Goddesses, found more contented Loue
Beloe, in diffring bosomes, than in equall beddes aboue.
I aime at Loue (for thereto your *Ænigma* doth incline)
And aime to him a Deity for whome I so deuine.
But gladly doubt I of the Man, for if I doubted not,
I should but massacer my lacke in enuy of his lot:
Yeat are vnworthie of the Moone *Endymions* lippes, I wot.
But (for I will disperse the mistes of further Mysteries,
And toogh the Pinnesse of my thoughts to kenning of your Eyes)
If Gentry, Madame', might conuay so great a good to me,
From auncient King *Cadwallader* I haue my pettigree.
If wealth be sayd my want, I say your Grace doth want no wealth,
And my supplyment shall be loue, imployed to your health.
It hath beene when as heartie Loue did treate and tie the knot,

Though

Though now, if gold but lacke in graines, the wedding fadgeth not.
The goodly Queene in bashfull signes blusht out a dumbe Replie:
Which he did constur as she meant, and kist her reuerently.
Tuder, quoth she, I greater am than would I were for thee,
But can as little maister Loue as Lessers in degree.
My Father was a King, a King my Husband was, my Brother
He is a King, a King my Sonne, and I thy Soueraignes mother:
Yeat Fathers, Husbands, Brothers, Sonnes, & all their Stiles together,
Are lesser valewed than to liue beloued of my *Tuder*:
Should *England*, *France*, and thou thy selfe gainesay thy selfe for mine,
Thy selfe, *France*, *England*, nor what els should barre me to be thine.
Yea, let them take me wilfull, or mistake me wanton, so
My selfe in loue do please my selfe let all the world say no:
Let Pesants marte their marriages, and thriue at peraduenture:
I loue for loue: no gentle heart should fancy by Indenture.
But tell me, *Owen*, am I not more forward then behooues?
I am, sweet-Heart, but blame me not, the same that speaketh loues.
And long may liue, quoth he, to loue, nor longer liue may I,
Than while I loue your Grace, and when I leaue disgraced die.
But Ladie, if I doe deserue, I then desire dispatch:
For manie are the iealous Eies that on your beautie watch.
Good hap is like to hit me well, to hit so well is rare,
And rareneſse doth commence my suite, let suite conclude my care.
Should *Cæsar* kisse (he kissed her) it were but such a kisse:
And he, and I, here, or elsewhere, in other sport or this,
Doe act alike: no bettring but as your belouing is.
You may experience, when you please, what difference in the m^{e}n:
And if King *Henry* pleased more, blame *Owen Tuder* then.
But am I not (yes, Sweete, I am) more sawsie than behooues?
Yeat for my heart forgiue my tongue, This speaketh, and That loues.
How he impriſon'd did escape, and else what else-wheare réede:
The Queene and this braue Gentleman did marry, and their Seede

Began that royall Race that did, doth, and may ſtill ſucceede
In happie Empire of our Throne, a famous line in deede.
Once, when this Match was at a point, they merrily diſpoſed,
Did deſcant what from vulgar tongues thereof would be ſuppoſed.
They will beleeue me amorous, or thee ſo wiued as
Vulcan the Smith of *Lemnos* that to *Venus* married was,
The Queene did ſay. And *Tuder* ſaid: I hope of hanſell better,
In *Venus* and in *Vulcans* names more lieth than the letter:
For he was as I would not be, She as you ſhould be neuer,
Either ſo apt to giue and take as pittie them to ſeuer.
I pray thee, *Owen*, quoth the queene, how met they, canſt thou tell?
I can he ſaid, and more then ſo, then marke the proceſſe well.
When *Vulcan* was a Batcheler, and *Venus* was vnwed,
Thus wowde he her, thus wonne he her, thus wowde & won he ſped.

CHAP. XXX.

Venus the faireſt Goddeſſe, and as amorous as faire,
Belou'd of *Mars*, and louing *Mars*, made oftentimes repaire
To *Vulcans* forge, as to ſee wrought for *Iupiter* his Fire
And thunders, *Mars* his Armors, and the Sunwaines curious tire,
When they, indeede, of merriments in Loue did theare conſpire:
And laſtly did conlude the Smith a Stale vnto their ſport,
Wherein did *Venus* play her part, preuayling in this ſort.
Vulcan (quoth ſhe) no God there is, I thinke, but needeth thee:

For

For Thunders *Ioue*, *Ceres* for Sieths, for Armors *Mars* I see,
Bacchus for prewning Knives, and *Pan* for Sheep-hookes, *Phœbus* hee
For Carteriers, *Dis* for shakling chaines, *Neptune* for Ankers, and
No God but lackes thee, saving I that aske not at thy hand.
My Swans do draw in silken Geeres, my wheeles be shod with downe,
No hardines is in beauties Coach: But thou, by birth no Clowne,
But *Ioue* his Son, a God as wee, art made a drudge too much,
When, if that *Venus* might be heard, thou shouldest not be such.
How apt are all in those same toyles that tende to their behoofe
To let thee beare till backe doth breake? but common is the proofe,
That cunning is not cunning if it standeth not aloofe.
By this had *Vulcan* hammered his heate, and bad to stay
The Bellowes, and he lympung from the Anfeeld thus did say.
My busines, *Venus*, is ydoe, now may I tend to play:
What wouldst thou? for I member scarce thy arging by my fay.
Wodst that I leaue the forge, and thrt I god it with the Gods?
If so thou meanst, thy meaning and my meaning be at ods.
Sweeter my Bellowes blowing and my hammers beating is
To me, then trimmest fidling on the trickest kit ywis:
Aske whatso-else I haue to giue, thous maunde it for a kis.
As if, quoth she, my kisses were so currant vnto all?
No, not at all to *Vulcan*, if his kindnesse be so small.
I aske thy proper ease, then earne thy proper ease, and aske
More than a kisse: at least wise doe thy selfe from *Mars* vntaske.
He is my Foe, frend thou not him, nor forge him Armes, but let
Him lusk at home vnhonored, no good by him we get.
What lets but that we may become superlatiues? Of vs
All stand in neede, we neede not them. Then gaue shee him a Pus.
And saist me so, quoth *Vulcan*, and vnto the trough he hies,
And skowres his coly fists and face, and with his apron dries
Them, badly mended, and vnto the Queene of Dalliance sayes
That *Mars* should lusk at home for him. Then guilefull *Venus* playes

Her part ſo well, that on her lappe his head the Dotard layes.
And whilſt vpon her preſſed Thies (no Hauen for ſuch Hulke)
He lolls, and loades her with the weight of his vnwealdy bulke,
And whilſt ſhe coyes his ſooty Cheekes, or curles his ſweaty top,
The Groſhead now and then, as hapt, a thred-bare terme lets drop.
Then laughes he like a horſe, as who would ſay, trow ſaid I well?
But ſoone his wits were *Nonplus*, for his wooing could but ſpell.
This fitted her: for ſo before twixt *Mars* and her was ment,
Though not that ſhe ſocunningly ſhould *Mars* of Armes preuēt.
But him to ſtawle in ſtore, not els employde, was her intent.
Her Lubber now was ſnorting ripe, and ſhe meane while was glad,
That for to ſerue her turne elſe-wheare ſo good a Staile ſhe had.
What paſſe I, thinketh *Venus*, on his forme or faſhions rude?
For, letting forme and faſhion paſſe, one faſhion is purſude
In getting Children: at the leaſt, who ſo the Child ſhall git,
It ſhall ſuffice that *Vulcan* is the ſame ſhall father it.
Now *Mars* in heauen, *Anchiſes* and *Adonis* on the earth
May earne for Babes, for *Vulcan* ſhalbe parent at their birth.
Nay, be it that he ſhould eſpy falſe carding, What of it?
It ſhalbe thought but ielouſie in him, or want of wit.
Him frownes ſhall threat, or ſmiles intreat, and few wil iudge, I winne,
If it ſhall come in queſtion, that to Cockhole him were ſinne.
Whilſt thus ſhe thinketh in her ſelfe the *Cyclops* did awake:
And, to be ſhort, more doings paſſe and they a marriage make.
But wonder did the Deities, when bruted was the match,
That he ſo foule a thick-skinne ſhould ſo faire a Ladie catch,
They flout him to his face, and helde it almes to arme his head.
Wel, *Venus* ſhortly bagged, and ere long was *Cupid* bread:
And *Vulcan* (in like hereſie of fathering as moe)
Did rack his Art to a rme ꝑ Lad with Wings, With ſhafts, with bowe,
Moſt forceable to loue or hate, as liſts him ſhootes beſtow.
When *Vulcans Venus* had obtaind her *Cupide* armed thus,

Then

Then (for we wish that all besides be sutable to vs)
She, of the Gods and Goddesses before the wanton noted,
Was of the Gods and Goddesses for wantonnesse out-coted,
Not one but wexed amorous, yea euen *Diana* Doted.
Loues Mother had direction of his arrowes, and she wilde
Him hit the Son-God: for because he, blabbing had behild
Her daliance with *Adonis*: so that vexed *Phœbus* loues (moues.
Faire *Daphne*, whome nor wooes, nor vowes, nor giftes, nor greatnesse
Successes therefore, and inrag'd, he bastards *Cupid* and
(For stoutly on their honesties doe wylie Harlots stand)
Venus did chaise, and of the Gods their strife came to be skand.
Dispersing then her goodly haires, she bar'd so sweet a face,
As from the sternest Godhood might extort suborned grace.
Fast at her side clung naked *Loue*, a louely boy in deede,
And *Vulcan*, benched with the Gods, his wife did thus proceede:
(When *Phœbus* had already tould his tale with sence and heede.)
He sayes, quoth she, for chastitie my hauiour was amis:
Which proued or disproued, then in you to sentence is.
Ah, listen whence it is, ye Gods, that *Venus* is abused,
Because that *Phœbus* making loue to *Daphne* was refused.
If that were wrong, the wrong must then by *Phœbe* be excused:
Who, rescuing her Votarisse, did so preuent her brother.
But be it that this Boy of mine, not seeing one from other,
Did hit him, for the Sonnes offence should he maligne the mother?
And shall I tell the Childes offence? Why thus forsooth it was:
He fitted him to such a Loue as did for Beautie pas.
But if he say it needeles was, because it booted not,
I say, that Beautie beggeth if by posting it be got.
He wooing like himselfe in post did kisse the post, and shee,
Too good to be his forced Trull, is now become his Tree,
His speeches too, though spoke by one, concernes in credit three.
Mine Husband, and my selfe, and Sonne, Gods, and as good as he.

Now woe am I, we ſeuerally are, as it were, arayned
Of Cuckoldrie, of Spouſ-breach, and of Baſtardy, though fayned,
Yeat too too forcible I feare to be forgot of ſome,
For ſlaunder ſet on foote, though falſe, is talkatiuely dome.
Malicious (for thy malice is thy matter all in all)
Is it to harlotize, thinkſt thou, a Goddeſſe wrong too ſmall,
But thou muſt forge it from the Earth, euen from the Sheep-cote? Nay,
That colour lacketh colour thou thy ſelfe I troe wilt ſay.
Ambitious, fayre, and amorous thou termeſt me: if ſo,
Vnlikely to diſparge my ſelfe or bacely ſtoope ſo loe,
But being ſuch, and knowing thee in very deede the ſame,
Might, leauing petite loues, haue found thy ſelfe my readieſt game:
For *Phœbus* is a Leacher, els are many tongues to blame.
Better no bad of mine (nor neede I feare that fault in thee)
Thy bad doth paſſe by probate, but a *Quere* is for mee.
Perhaps (ſuch as it is) my forme may forge to his pretence:
Since Beautie is a common marke, apt therefore to offence.
Well, be it Beautie doth attract, attracting is belou'd,
Beloued courted, courted wonne, and wonne to action mou'd,
Yeat from ſuch cauſes ſuch effects what Conſequence hath prou'd?
For *Daphne* was, I wot, full faire, and well can *Phœbus* court,
Yeat *Daphne* chaſtly did withſtand, and *Phœbus* miſt his ſport.
My husband though by trade a Smith, for birth out-brau'd of none,
And louely vnto *Venus*, (though miſlikt of many a one)
May for his plainnes alſo fit my foes inuectiue drifts:
As who would ſay, I wedded him to ſalue vp other ſhifts.
By *Styx* I vowe, although I ſhould exceede my ſelfe for fare,
Yet *Venus* would be *Vulcans*, and he knowes I truely ſware.
He is indeede no Gallant, yeat a God, and meerly free
From imperfections, ſuch at leaſt as pay not marriage fee.
And for his plainnes, to be plaine, the rather chooſe I him:
For ſuch as he liue beſt, loue beſt, and keepe their wiues moſt trim.

When Royſters either roue at chaunge, be peeuiſh or preciſe:
Faire women therefore matching thus be not, ſay I, vnwiſe:
Iudge not by ſuch preſumptions then, they add but to his lies.
Thus haue you now a Medley of his malice and my mone,
His vice, my vowe: and laſtly reſts your ſentence to be knowne.
If *Mercurie* ſhould plead my cauſe, he could but ſet me cleare:
Good cauſes neede not curious termes, and equall Iudges heare
The Equity, not Eloquence, and ſo I hope will yee:
And ſo ſhall gratefull *Venus* ſayle vnder your gracious Lee.
So, putting finger in the Eye, the Deities diſcent:
Some hild with *Phœbus*, ſome with her: Which ſtriſe did *Vulcan* ſtent.
My wife, quoth he, more honeſt than her Cuſer is, I troe,
Shall not ywis be buſed by the ſquandring *Pollo* ſo:
She loues me, I durſt ſweare, and ſaue my ſelfe ſhe loues no moe:
And why ſhould you or I beleeue his yea before her noe?
Troth, ſayd the Gods, ſince *Vulcan* is contented we are pleaſ'd:
And ſo the variance was by him thus wittely appeaſ'd.
Phœbus his Plainte did quaſh: but ſo he afer-times did watch,
As that Sir Hornsbie had by prooſe he was a louing Patch,
When *Mars* and *Venus* playing falſe his wier Net did catch.
Now riddle, Madame, if thoſe tongues that make *Sunonamies*
Of them and vs proue Oracles, what ſhould therof ariſe?
That more, quoth ſhe, which you haue ſayd than in the letter lies.
But names infect not, nor receiue your Riddle Propheſie:
If ought fore-ſayd be ominous ſhould any feare tis I.
When ſo the Queene had ſayd, then to this more proceeded he:
Vulcan, *Venus*, *Cupid*, *Sol*, and *Daphne* turnd to Tree
Were tennis balles to euery tongue of euery Deitee.
Tuſh Tuſh, quoth *Pan*, gay *Venus* and the gentle youth her ſonne
Are blameles blamed: What think you, would *Phœbus* thē haue don
Had he in loue bin croſt as I? And then he thus begun.

CHAP. XXXI.

THe Goteheards of *Hyrcania* hild their Orgies vnto me,
And theare was I, vnseene of them, the Festifall to see.
Now had they censed, and with glee eate were the hallowed Kids,
When as they fell to Rowndelaies, and I the Rownd amids.
Not *Satires*, or the *Naiades*, were halfe so nimble as
This countrey Consort (for each Lad was sorted with a Lasse.)
There was a trickse Girle, I wot, albeit clad in gray,
As peart as bird, as straite as boult, as fresh as flower in May,
As faire as *Cupids* Mother, or through him it is I erre,
If so I erre (for why his shaft had fixed me to her)
Shee daunsing dyed her lilly Cheekes, whil'st I for loue did die:
And as vnuisible I stoode (what bootes it me to lye)
And drew with breath her sweet-stole breath, so acting spritually,
The feast was done and all vndone that I did wish to doe:
My Deity adiornde therefore, in humaine forme I wowe.
And first (because that first they should approach vs Gods) I faine
My selfe a Priest (for well I wot they sildome wooe in vain.)
I made me smug, and with a Tex did intermix a toye,
And tould how fine and faire a life our Clergie-Femes inioy,
And how our leisure fitted Loue. And let it fit (quoth she)
To such as lust for loue: Sir Clarke, you clergesie not me.
Then came I curious in my silkes (But who would thinke that *Pan*
Could play the Courtier?) and did faine my selfe a iolly man.

I talkt of Caſtles, Mannors, Parkes, and all things more than mine.
Too courſe (quoth ſhe) am I for you, and you for me too fine.
Then Souldier-like I ſued, and did boaſt of Battels many,
And ſtanding on my Manhood would not be coriu'd of any:
And ſometimes proffered kindneſſe, ſuch as came not to the puſh,
But checked for my boyſtrouſnes was balked with a bluſh.
Then play I maiſter Merchant, and did plye her by the booke:
I ſpake of great Accompts, Receites, nor little care I tooke
For rigging and returne of Ships, (her lippes meane while my Pex.)
Ply Sir (quoth ſhe) your buſie trade, you are beſides the Tex.
I ſeeme a countrie Yeoman: Then a Craftſman: both in vayne:
The former was too lumpiſh, and the latter worſe of twayne:
Doe what I could, I could not doe whereby her loue to gayne.
Then thought I, out of doubt as I a God fayne Manhood, ſo
This is transform'd *Diana* for ſome practiſe meant beloe.
A yeare was paſt, and I paſt hope through coyiſh chaſt denyall,
And yeat I could not but perſiſt in queſt of further tryall.
I met God *Pryapus* (for he, not *Venus* ſonne it is
Abuſeth vs, This darteth Loue, That driues to luſt amis)
Seeſt yonder Clowne? quoth *Priapus* (not far-off was a Loute
With neare a handſome rag, himſelfe leſſe handſome ſoole to ſnout,
Leſſe wel-form'd, or more il-fac'ſt, & like Clenchpoope looke & lim,
Leſſe mannerd, and worſe gated than this *Saturns*-Eeue-made Slim,
God neuer made ſince God made Man, if euer God made him.)
That Lob, quoth he, and yonder Laſſe that this way driues her Gotes
Do marke them *Pan*, you may obſerue from them vnthought-of notes.
I knew her for my Minion wench of whom I earſt did tell.
Firſt blend they heards, and forthwith lips, and after billing fell
To other ſport, ſuch ſport ywis as would haue likt me well.
Muſt I, thought I, giue ayme to ſuch a skrub and ſuch a Saint,
That Skowndrell, and this Counterfeit: confounded ſo I faint.
How cheere you *Pan*, quoth *Priapus*, the ſhameles God of luſt,
Thus can I fit ſuch friends as you with ſuch a Trull of truſt:

(We were indeede ere then at odds.) So *Priapus* he left me,
When he had brought me to this sight that neere of sense bereft me.
But thus I loathed where I lou'd, and learned not too late
That coyest are not chastest, that the gayest Females mate
With Loutes as soone as Lords, that Loue is luck not shistles fate,
That cowled, celled, he, or she, whoso, or wheresoeuer,
Or Votarie, or Secular, scarse one pryaped neuer.
To *Pans* report did *Mercurie* replie and thus recite,
Of *Cupide* and of *Priapus* doth *Pan* distinguish right:
But let be Lust, a word or two of Loue and of his might.

I Entring Guest-wise on a time the frolicke *Thabane* Court,
Mine eye presented to mine heart a Nymph of louely Port:
Her knew I not, nor knew she me, vnknowne therefore vnkist
I loyter on the Earth, meane while in Heauen not vnmist.
My Senses held a Synode, and vnacted Acts dispute,
And nothing els I did affect but to effect my sute.
For whencesoeuer Loue proceedes, or whatsoere it be,
Or whosoeuer loueth, Loue tormenteth in degree.
Mine Eye conuaid it to mine Heart, mine Heart controwld mine Eye:
Yeat Loue retriu'd it selfe, I lou'd not knowing whome or why.
Then did I seeke, and find (who am no Milksop as ye wot)
Acquaintance in the Court, the which the nicest balked not.
Not smally did my shape, my tongue, and tunes (no common geere)
Preferre their Master to a place about their Mistresse neere.
When she did sigh then I did sob, I laught if she did smile,
And by officious Forgeries pretended to begile.
But her, not coy, I found so chast, as saue a kisse or twaine,
I nothing got, although in all I vained to her vaine.
From ill therefore I grew to worse, from worse to worse, for why?
Through ouer-louing at the length I loued iclously.

My

My Stomacke left me, euery ſenſe had imperfection then,
My colour ceaſt and, ſicke, I forge contrary cauſe to men.
So many Quames came ore my heart as newes to eare or eie
Of others commoning in ſport, or courting ſeriouſlie.
No Corſiue to Coriuals, and no death vnto deſpaire:
I did not hope, yeat held I on with coſt to nouriſh care.
Sometime, attyred by the booke, I faind a merrie cheere:
Sometime I drouped, and did weare diſorderly my geere.
But how-ſoere I came to her, I found her ſtill the ſame,
Gameſome enough to intertaine, and yet for me no game.
And though enuiouſly I aym'd at others better ſpeede,
Yeat, too preciſely, did I ſift ſuch doubts were more than neede.
Then rowſing vp my ſelfe, I with my ſelfe did reaſon thus:
No folly were in Loue, if ſo no folly were in vs:
Wheare *Mercurie* is layd aſleepe may others lay a ſtraw:
The Louer and Beloued are not tyed to one Law:
Becauſe I am the ſame I am ſhould ſhee not therefore bee
The ſame ſhe is: mine is too loue, but hers to diſagree.
Then *Mercurie* be to thy ſelfe thy ſelfe, theſe thoughts begile
With meeter thoughts, thou lingereſt in loſſe too long a while.
Thinke not thy greatneſſe, or thy gifts, or gracious eyes may get her:
A Foole more foule may ſeem more faire, Loue may think bad the bet-
If ſhe detetrmine Chaſtititie, then falls thy ſute to ground: } (ter.
Or if ſome other be preferd, then better loſt than found: }
Likte, or miſliked to thy Loue ſhould reaſon be the bound. }
Or Women loue to be belou'd of chaunge of Clyents, or
Vncertaine wheare to find them, with the Eagle or the Dorr.
Albeit Beautie mooues to loue, and Loue doth make thee ſue,
Better at firſt be Non-ſute, than at length not to ſubdue.
Such Reaſons ſeeming plauſible, I fleeting whence I loued,
By abſence and new Exercſe old Paſſions were remoued.
So did I loue, and ſo I left, ſo many a skorne, and skoffe,

Care,

Care, coſt, diſgrace, and loſſe of time were and may be cut off:
And women ſo leſſe ſtand aloofe, when men can ſo be wiſe:
So leſſer ſute hath lucklier ſpeede, than to be too preciſe.
Not women, but our wilfulneſſe, doth worke our owne vnreſt:
Though Beautie, Loue, and they lacke fault, we may abuſe the beſt.

SO helpe me *Iupiter*, (quoth *Mars*) in Loue ſo may I ſpeede,
As *Mercurie* and *Pan* doe erre in poynts of Loue indeede:
Preciſians and plaine Plodders (ſuch is This, and ſo is That)
In Loue doe ſwallow Cammels, whileſt they nicely ſtraine a Gnat.
Why what be Women? Women, geld the latter ſillabell,
Then are they nothing more then Woe, their names remaine doth tell.
Their yea, or no, euen when they ſweare they loue or loue vs not,
Beleeue who liſt: ſoone be they gone, as ſodainly are got.
What neede we creepe the Croſſe to giue vnto a begging Saint?
Tuſh tuſh, a Flye for booke-Loue, none be fortunate that faint.
Not paper, purſſe, or kerchiefe Plea lets Fancie ſooner loaſe
Then at the Shrine to watch the Saint, She is not coy, but cloaſe:
Pollitians know to cheapen, what to offer, when to skoaſe.
The Clowne, no doubt, that potted *Pan* lackt Art to gloſe and flatter,
And yeat nor *Pan* nor *Mercurie* went roundlier to the Matter:
He found right Methode (for there is a Methode, time, and place,
Which Fooles obſeruing do cõmence ere Wiſemẽ haue their grace.)
Though daſtard Hawkes doe ſore aloft and dare not ſeaze vpon,
Or Buſſards-like doe ſit aloofe vntill the game be gon,
Kinde killing Hawkes but wag the wing, and worke tolſowſe anon.
Once Loue, ſurreuerence, made my ſelfe vale Bonnet, So ſubmis
My ceremoniall wooing was, as common wooing is:
With rufull lookes, ſighes, ſweete Pigs-nye, and Fooleries more than (few
I courted her, ſo much more ſtout by how much more I ſew:
Till aptly ſingled, as it hapt, I ſay not what did hap,
But Loue that late did load my Head, did load her willing Lap.
Nor this Lad *Loue* of that ſame Loue is guiltie any whit,

For

For why? nine Moones did wexe and waine betweene his birth & it.
Alas poore Boy, before he was, Loue was a common game,
The first-made Man, the Rib-reft Man in *Eden* shewd the same:
For when his sudden eyes admir'd the boan-flesht faire Conuart
Deriued from his Side, his tongue, directed by his hart,
Foorthwith pronounced Woman, but a moment earst vnknoen,
So deare as flesh of his owne flesh, and bone of his owne boen:
Quit then, ye Gods, this Lad and let your search of Loue alone:
Who will in power be felt of all, in person found of none.
Or rather is not reall, but some Fansie: if not, then
Fantasticall in Women, but essentially in Men.
If Loue be such in Women (But mistake me not, for whie?
I note them but fantasticall in fault of Destinie)
Deferre were then to erre: When all is done that doe we may,
Labor we sorrowing all the night, and sewing all the day,
The female faultie Custome yeelds lesse merit greatest pay,
And ventrous more then vertuous meanes doth beare the bell away.
Now touching *Venus* (worthie such a Pheere, not such a Foe)
Vulcan, me thinkes, obserueth well slight proofe in yea and noe,
The Court therefore is well aduis'd to Sentence not to groe.
The Gods, that did ere while but aime at *Vulcans* wiues sonnes Fa-
Saw *Venus* blush, and held that aime autentical the rather. (ther,
End Gods and Goddesses, quoth *Ioue*, to argue to and fro:
Like good and bad is either Sex. Nay more, behold, than so,
I viewd erewhile the Destenies, and thence I thus did know.
Zimois, when *Troy* must perish, shall send downe her Floods a Fleete,
And world it were out Father ruld when *Create* thought him vnmeet:
But long time hence, & farre Starres thence, that World shall world an
Enuyrond with the Ocean waues, then famous in short while (Ile
Through often Triumphes ouer Foes and Traffike euery wheare,
Howbeit thrice orerunne, and once a Conquest shall be theare.
*Those Changes notwithstanding they a People shall remaine
Vnchased thence, and of that Streene shall Fiue at length re-raigne.

Dread

Dread, terrene Gods, the Fift of those, a terrene Goddesse, She
Euen at the firie Trigon shall your chiefe Ascendant be:
Right *Phœbe*-like (*Phœbe* may like a Compeere like to her)
Retriue her named Name, to time the tryall we refer.
This sayd, he bids adiorne the Court, and willed *Alertvrie*
Thencefoorth not to conuent the Gods for such a Foolerie,
As Loue, the idle Bodies worke, and Surfet of the Eie.
And thus the Queene and *Tuder* chat: But thought of nothing lesse
Then that from them *Ioues* noted fiue fated to such successe
Should spring, as sprong, and part springs yet. But cease we to digresse
And shew we how her Sonne did long and luckelesse Raigne possesse.

CHAP. XXXII.

LIT rests, fifth *Henries* Sonne, that made the *Henries* more by one,
Did in his Infancie possesse his Conquering Fathers Throne,
And happely was ruide a Child, & rulde an happie man,
Till with his Parrasites his Peeres and hee with them began
A bloodie quarrell: offering so vnto the *Yorkists* spright
For to reclaime, in bold attempts, their discontinued right.
Richard Plantagenet the Duke of *Yorke*, by *VVarwicks* ayde,
Did get the Gaole, not long enioy'd, for he in Armes decayde,
Subdued by King *Henries* Queene, when as by frends and force
He had in Parlament obtaynde in euery clause his corse:
For, mounted theare the Kingly Throne, that Yorkish *Heros* sayd,
Here should I speake, and shall I hope: and so his Claime conuayd

From

From *Clarence* his Progenitor, with reasons such among,
As, he Protector of the Realme, King *Henries* heires were wrung
From all Reuersion: hearts and eares did so applaud his tung.
Edward his Sonne then Earle of *March* (the Duke his Father slaine)
Wonne, by the Earle of *VVarwicks* ayde, in double battell Raigne.
King *Henry* fled to *Scotland*, and the Queene and Prince their Sonne,
From *France* sollicet Succors, which vnto their losse they wonne.
Henry was taken, they and their Confedrates were subdu'd:
Yeat still the Queene escaped, and she armour still pursu'd.
But, *VVarwicke* pleased, all attempts did faile to *Edwards* Foes:
Displeased, *Edward* fayled, and declined *Henry* rose:
He crowned Either, and the same discrowned them againe,
Admyrd of all, belou'd of all: howbeit lastly slaine
By *Edward*, whilst he did vphold vnchancie *Henries* Raigne.
So *VVarwicke* perisht, *Henry* so refalne from Kings estate
Was reimprison'd, and his Queene did land her aydes too late:
But landing, when of *Barnet* field she heard the luckles fate,
(Albeit Knights *Lancastrians* store did flocke in her defence)
She stoode a second *Niobe*, bereft of speech and sence:
And whilst the Duke of *Somerset* an ouer-hardie Knight,
Did brauely marshall out her force to ouer-matched fight,
Hers and King *Henries* Sonne, the Prince of *VVales* a proper Lad,
In comforting his mother did continue her more sad.
Ah Sonne, quoth she, through oft mishaps mishaps I can digest:
I feare for thee, for thee the hope that to our House doth rest.
Now all are tryed we can trust, if now we faile we fall:
Thy death is in the same request as is thy Fathers thrall:
And (which I would it were the worst) the Foe doth thirst my life,
To end his Triumph in the deaths of Husband, Sonne, and Wife.
Though thy great-Grandsier, Grandsier, & thy Father wonne & wore
The King-ring, which thy Father hild yeares thirtie eight and more,
Though by the cappitall Remote of *Lancaster* withstood,
Yeat fayle prescription and discents, now lacke they but our blood:

Then learne against thou proue a man (ah hardly hope I so)
The Line *Lancastrian* naturally doth labour of that Foe.
The Queene, concluding thus in teares, did then to Armor goe.
Fierce was the Field, and either part did valiantly offend:
But, *Edward* ouercomming, when the Battell was at end,
The Queene was carried Captiue thence, And *Edwards* men did bring
Her Sonne the Prince (sole sonne and heire vnto the captiue King)
Before the Victor, whose demaunds receiuing answers stout,
He thrusts the manly Boy from him, whom *Gloceſter* about
The King (Churle that he was) did stab. (So tragicke was the spight
Betwixt those Linages that oft each others so requite.)
His death was more than death vnto his Parents: but not long
His Father moned vndispatcht alike for death and wrong
By foresaid Duke of *Gloceſter*, of whom succeedes our song.

THus won the *Yorkestes* ancient Raigne: sixe bloodie Fields did seate
Edward the Fourth in *Englands* Throne, possest a while in queate.
He wonne his Subiects loue, and loue was debt to his desarts,
But, as must ours, so lastly his vn-bodied Soule departs.
He left his Kingdome to his Sonne, his Sonne to be protected
By *Richard* Duke of *Gloceſter*, Who, pietie reiected,
Grew treble-wise tyrannicall, malicious to the blood
Of his deceased brothers Queene, And what so *Yorkest* stood
Betwixt the Scepter and himselfe, aliue, he pricked dead,
A Foe to all *Lancastrians*, as the same by nature bread.
This common Deaths-man of those Kinnes, and euery Nobles fall,
Whom he but gest Corinall or might crosse him neat so small,
This stoope-Frog *Æsops* Storke, alike tyrannous vnto all,
To giltie, giltlesse, friend, or foe was not secure one day,
But Either dyes as eithers death might fit him any way.
Yea, euen whilst his Brother rulde, when all *Lancastrians*, and
His Brothers twaine, his Nephewes twaine, & Neeces three did stand
Betwixt himselfe and home, euen then by blood he hunted Raine:

For

For when his owne and ruthles hands King *Henries* heire had slayne,
Then *Henries* selfe, *Henrie* the sixt a giltles King in bands,
He stabd: his brother *Clarence* dide through him, by other hands.
But, now Protector, as doe Wolues the Lambes protected he,
And fared as if fearing that one wickedder might be.
Queene mother and her kindred hild the Orphant King a while,
Her Kinne hee murdred, and from her he got the King by gile,
Whom (though vncrowned tituled fift *Edward*) reft his mother,
He made be murdred, with the Duke of *Yorke* the yonger brother.
When neither *Yorkest* his Allies, and of *Lancastrians* none
Were left to let it, who should let but he might leape the Throne?
He wore in deede the wrested Palme: But yeat, to better bad,
By murder of his wife he sought new marriage to be had
With that *Elizabeth* that was the Eldest daughter to
Edward the fourth: But all in vaine the King his Neece did wowe,
For *Henrie* Earle of *Richmonds* friends such doings did vndoe.
Which *Henry* and *Elizabeth* by secrete Agents were
Contracted, he of *Lancaster*, and she of *Yorke* the heire:
Of which letigious Famelies heer mapped be the Lines,
Euen till the Heire of these two Heires both Stockes in one combines.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Enrie (as if by myracle preseru'd by Forraines long
From hence-ment Treasons) did arriue to right his Natiues wrong:
And chiefly to Lord *Stanlie*, and some other Succors as
Did wish and worke for better dayes, the Riuall welcome was.
Now *Richard* heard that *Richmond* was assisted and a shore,

And like vnkenneld *Cerberus* the crooked Tyrant swote,
And all complexions act at once confusedly in him:
He studieth, striketh, threates, intreates, and looketh mildly grim,
Mistrustfully he trusteth, and he dreadingly did dare,
And sortie passions in a trice in him consort and square.
But when, by his commented force, his foes increased more,
He hastned Battell, finding his Corivall apt therefore.
When *Richmond* orderly in all had battelled his ayde,
Inringed by his Complices, their chearefull Leader sayde.
Now is the time and place (sweete Frends) and we the Persons be
That must giue *England* breath, or els vnbreath for her must we.
No Tyrannie is fabled, and no Tyrant was in deede
Worse thã our Foe, whose workes wil act my words if wel he speede:
For ill to ills Superlatiue are easely intist,
But intertaine amendment as the *Gergesites* did Christ.
Be valiant then, he biddeth so that would not be out-bid
For courage, yeat shall honor him, though bace, that better did.
I am right heire *Lancastrian*, he in *Yorkes* destroyed right
Vsurpeth: But, through Either ours, for neither Claime I fight,
But for our Countries long-lackt weale, for *Englands peace* I warre:
Wherein he speed vs vnto whom I all Euents tesatre.
Meane while had furious *Richard* set his Armies in array,
And then, with lookes euen like himselfe, this or the like did say.
Why, Lads, shall yonder Welshman with his Straglers ouer-match?
Disdaine ye not such Riualles, and deferre yee their dispatch?
Shall *Tuder* from *Plantagenet* the Crowne by craking snatch?
Know *Richards* very thoughts (he toucht the Diademe he wore)
Be mettall of this mettall: Then beleeue I loue it more
Than that for other law than Life to supersead my Clame,
And lesser must not be his Plea that counter-pleads the same.
The weapons ouer-tooke his Words, & blowes they brauely change,
When, like a Lion thirsting bloud, did moody *Richard* range,

And made large ſlaughters where he went, till *Richmond* he eſpied,
Whom ſingling, after doubtfull Swords, the valerous Tyrant died.

THus ended *Englands* warre and woe, vſurping *Richard* dead,
When *Henry* and *Elizabeth* vniting titles wed:
Of which two Heires th'vndoubted Heire of either Line did cum,
The Epilogue vnto theſe wounds, digeſted in this ſum.
Fourth *Henry* firſt *Lancaſtrian* King put ſecond *Richard* downe:
Fourth *Edward* of the Houſe of *Yorke* re-ſeazd ſixt *Henries* Crowne:
Lad-Princes twaine were ſtabd in Field, of either Linage one:
Foure Kings did periſh: Sundry times now-Kings anon were none:
Sixe, three of either faction, helde ſucceſſiuely the Throne:
But from the ſecond *Richard* to ſeuenth *Henry* we pretend
Eight Kings this Faction to begin, continue, and to end.
The Princes, Earles, Barons, and Knights this quarrell did deuour
Exceede the tale of Gentry beſt and baceſt at this houre:
So plagueth ciuill Warre, & ſo from Robe to Ragge dooth ſcoure.
Then luckieſt of the Planets weare Predominants, ſay we,
When by this Bedmatch either Heire that Bloud-mart did agree:
When Seuenth begot the Eight, and Eight the Firſt and Laſt for like
Our now *Pandora*: nor till her our humbled ſailes we ſtrike.
For ſhould we at her Grandſier reare our Colome, yet too poore,
We could not write (as *Hercules* on his) Beyond no more:
For he lackt ſearch, our Muſe hath Kend an *Ocean* is in ſtore,
Euen matter that importeth worth coparing all before.

THE SEVENTH BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

CHAP. XXXIV.

NOw let vs poste-alone to *Mars* and *Mercury* repaer,
At leaſt ſo farforth as wee maye without controwlment daer.
Richard the third, *Henry* the Seauenth (laſt ſubiects of our pen)
Was ſlaine, was crownde, with hate, with loue, as worſte, as beſt of men:
So not with *Yorke* and *Lancaſter* doth wonted enuie raigne,
Nor can *Æneas* Off-ſprings now of Orphanſie complaine.
But that *Cadwalladers* Fore-doomes in *Tuders* ſhould effect
Was vnexpected, ſaue that God doth deſtinies direct.
Els *Owen Tuder* had not wiu'd Fiſt *Henries* noble Queene:
Nor had they of their bodies Earles *Penbrooke* and *Richmon* ſeene:
Nor *Margret, Somerſets* ſole heire, to *Richmon* had beene weade:
Nor they the heire of *Lancaſter, Henry* the Seuenth, had bread:
Nor he of *Yorks* Inheritrix, *Elizabeth*, had ſped:
Nor they vnited either houſe all other titles dead.
Yeat, eare this vnion, Either ſo ariued to their right,
As *Pſiches* on an errant ſent to Hell by *Venus* ſpight.
Worſe Ferrymen than *Charon*, Floods contagious more than *Styx*,

Worſe

Worse Porters than fowle *Cerberus* were pleas'd, past, stood betwix.
How therefore Either dangerously their Labyrinth did passe
Shall not be ouerpassed: Thus their seuerall fortune was.
Henries the fourth, the fifte, and sixt successiuely did raigne,
Vntill fourth *Edwards* sword to him did lawfull Empier gaine:
Lancastrians droupe, the *Yorkests* had their long expected day:
Sixt *Henry* and the Prince his sonne, by stabbes were made away:
The foresaid *Margaret*, sole heire of *Somerset*, earst wife
Of *Tuder*, Earle of *Richmond*, had by him a Sonne in life,
To whom, from her, the Crowne-right of *Lancastriās* did accrewe:
He from his English foes himselfe by secrete stealth withdrewe
To little *Brutaine*, wheare he found the Duke a frendfull trewe.
This *Henry* Earle of *Richmond*, now poore *Lancasters* Remaine,
Was by fourth *Edward* practis'd home by many a subtell traine:
Whome once the gentle Duke (beguilde with promises vnment)
Deliuered to the *English-men*, with whome he homewards went.
Forsaken Ladd (for yet he was a Ladd) what did remaine
But certaine death, so to assure his foes vncertaine raine:
Which to establish many a Prince of his Allies weare slaine.
But him care brought a-boorde, the Duke (aduised better, stayd,
And him (as if by chaunce escapte) to Sanctuarie conuaid.
The Lambe so rescued from the Wolfe, that priuiledged place
Assured him till *Edwards* death, and then he hoped grace.
But he that was Protector of his murthered Nephewes than
Vsurped England, and became a Monsture not a man:
Richard the third (omitting all his tyrannies beside)
To be possessed of the Earle by many a message tride.
Great wealth was sent, greater assum'de, but nothing might preuaile:
The gracious Duke abhord to set his guiltles frend to sayle:
But furnished with money, men, and armor shipt him thence
To winne his right: yeat churlish Seas did lett such kind pretence.
Full hardly *Richmonds* threatned Ship escapt our armed Shoore,
For *Richard* of the Riuall got intelligence before.

Return'de, the Duke did ſicken and *Landoiſe* did beare the ſway:
And he for Maſſes great was brib'de Earle *Henry* to betray, (away.
Yeat through wiſe Biſhop *Mortons* meanes by ſtealth he ſcap'te
In trauell then from Brutaine to his Grome himſelfe was Grome,
By interchaunged rayment, till to *Angers* they weare come.
The *French* King, pittying his diſtreſſe, pretended asked aide:
And ſecrete platformes for his weale his Engliſh friends had laide.
Henry in *France*, at home his Friends beſter them, and the Foe
Meane time with hope, with fraud, with feare imployde his witts alſo.
Now of the Earles conſpiracy the totall drift was this:
Elizabeth the daughter of fourth *Edward* vow'd he his,
And ſhe was vow'd to him, if God with victory him bliſſe:
Our wounded *Englands* healing balme, for thus thereof enſew'de:
The factious Families vnite, the Tyrant was ſubdew'de,
And thence the ſurname *Tuder* doth *Plantagenet* include.

AS hardly as her husband did *Elizabeth* eſcape:
For why? like Stratageme for both did bloody *Richard* ſhape.
Whilſte that her Father liued, now a King, and now exilde,
Her Croſſes then did happen from ſuch victors as weare milde.
But now the ſame that murthered her Brothers to be King,
That did withfraud begin and then with bloud conclude ech thing,
That flattred friends to ſerue his turne, and then deſtroyde the ſame,
That was her Vncle, yeat did hate her Mothers very name,
That thought he liued not becauſe his Neeces weare vndead,
Theis now (and blame her not) in her a world of terror bread.
But of vnpriuiledged bloud yet had he ſtore to ſpill,
Yet ſanctuaries weare not forc'te, yet but expecting ill.
Theare ofte the Queene her Mother, Shee, and Siſters would reporte
Their happie and vnhappie dates, the fewer of firſt ſorte.
Happy was I, (the olde Queene ſaid) when as a Maide vnweade,
Nor Husbands weale nor Childrens woe miſtempered my head.
Yeat I, beloued, loued and ſo left that free eſtate,

And thought me happyer than before, for louely was my Mate,
Iohn Gray (a ſweet Eſquier for his prowyſſe dubbed Knight)
Was, as behoued, all my ioy: who, ſlaine in factious fight,
Your Father, Daughters, late my Lord and Husband now in earth,
From me had many a ſecrete curſe, as motyue of his death:
Lancaſtrian was my husband, and that faction had the wourſte,
So, to releeue my Widdowhood, I kneel'd to whom I curſte.
Edward (for *Henry* was depoeſ'de, and *Edward* ſeaz'd the Crowne)
(I wot not for what forme of mine) did raiſe me kneeled downe,
And gaue me chearefull wordes, and tooke me curteouſly aſide,
And playd the ciuell Wanton, and me amorouſly he eide:
His plea was loue, my ſute was Land: I plie him, he plies me:
Too baeee to be his Queene, too good his Concubine to be
I did conclude: and on that point a while we diſagree.
But when I was his Queene (ſweete King) not for I was his Queene,
But for himſelfe, and for the loue that paſſed vs betweene,
I held me happieſt vnder heauen: yea, when his aduerſe Line
Diſcrowned him, I had inough that I was his, he mine.
Then, after fortunes often change, he died, and I ſuruiue
A life exceeding death for griefe and greefes Superlatiue.
My heart, ah Sonnes, my heart (deare Hearts) was dead eare yee did die:
Too yong weare yee to cenſure of your vncles tyranny.
Then wept ſhee, and her daughters wept: their onely talke alwaies
Was paſſed ioyes, or preſent woes: nor hope they better daies,
But in Earle *Richmonds* good ſucceſſe, that now a power did raiſe.
Too ſoone had *Richard* notice that Earle *Henry* would ariue,
By precontract his eldeſt Neece *Elizabeth* to wiue:
And well he knew in *Yorks* deſcent ſhe was immediate heire,
And *Henry* like in *Lancaſter*: a Match for him to feare.
Which to preuent he flattered his Neeces from their mother:
Who, fearefull Ladies, did expect like deaths as had their brother.
And as they feare did he affect, which for the troubles then
Was vneffected: now behou'd to winne him loue of men.

Yeat casts he how he might conuay to him his Neeces right,
Soone compassing his Wifes dispatch, whose life stood in his light.
Then plyes he his amazed Neece to his incestious bead
Of her abhor'd, Shee in conceite by faith fore-plighted spead.
This marrage motion gawles her more than any former griefe:
Her selfe, Friends, Realme, Conspiracie, & all it toucht in breefe,
And therefore death, late feared, now she fantaseth in cheefe.
Meane while did *Henry* land, incampe, fight, and subdewe his Foe,
And, marrying her, long ciuill warres in *England* ended so.

CHAP. XXXV.

SEauenth *Henries* forraine busenes had succesfull honor: heere
Three schol'd *Dædalien Icarists* (whose mounting cost them deere)
Did interrupt the peace. The first a Priests bace Puple: he
By his Complottors was pretenst'e Duke *Clarence* sonne to bee.
A many of our natiue Peeres, some forraine Princes too,
Submissiuly behight him aide in all that they might doo.
The Lad was lofty, for himselfe he harrollized well,
At full he could his lessons, and a formale lie would tell.
For him was fought a bloody field, the Victory the Kinges.
Lambert the forged *Yorkest*, and the Priest (that fram'd his winges)
Weare taken: For minority the *Icarus* was quit:
The *Dedalus* for cleargie tites was but intowr'd for it. (Queene
Thus scapte the Priest. The mother Queene to her that now was
Found harder sentence for a crime more venale, as I weene.

Shee

Shee that did forward *Henry* with her friends, her purſe, her wit,
That had conſpir'd, conceil'd, concur'd, for him the Crowne to git,
And had him now her ſonne in law, vnchauncy Queene, fore-went
Her whole reuenewes, and her age as if in durance ſpent:
Becauſe againſt her heart, good Soule (for bootles to withſtand)
See yeelded all her daughters to the late Vſurpers hand,
Whereby the Vnion might haue quaild, and for it might ſhe muſt
Indure ſuch law, ſtrict law to her of mallice not vniuſt.

THan good old Queene *Elizabeth* our next young *Phaeton*
Had gentlier Iudgement: He till then frõ Realm to Realm had gone,
And now in *Ireland* (hoping no ſuch honor) was at *Corke*
Saluted by ſome Rebels theare for *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*,
Fourth *Edwards* ſecond ſon. Thoſe Stiles to him were ſtrange, but thay
Did feofe them on the bace-borne *Muffe*, and him as King obay.
The *Yorkeſh* Faction (though they knew the error) let not ſlip
Occaſion, that they now might haue *Lancaſtrians* on the hip:
Margret fourth *Edwards* ſiſters heart for ioy hereof did skip.
Shee had him ſoone to *Burgone*, and informes him euery thing
That might concerne *Yorks* pettegree, or apted for a King:
Maliciouſly repining ſtill at *Lancaſters* ſucceſſe,
And often would thus or thus-like her heart with tongue expreſſe.
God hath forgot our houſe of *Yorke*: nay *Yorke* it ſelfe forgot:
To my late *Brother Richards* ſoule cleaue euermore this blot:
He made away our friends to make a way vnto our Foe,
To *Lancaſter*, proud *Lancaſter*: I, thence theſe teares doe floe.
Had he ſtock't vp that hated ſtocke, had he rac'ſt out that Race,
Python had ceaſt, and he had bene *Apollo* in that cace.
That *Henry* was *Lancaſtrian*, and that *Henry* was aliue,
And where he liu'd, & that he ſhould not liue if we would thriue,
He knew ywis: yeat knew he not his death how to contriue.
The Duke of *Brutaine* is no God, then how the diuell y'ſte
That both my brothers, laboring him, for whome they labord myſte:

Their

Their *Sinons* weare too ſimple, and their bribes but petite geere:
Whē had they bought him with their ſouls they had not bought him deere.
The heire of *Lancaſter* (fie how it loathes to ſound that name)
Enioyes the Crowne: nay worſe, enioyes to wife a *Yerkeſh* Dame:
Worſer, the name *Plantagenet* is buryed in the ſame:
And, worſt of all, their Title ſuch as law bids vs diſclame.
Who would haue lookt ſuch change to chaunce? oh howe I feed like will
As *Ætas* daughter *Æſons* houſe with tragedies to fill?
Who can endure to ſee their friends decline, their Foes aſcend?
I ſee it, and for ſeeing ſo doe wiſh my life had end.

When that her darling had his looſe ſhe left him to his wings:
Who ſtead not to worſe company or at leſſe game than Kings.
He lighteth in the *French Kings* Court, wheare (honord as the ſame
From whom he falſely would contriue a Crowne by forged name)
He had Supplies, and *Engliſh* ayds, and *Iriſh* troupes alſo,
With which he lands in England: where King *Henry* met the Foe.
On either part the Battell was right bloodie, but at length
The King ſubdues, and *Perken* ſtead the land, diſpoyld of ſtrength.
Then, as the *French*, the *Scotch* King did repute of him: whereby
He wyu'd a Lady paſſing fayre and of the Kings Allie,
The Earle of *Huntlies* daughter of the ſcotch-blood-royall bread:
Shee both before and after that her low-pris'd Mate was dead,
When well ſhe knew his parentage, and felt his ebbed ſtate,
In onely ſorrow did abound, in loue no whit abate:
Howbeit in the *Engliſh* Court prefer'd to high eſtate.

Theare (for ſhe was of comely parts and vncompeered face)
Shee, often brauely courted, yeelds no Courtier labor'd grace.
To one among'ſt the reſt that moſt admierd her aunſwers chaſte
She ſayd: beſides the ſinne and that I ſo might liue diſgrac'ſte,
A Preſedent of wrong and woe did make me long ſince vow
Chaſtly to liue the Loue of him whom Fates ſhould me allow.
I knew (quoth ſhe) a Knight (a Knight he was in each reſpecte)
I knew a Ladie (fayre ſhe was but fouly to be check)

They loued long (if that to loue and leaue may loue be sayd)
Till lastly she conceyued loue wheare loue should be denayd.
Then he, whose Sowles Soule goddiz'd her, perceiuing her vntruth,
Became vnlike himselfe, and mou'd, saue her, each one to ruth.
At last he runs distraught about, and what his moods conceited
He did: confusedly he wept, askt, answerd, and intreated:
Ah many a time (for though his words lackt methode, yeat they mo-
He had these speeches, arguments how earnestly he loued. (ued)

CHAP. XXXVI.

MY Mistresse is a Paragon, the fayrest fayre aliue:
Atrides and *Æacides* for faire lesse faire did striue.
Her colour fresh as Damaske Rose, her breath as Violet,
Her bodie white as Iuorie, as smooth as polisht Iet,
As soft as Downe, & were she down *Ioue* might come down & kisse
A Loue, so fresh, so sweet, so white, so smooth, so soft as this.
The *Cleonæan* Lions spoyles for her I would redresse.
I would the *Lernan Hydras* heads with sword and fire suppresse.
My force the *Erymantheon* Bore should brauely ouermatch.
The swift-foote golden horned Stag I, running, would orecatch.
My bow the Birds of *Stymphalus* from wastfull prayes should chace.
Of her proud Baldricke would I spoyle the *Amazon* at *Thrace*.
Augeas washed Stables should my seauenth Labour end.
I with the Bull of *Calidon*, victorious, would contend.
On horse-deuoured *Diomede* like honour should be wonne.

The

The *Spanish* Robber *Geron* should by me to death be done.
In spight of Spight in *Hespera* I golden fruit would pull.
Three-headed *Cerberus* in chaynes should make the Iury full,
Beast, Snake, Bore, Stag, Birds, Bealt, Planks, Bull, Theese, Frute, Dog, *Diomead*,
Chokt, scar'd, pauncht, cought, pearst, priz'd, washt, throwne, slaine, puld, chaned, horse-fead.
Were labours lesse than I would act, might I of her be spead.
Dull mal-contented *Saturne* rulde the houre when I was borne:
Had *Iupiter* then starr'd I had not liued now forlorne:
Or *Mars* had steel'd my milkie heart with manlier moods than thees:
Or *Mercurie* had apted me to plead for Louers fees:
Or *Sol* infused sense to search what better me behou'd:
Or *Venus* made me louely, so for loue to be belou'd:
Or *Luna* (Contrary to Loue) had bettered the best:
Ah, could seauen Planets and twelue Signes constell one such vnrest?
Then lou'd that Sier of Gods when he had vow'd his childrens death:
That Sonne of his made wanton scapes with Lasses on the earth.
Dirus, aske *Vulcan* and his Arte if thou didst loue or noe.
And *Hermes* that he *Herse* lou'd will not disclaime I troe.
Nor weart thou *Phœbus* chaste although thou wor'st a willow withe.
Thou *Citherea* hadst a leash of Loues besides the Smith.
Endimion gaynst *Diana* could vouch farther than the eye.
Thus lou'd ye all, ye churlish Starres, yeat let ye Louers dye.
This sayd he, and for this he sayd, I for the ruth of this
Did vow, that whoso once were mine I would be onely his.
Why? these his words did sauor wit, not one distraught (quoth he.)
Nay heare the rest of his vnrest, it followeth thus (quoth she).
Oft would he kisse a senceles Tree and say, sweet Mistresse mine,
I was, I am, and will be still the same and euer thine.
Beleeue me, or if so you doubt, Anatomize my braine,
And ore my Senses see your selfe the Sourentesse to raigne.
Beleeue me, or if so you doubt, rip out my heart, and see
Your selfe in it, in it you are and euermore will be.
Beleeue me, or if so you doubt, commaund I forthwith dye,

And ſee your ſelfe the onely heauen whereto my ſoule doth flye.
If ſuch I ſeeme and be not ſuch, let nought betide me well.
If ſuch I ſeeme and be not ſuch, I wiſh no heauen but hell.
If ſuch I ſeeme and be not ſuch, your Fauours let me mis.
With that he bleſt himſelfe and ſayd, ah, what a wiſh was this?
Then ſteps he to ſome other Tree, and, as vnto a frend,
Bewayles himſelfe, with long diſcourſe of loue to little end.
And (as it were a myſterie) thus many a time would tell
Of one *Erickmon*, as might ſeeme, with him acquainted well.
Who would (quoth he) haue thought that he had doted on a Laſſe?
Who rather would haue thought the Girle ſo gilefull as ſhe was?
Once brau'd he it and often found with ſilken Wenches grace:
Yeat (and I wonder) faults he not, though hauing time and place.
He neuer hild but gracious thoughts of women, yeat I winne
The fayreſt She he euer ſaw might quit his thoughts of ſinne.
When of the Court and Citie both he could ſufficient ſay,
From eithers buſie Vanities he getteth him away:
Amongſt the woods his happieſt dayes by-come or to be paſt:
He found, had not *Gynettas* face intrapped him at laſt.
Nor Court nor Citie had ſhe ſeene, yeat eithers prayſe ſhe had:
So much more worth by howe much leſſe ſhe was vnnicely clad.
At ſixteene yeares ſuch was ſhe as at Twentie, and at boeth
Well worth the louing, for her loore, her face, and comely groeth.
Thence, waxing amorous, he checkt his eyes that checkt him ſo,
Which checks as oft were countercheckt by Loue his mightier Foe.
He loath'd to liue, that liu'd to loue, and lou'd to loſſe, for why?
He ſcorn'd that wontleſſe paſſion, or an amorous Foole to dye.
Full often therefore would he balke her ſight that pleas'd him moſt,
And, if perceau'd to be in loue, falſe freedome would he boaſt.
But all for nought, not abſence or ſweete exerciſe of wit,
Or ought beſides might put aſide Loues ouer-maſtring fit.
Thus pyned ere he pleadeth loue, yeat pleaſing her ſo well
As none had fitter time and place his hearts vnreſt to tell,

At length he flatly sayes he loues, when (words too sweet for trew)
Her answere was she liked him, and so attonement grew.
Then vncontroulled kisses and imbracings (often mixt
With lesse than loue too grosse, though more than should be such be-
Were currant: And if euer man did fish before the net, (twixt)
If euer man might credit her did by her credit set,
If euer man for heartie loue deserued honest meede,
Erickmon might beleeue himselfe to be belou'd indeede:
More arguments of earnest loue gaue neuer Mayde than she,
Lesse cause to falsifie that loue gaue neuer Man than he.
Howbeit, on aduantage play'd *Gynetta* all this while,
And by externall smoothnes did obscure internall guile.
There was a Swayne, a wylie wagge, that with his apish toyes,
His Pedlarie, and pype-notes, such as pleaseth girles and boyes,
So chang'd (I would haue sayd bewitcht, but that she often chang'd)
Gynetta, that her former loue was sodaynly estrang'd.
Erickmon hardly brok't such bace coryuing of the Swayne,
And of her loue and wits did wish reducement all in vayne.
Was neuer Girle so ouergon that had so good a wit,
So well reported of ere then, and well deseruing it,
Than was *Gynetta*: giltie then both of her owne reproofe
And of her Louers griefe, that sate and sighte thereat aloofe.
And, were it not that she was young, and that *Erickmon* knew
She rather seem'd than sin'd in deede, he might haue err'd in view.
With weeping heart he her remaunds to be with him at-one:
And many restlesse daies and nights consumeth he in mone,
To thinke vpon her madnes, which her selfe beleeued none.
Her too much wronged Relict might (as wel he might) be greeu'd,
Perhaps offended, but God knowes no whit the more releeu'd.
So wilfull she, so wylie and officious was her Squier,
That, craft intrapping craft, they both did enter bootles fier:
She bore a mind more haughtie than to humble her so much,
And he a bacer minde than that he hop't his fortune such:

Yeat

Yeat either lik't at randon, not resoluing any end,
Vnlesse, perhaps, she dallied him as erst her former frend.
Meane while (for Apes be euer Apes) somwhat did he not well
That mou'd a discord, and through it their loues deuorse befell.
Erickmon languisht all this while not re-beloued long,
For shee that tayl'd to doe him right did feofe on him the wrong,
Who, giltles, pleadeth giltie (for what was it he would not
To reconcile her fauour, lost might seeme ere it was got?)
So loue, againe a foote, gaue both re-intertainement hot.
Not any, lou'd they nere so much, seem'd more to loue than they,
Nor any, lou'd she any whit, in loue made shorter stay
Than shee: for he doe what he could, did often times offend:
For why? euen impudently she grew toyous in the end,
That was so modest comly erst as none might her amend,
A Supersedeas for her loue was euery new-come frend:
And being now in much request, and waxing proud of fauour,
By artificiall pryde she chang'd her naturall behauiour:
Her face was Maskt, her locks were curl'd, her bodie pent with buske,
And (which was needles, she more sweet) her rayment sented Muske:
By all she did might seeme to be vnlike her selfe she ment:
Yeat (worst of all) to *sanctum*-Sinne too aptly is she bent:
Erickmon when that followed her vnpitied, not vnpearst,
Reform'd his wits, his sute and hope of her, not now as earst,
And scornd her mind that scornd his loue to her so firmly geason,
For why? shee offred double wrong to wrong and scorne a reason.
Thus whilst he hopt he hild her least: so altereth the cace
With such as she: Ah such it is to build on such a face.
This sayd he, and for this he sayd, I for the ruth of this
Did vowe that who so once were mine I would be onely his.
Why? this concern'd not him, nor shew'd a mã distraught, (quoth he)
Nay heare the rest of his vnrest, it followeth thus (quoth shee.)
Then (sheading teares) he to the Tree so spoken to would say,
Was not *Gynetta* false that did *Erickmon* so betray?

But

But hath my Mistresse cause to change? what cause, thinke you, should
I fram'd me hers, she fayn'd her mine, my loue is euer loue. (moues
May ꝑ faire face proue one foule botch, those shining eies proue bleard
That sweete breath stench, like proofe to all that faire or sweete appeard
In her that wrongs her true-loue: let her loathed euer lust,
Begge may she, and vnpitied pine, rot, perish on the dust,
And, dead, be damned, that vnto her true-loue is vniust.
Yee men say all Amen, or if amend your selues ye must,
Curse not (this Mad-man sayd) but sweare that women be vntrew,
Their loue is but a Mummerie, or as an Aprils dew,
Got with a toy, gon with a toy: gifts, flattrie, gawdes, or wine
Will make her checke & flie to game lesse faire, perhaps, than thine,
More amorous than men, and men conuay their loue lesse fine.
If such they are (as such they are) and will be whilst they be,
Why am I then so true of loue? because not borne a she.
Wit lackst thou then (fond Foole). I sigh to say true ayme you giue.
Wheare grew that lacke (fond Foole?) I sigh to say wheare now I liue.
Whence grew that lacke (fond Foole?) I sigh to say frō ioyes remou'd.
When grew that lacke (fond Foole?) I sigh to say when first I lou'd.
And doest thou loue? ah, too too well I wot I loue indeede.
Why doest thou loue? with lucke too ill I loue for louers meede.
Whome dost thou loue? ah, too too well I wot a louely She.
What time in loue? with lucke too ill in loue too long for me.
Wit lackst thou then that wilfully doest erre and nourish it.
Wit doe I lacke, not wilfully, then blame not will but wit.
How shall I doe? my Heart is lost, and I am left in woe:
Met any man a poore tame Heart? the Heart, good Folke, I owe:
Strucken, maimed, all of gore, and drouping doth it goe.
A Lasse once fauour'd, or at least did seeme to fauour it,
And fostred vp my frollicke Heart with many a pleasing bit:
She lodg'd him neere her Bower, whence he loued not to gad,
But waxed cranke, for why? no Heart a sweeter Layer had.
But whether that some other Deere estranged her or not,

Or

Or that of course her game is Change, my Heart lackt brouse I wot:
Despyſd, displeaſde, and quite disgrac'ſt, my Heart euen to this day
Dislodged, wandring, woe begon, I wot not wheare doth stray.
But see, ah see, I see how *Loue* casts off *Desire* his Hound,
A fell fleet Dogge that hunts my Heart by parſee each-wheare found.
Sweet *Cynthea* rate the eger Curre, and so thy foe preuent:
For loe a farre my chaſed Heart imboſte and almoſt spent.
Thankes, gentle Goddeſſe: now the Lad purſues a bootles chace:
My Heart recouers Couert wheare the Hound cannot hold pace.
Now tappas closely, silly Heart, vnrowſe not and so liue:
The Huntſmans-ſelf is blinde, the Hound at Loſſe doth ouer-giue.
But liſt, alas, *Loues* Beagles be vncoppeld, *Beautie* praites
And driues my Heart from out the thicks, and at Receit awaites
Vaine-hope, and either now falls in, and now my Heart muſt dye,
Now haue they him at Bay, and now in vayne he fights to flye.
Auaunt *Deſire*, ha Curre, auaunt: the Bore so raſe thy hyde.
Vnto the fall of my poore Heart see see how *Loue* doth ryde.
Hearke how he blowes his death: ah see, he now the Say doth take
Of my poore Heart, that neuer more for *Loue* shall paſtime make.
Thus liu'd he till he left his life, and for the ruth of this
I vow'd, that who so once were mine I would be only his.
Yeat (sayd her Sutor) he, not she, was puniſht, as may seeme.
Yes yes, quoth she, a Conſcience prickt is deeply plagu'd I deeme.
Then *Scotland* warr'd on *England*, and in that same watre did end
The Knight that had coryued: so the Ladie loſt each frend.
Oft saw I her in teares, and oft I heard her to complayne
For faith erſt loſt, for loſſe now found, deuding ſighs in twayne.
There be that say (if truely I ayd) vnbodied Soules haue walkt,
And of the Ghoſts of theſe two Knights the like abroad was talkt:
Her eares had this and shee the heart that dared not her eyes,
For thether whence the brute did grow she (fearles faultie) hies:
Her Followers ſtood aloofe when she, alone approching, sayd,
Beloued both, what meanes this fight (they ſeem'd as if they frayd)

Ah, pardon me, ſweet Firſt-belou'd, my guile I graunt was great,
So is my griefe: My latter Loue refraine, let me intreate.
But whilſt ſhe ſpoke of deadly wounds they both did ſeeme to fall,
And after vaniſht, leauing her perplext in feare not ſmall:
Who thenceforth fared as the Knight that did for her diſtraught,
Stil haunted of the Ghoſts, & haunts ỹ place where they had faught,
Vntill of her deſpayring life her ſelfe the Period wraught.
Thus liu'd ſhe till ſhe left her life, and for the ruth of this
I vow'd, that who ſo once were mine I would be onely his.

Tuſh, this was but a Phantaſie, quoth he, of ſubtill Feends,
Deluding her ſimplicitie in figure of her frends:
I heare not that they ſaid or did aught taching her vntruth,
But fooliſh was her feare, the like I cenſure of your ruth.
And ſhall I tell what they did tell, and ſay what they did doe?
I will, for ſo, perhaps, your will ſurceaſe (quoth ſhe) to wowe.
The Ghoſt reſembling him to whom ſhe had diſloyall bin
Sayd: I, and This, and thou be thus and ſhalbe doom'd for ſin:
For dotage in my loue, for his deceitfull luſt, we twaine
Of freeſh-ſore wounds do hourely faint, hurt, heale, heale, hurt againe:
Nor can I vtter halfe we ſee, and feare, and ſuffer ſtill
Of endles Torments: onely thou art Auctreſſe of ſuch ill.
Who loue belou'd beleeue no life but where their loue doth liue,
To fault is then their murdrous fact that firſt defect doth giue.
He had not faulted or I falne hadſt thou hild faith to mee:
Ah little feele we in regard of Plagues prepar'd for thee.
Thus ſayd he, and for thus he ſayd I for the ruth of this
Did vow, that who ſo once were mine I would be onely his.

Well, Madame, quoth the Gentleman, be this ſo, or a ſhift,
I ſee to fruſtrate my demaund is honeſtly your drift:
Then ſo, or not ſo, or what ſo you ſhall inferre of this
It matters not, *Perkin* is yours and be you onely his.
For, ſooth to ſay, we are all faide falſe, it were indeed a hell
To haue a Loues-Coryuall, and as none could brooke it well,

So none should aske, and none should yeeld to after loue begun,
Therefore, sweet Ladie, I conclude such ill is well vndun:
Mine amorous suite hath here an end: and would you might preuaile
With *Perken* too, that proudly striues to beare too high a sayle:
So may you, if perhaps you haue for him so apt a tayle
As this you tould to me for mee, although more hardly trew
As this which I shall tell, that doth include a morall view
Of matter worth the note for him, the rather tould by you:
Then heare it: for our leisure and the order of my Q

CHAP. XXXVII.

SVppose (for so must be supposd) that Birdes and Beasts did speake:
The Cuckooe sometimes lou'd the Owle, and so with her did breake.
Then flew the Owle by day, so did the Cuckooe all the yeare,
So did the Swallow and the Batte: but howe it hapned heare.

The Cuckooe by the Swallow (then the Swallow was his Page)
Did send the Owle a tucking Moule, a tydie fat the age:
The Bat (the Bat then seru'd the Owle) prefer'd the Bringer and
The Present to her Mistres sight, that in her Tod did stand.
My maister to your Owleship, quoth the Swallow, sends by me
This Modicum, desiring you to take the same in gree.
The Owle, that neuer till that day had tasted flesh of Mouse,
Had quickly lopte a Limbe or two, and feasteth in her house
The Swallow with a cutsee of her then disgorged wheat:
When, talking of the daintie flesh and elfwhat, as they eate,

The Bat (then waiting at the boorde) fetcht sighes a two or three:
The Owle did aske the cause. And doe you aske the cause, quoth she,
Why thus I sigh when thus in sight my kindred murthred be?
My selfe was sometimes such, and such am still, saue now I fly:
With that she freshly swept: and thus proceeded by and by.

A fresh, quoth she, now comes to minde mine Auncestors ill hap,
Whō pride made praies to Kestrels, Kites, Cats, Weasels, Bae, & trap:
My Grandsier (for wheare Nature failes in strength she adds in wit)
Was full of Science: But, insooth, he misapplied it.
The Weasell, Prince of Vermen (though beside a vertuous Beast)
By shrewdnes of my Grandsiers wit his Holes with hoords increaste,
And seem'd to coun him thankes, whō none besides had cause to thank:
For Princes Fauors often make the fauored too cranke.
Not only Mice, but Lobsters, Cats, and noble Vermen paide
In comming *Coram Nobis* for some crime against them laide.
But, God, it is a world to see, when purposes be sped,
How Princes, hauing fatted Such, are with their fatnes fed:
The Weasel seru'd my Grandsier so and euery Vermen laught
To see himselfe in Snare that had in Snares so many caught.
Now also liue some wylie Beasts, and fatly do they feede
Mongst Beasts of chace & birds of game, with lesse then needfull heed.
My Graundsier dead, my Father was in fauour nerthelesse:
Nor did his Father more than he for high Promotion presse.
And (though I say it) long time he deserued fauors well,
For quayling Foe men, and at home such Vermen as rebell:
And for the same the Weasell did him mightily preferre:
But Honors made him haughtie, and his haughtines to erre:
I will be plaine, he waxt too prowd, and plotted higher drifts
Than fitted him or sadged well, for who haue thriu'd by shifts?
Nor will I say (because his sonne) he wrong'd the Weasell, but
The Weasell died, and that that did succeede no shifts he put:
For which his Fathers Fortune did oretake him at the last:
Such fickelnesse in earthly pompe, which, flowing ebs as fast.

This

This double warning might haue ickt vnto my wit, but I
Did follow Kinde: Nay, more, I did importune *Dis* to fly,
And he did giue me these blacke wings, resembling him that gaue the
A proper Gift, and hardly got, to shame me now I haue them.
But know yee *Dis*? some *Pluto* him or *Limbos* God doe call:
Or, aptlier said, in Hell of diuels the Chiefe and Principall:
And somwhat now of him and how I changed say I shall.

I hapned on a Cranny, whilst my Mouse-daies lasted, which
I entring, wandred crooked Nookes and pathes as darke as pitch:
Theare, hauing lost my selfe, I sought the open aire in vaine,
Both wanting foode, & light, and life well neare through trauels paine.
The Moole by chaunce did crosse my way, and (as ye know) her smell
Supplies her want of sight and serues her purpose full as well:
I heard a tracting sownd and, skar'd, my haire did stand vpright,
Nor could I see, or fly, but feare and blesse me from a Spright:
She had me, hild me, questions of my being theare the cause,
And in meane while peruseth me with fauorable clawes.
I was about to pleade for life, when she preuents me thus:
Ha, Cosen Mouse, what Fortune giues this meeting heere to vs?
Feare not my Sonne (I call thee Sonne because I loue thee much)
Doe hold thy selfe as merry heere as in a Pantlers hutch:
What know'st not me? or see'st thou not? with that she leadeth me
Into an higher roome, wheare her to be mine Eame I see.
I did my dutie, and my heart was lightned when mine eie
Encountered a friend whereas I made account to die.
Before me sets Shee Viands, and my stomacke seru'd me well:
And, hauing fed, my Grandsiers and my Fathers ends I tell,
(For She enquires for them, ere I acquaint her what befell.)
The reuerent Moole, then sighing, said: ah, let no Vermine thinke
That Fortune euer fauors, or that friends will neuer shrinke:
I did fore-smell their lostie flight would cost them once a fall,
And therefore, Cosen, see thou be forewarned therewithall.
Heere seest thou me (I tell thee, though I prise not Gentry now,

Thine Eame and of the elder house) that long agoe did vow
My selfe a Recluse from the world, and, celled vnder ground,
Least that the gould, the precious stones and pleasures here be found
Might happen to corrupt my minde, for blindnes did I pray,
And so contemplatiuely heere I with contentment stay.
Admitte the Weasell graceth thee, the more he doth the more
The other Vermen will maligne and enuy thee therefore:
Himselfe, perhaps, will listen to thy ruine for thy store:
Or thou thy selfe, to mount thy selfe, maiest runne thy selfe a shore.
That Vermen that hath reason, and his owne Defects espies,
Doth seeme to haue a soule, at least doth thriue by such surmies,
For what is it but reason that humaine from brutish tries?
But man, or beast, neither hath troth that this for true denies,
He hath enough that hath wherewith pure Nature to suffies:
In ouerplus an ouercharge for soule and body lies,
For Souldiors, Lawyers, Carrions, Theeues, or Casualties a Prize,
His comber-minde that lines with it and leaues it when he dies,
From whome to catch it scarce his heire staies closing of his eyes:
O wretched wealth, which whoso wants no Fortune him enuies.
Here maiest thou feast thee with a Mad: & here no Picke thanke price
Into thy life, nor words well spoke to ill vnmeant applies:
No Flatterer to vndermind: no tongue no eare for lies:
No gleaning from the Orphant: no oppressed widowes cries:
No bribes to giue, no hands to take: no quarrelling for flies:
No wronges to right: no lawes to breake, because no law that ties,
But what wee lust we doe, nor doe nor lust badd enterprize:
And finde lesse want in Nature, than wits-want in Arts disguize.
Nor any heere in force, in friends, fraud, wealth, or wit affies:
O doe thou not so rich, so safe, and iust a life despies:
Theare lacketh not of noble Births to star the courtly skies.
Theare be enowe Politians, thou maiest for thy Soule be wise:
Then leaue thou matters of estate to States, I thee aduise:
And rather sit thou safely still, than for a fall to rise.

Not for shee was my Elder or mine Eame, but for the place
I hild my peace, that would haue sayd her Moolships minde was bace.
But she perceiues me to dissent, and saieth, Cosen Mouse,
Doe as you like, you shall not finde a prison of my house:
Stay while you will, goe when you will, come & returne at pleasure,
And euer welcome: Vertue is an vncompelled Treasure. (theare
This past, & thence passe we through deepe darke waies, saue here &
The vaines of gould and pretious stones made light in darke appeare:
Vaste Vaults as large as Iles we passe, great Riuers theare did flow,
Huge wormes & Mõsters there I saw, which none on earth do know.
On goe we, till I saw a glimps and shc heard noise of flame,
Then said shee praiers, bidding me to blesse me from the same.
I, musing, strain'd her meaning: She her meaning thus did tell.
That flaming Region, euer such (quoth she) is *Plutos* Hell:
All gould, all mettals, wealth, and pompe that nourish Mortals pride
Are hence and his, and hether they doe theare Mis-guiders gide:
He them inchaunteth, and the same inchaunt the folke on Earth,
Vntill their dying dotage theare finds heere a liuing death.
Still nertheles I wisht to see the hellish Monarch *Dis*,
When he (more ready to be found then for our profite is)
Ore-heard vs, and vnbid himselfe, and shinde in rich array,
And seem'd a glorious Angell, and full gently thus did say. (much,
That slandrous blind bace-minded Moole, friend Mouse, deceiues thee
And prates of me, of Hell, and Earth more than is so or such:
Beleeue him not, but rather do beleeue thine eyes, and see
If any earthly pleasure is vntripl'd heere with mee.
Then shewde he sights (which since I found illusions to betray)
Of greater worth than Earth affords, or I haue Art to say:
Nay, more, he bids me aske what so I would, and I should haue it:
Then did I pause, bethinking what was rarest I might craue it.
My Holes were stor'd with corne & croomes, on Earth I walkt at will,
And in her Bowels now had seene indifferently my fill,
Vpon it, nor within it, not sufficing to my pride,

I asked winges, scarce asked when they grew on either side.
Short leaue I tooke, & mounting left the Hell-God and the Moole,
And soared to the open Aire through many a sory hoole.
It was at Twilight, and the Birds were gone to roust, but I
(Inchaunted with the noueltie of flight) vnweared flye,
And had the Sunne been vp, I ween (such pride bewitcht my wit
To Egel-fie my selfe) I had assayd to soare to it:
Not seeing that my limber wings were Leather-like vnplum'de,
But at the Dawning also I of wing-worke still presum'de.
The Swallow (and I weene it was this Sallowes father) he
Was earliest vp, with him I met, and he admired me.
I hild him wing, and wistly he surueies me round about,
And lastly, knowing who I was, did giue me many a flout,
And fled to tell the other birds, what vncouth Fowle was bred,
Who flockt to see me, till with gibes and girds I wisht mee ded.
Then, shifting out of sight, I hung till Twilight in a hoole,
Transformde, derided, hunger-spent, and (minding still the Moole)
In vaine I wisht reducement of my shape, and (which was worste)
My hap was harder than to owne in that distresse a Crust.
Then fled I to my wonted Holes of hoorded food to get,
Too narrow by mine added wings that did mine entry let.
Now Mise fled me, not to the Moole I would returne for shame,
To *Dis* I durst not, mong'st the Birds I was a laughing game.
Then curst I mine aspiring minde, then knew I *Dis* a Diuell,
The Diuell the Prince of Pride, and Pride the roote of euery euill.
Hell, Earth, Aire, Heauen, and what not? then conspiring mine vnrest,
What might remaine but death for me that liued so vnblest?
But as I, fainting, flew that night your Ladiship, Dame Owle,
Did call me to your Todd, and glad to see a new night-fowle,
Did take me to your seruice, thence your Chamberlaine to be:
Ha *Iupiter* reward it you that so releeued mee.
It is a sweete continuall feast to liue content I see:
No daunger but in high estate, none enuy meane degree.

Then all this proceſſe (quoth the Owle) doth tend, belike, to this,
That I ſhould eate no Mouſe-fleſh: Nay, Sir Bat, ſo ſweete it is
That thou, ſo neere of Kinne to them, ſhalt alſo ſerue my luſt:
And therewithall in ruthles clawes the hapleſſe Bat ſhe truſt.

HEere meant the Courtior to haue left, whom *Perkens* Lady prayes
To tell what end ſuch wowing had: And thus hereof he ſayes.
The Swallow ſaw that cruell pranke and flies aloofe and ſayde,
Vngratefull Glutton, what offence hath that thy Seruant made?
Choke mayſt thou with the murther. So he left her, and vnto
The Cuckooe telleth what the Owle vnto the Bat did doe.
Varlet (he waxed cholericke) and what of that, quoth he?
Was not the Bat her bond-Slaue, ſuch as thou art now to me?
What tel'ſt me then of other newes then what her anſwere is,
Vnto mine amorous Meſſage, ſayes my Lady nay or yis?
The Swallow told him that through ſuch occurrant of the Bat:
He, interrupted, came away vnaunſwered in that.
A miſchiefe, quoth he, both on that and thee ill fauoured Elfe:
And in a ſtammering chafe he fled to wowe the Owle himſelfe.
The Swallow Mans him thether, whom the deu'liſh Owle did hate,
And all becauſe he had reprou'd her tyrannie of late.
The Cuckooe, offering to haue bilde, ſhe coyely turnde her face,
Tis more, quoth ſhe, than needeth that we kiſſe, as ſtands the cace:
Rid hence yonn ſame your knauiſh Page, you ſent him with a Mouſe
To ſpie my ſecretes, or belike to braue me in my houſe.
Gods pretious, would you knew I beare a mind leſſe bace then that
I can diſgeſt your Drudge with me ſo ſaucely ſhould chat:
Iacke Napes, forſooth, did chafe becauſe I eate my Slaue the Bat.
O what a world is this that we can nothing priuate haue
Vncenſur'd of our Seruants, though the ſimpleſt Gill or Knaue?
Well, rid him of your ſeruice: Nay, it skils not if of life,
At leaſt if ſo you meane that we ſhall loue as man and wife,
For ſuch Colecarriers in an houſe are euer hatching ſtrife.

The Cuckooe, hearing this complaint, flew on his trusty Page,
And vndiscreatly gaue him strokes that kild him in that rage.
Yeat, eare he left his life, he thus vnto his Maister sayd:
Thus many honest Seruants in their Masters hastie brayd
Are Dog-like handled, either yeat like deare in *Ones* iust eyes:
Of Harlots and of hastines beware, sayd he, and dyes.
When now her gluttony and spight had thus dispatched twaine,
The Cuckooe, plying amorously her fauour to obtaine,
Euen then, and looking very bigge, in came the Buszard, who
Did sweare that he would kill and slay, I mary would he doe,
If any Swad besides himselfe faire Madam Owle did wowe.
The Cuckooe, seeing him so bog, waxt also wondrous wroth:
But thus the Owle did stint the strife. Shee cals them husbands both:
Now fie (quoth she) if so you could betwixt your selues agree,
Yee both should haue your bellies full, and it no hurt to me.
The Buszard faintly did consent, the Cuckooe sayd Amen:
And so was Hen inough for Cocke, not Cocke inough for Hen,
For she deceyues them both, and had besides them other game:
The Gentle Buszard dying soone for sorrow of the same.
The Cuckooe wisely saw it and did say but litle to it,
As nooting she was set on it and knowing she would doe it.
But what the Swallow warned him of Harlots proued trew,
For, as was gessed, also him by trecherie she slew.
The Goddesse *Pallas*, to giue end vnto these tragicke deedes,
Descended, and (the dead reuiu'd) to Sentence thus proceedes.
The Bat, becausse begild of *Dis*, See pittieth partly and
Permits him Twy-light flight: to giue thereby to vnderstand
That to aspire is lawfull, if betwixt a Meane it stand.
The Swallow, for that he was trew and slaine for saying well,
Shee doomb'd a ioyfull Sommers Bird, in Winter time to dwell
Euen with *Mineruas* secrete store, as learned Clarkes doe tell.

The

The Buszard, for he doted more and dared leſſe than reaſon,
Through blind bace Loue indaring wrong reuengeable in ſeaſō,
She eie-blur'd, and adiudged Praies the daſtard'ſt and leaſt geaſon.
Vnto the Cuckooe, ouerkinde to brooke Corriuals, ſhe
Adiudg'd a Spring-times changeles note, and whilſt his yong ones be
By others hatcht, to name and ſhame himſelfe in euery Tree.
But liue, quoth ſhe, vnto the Owle aſhamed of the light,
Be wondred at of Birds by day, fly, filch, and howle all night,
Haue lazie wings, be euer leane, in ſullen corners tucke,
When thou art ſeene be thought a ſigne to folke of euill lucke:
Nor ſhall thine odious forme, vile Witch, be longer on my Shield:
Whence racing forth her Figure, ſo the Goddeſſe left the field.

IVſt Guerdons for Ambition, for poore Soules oppreſt for well,
For daſtard Dotards, Wittolrie, and Harlots nice you tell,
Said *Perkens* Wife. But thus now of her husbands pride befell.
At laſt when ſundry Armes had end, *Henry* victorious ſtill,
And *Perkens* paſſage was fore-ſtald, he yeelds of his owne will
Himſelfe from Churches Priuiledge to *Henries* Mercy, who
Did onely limitte his abode, and leſſe he could not doe:
But when he ſought eſcapes he then had petite puniſhment,
And after, for ſome new attempts, to Tower was he ſent:
Whence practiſing eſcape, t'was ſayd, he won to his intent
Young *Edward* Earle of Warwicke, that indeed was *Clarences* ſon,
And euer had been Priſner theare eare *Henries* raigne begon,
And now by law, too ſtrickt me ſeemes, for this to death was don.
Perken was hang'd, and hang may ſuch: but that the Earle ſhould die
Some thought hard law, ſaue that it ſtood with preſent pollicie.
Sir *William Stanley* dide for this (oft King-law is doe thus)
Deſeruing better of the King: but what is that to vs?
The laſt of our three *Phaetons* was tuter'd of a Fryer:
Who, being fitted now by Art and nature to aſpier,

(The foresaid name of *VVarwicke* fain'd) seduced folke thereby:
As I my selfe in *Essex* heard and saw a Traitor dye
That fain'd himselfe sixt *Edward*, and to grace-out such his lye,
Lookes, bodie, words, and gesture seem'd heroycall, to view
He had like age, like markes, and all that might inforce it trew:
Whereby to him assisting minds of simple Folke he drew.
Our Cowle-mans foresayd Actor so preuailed that the Fryer
In Pulpets durst affirme him King, and Aydes for him requier:
But lastly both were taken: both did fault in one same ill,
Yeat rope-law had the Youth, the Frier lin'd Clergie-knaued still.

VVHen Armour ended Auarice began (for then begins
The slye *Mercurileft*, and more by wyles then valour wins.)
Beneuolences, Taxes and sore Fines for penall lawes,
To *Henry* hoords from *Henry* hearts of many a Subiect drawes.
Empson & *Dudly* (fur'd Esquiers more harmefull, being gown'd,
To *Englands* friends than *Englands* foes, through Auarice profound)
In such exacting chiefly Act, applauded of the King,
To whom their ciuill Thefts, not Thrifts, exceeding wealth did bring.
Yeat whē the gracious King found out their racking Rich & Poore,
He then did pardon much, and much did purpose to restore:
But, dying, those two *Harpies* lost their hated heads therefore.
So hardly fauoured of Kings themselues in bownes containe,
That they, securely stout, at length doe perish through disdaine.
So hardly too some Princes are from priuate Lucar wonne,
As, though their bags ore-flow, they think no harme abroad vndone.
Henry (acquite his latter dayes of Auarice fore named)
Deceast for Prowesse, Policie, and Iustice highly famed.

THE

THE EIGHT BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXXIV.

EIGHT *Henry* (heire indubitate of *Yorke* and *Lancaster*)
Succeeded, and with Kingly rites his Father did interr.
His mind, his words, his lookes, his gaet, his lynaments, and Stature,
Weare such for Maiestie as shew'd a King compos'd by Nature.
All Subiects now of ciuill strife, all counter-minds for Raigne,
All enuious of his Empier now weare rid, weare pleas'd, or slaine.
Rich weare his sundrie Tryumphs: but his cost had foyzen than
When *Terwin* and strong *Turnay* in resisting *France* he wan:
When *Maximilian* Emperour did vnder *Henry* fight:
When *English* Ships did often put the *French* Sea-powre to flight:
And that the *French* King was inforc'st to craue and buy his peace,
Who, wining louely *Mary*, so the warres for then did cease.
This sister to our King, and then the *French* Kings goodly Queene,
Was welcommed with Tryumphs such as erst in *France* vnseene.
Iustes, Barriers, Tylts, & Turneyes were proclaymed each wheare for (All:
Whereforeto *Paris* at the time flockt Cauteliers ful tall,
With Princes braue, and Ladies faire of euery Realme about,

And

And hence, with moe, *Charles Brandon*, in fine Chiualrie most stout,
Whose bodie fitted to his mind, whose mind was puesant, and
Whose puesance yeelded not to *Mars*, this *Mars* in *France* did lād:
With whō incoūtred valiāt knights, but none might him withstād.
The *English-French* Queene standing theare, admir'd for beautie rare,
Behild the Tryumphs, in the which high Feates performed ware.
But *Brandon* (yet no Duke) he was the Knight aboue the rest
That in her eye (nor did she erre) acquited him the best.
For whether that he trots, or turnes, or bounds, his barded Steede,
Did runne at Tylt, at Randon, or did cast a Speare with heede,
Or fight at Barriers, he in all did most her fancie feede.
Weake on a Couch her King lay theare, whō though she loued well,
Yeat likte she *Brandon*, and the same lou'd her ere this befell:
For chastly had they fancied long before she came to *Fraunce*,
Or that from meane estate to Duke *Henry* did him aduaunce.
The dayes of Triumph weare expir'd, and *English* Peeres with praise
Come home, and *Lewes* King of *France* decea'st within few daies.
Charles Brandon, Duke of *Suffolke* then, with honour furnisht hence,
Was sent to *France* for to returne the widow Queene from thence,
Who had been wed scarce thrice three weekes vnto a sickly King,
To her, a fayre young Queene, therefore smal time might solace bring.
Yet lesse did time thā braue Duke *Charles* asswage fair *Maries* griefe:
He chats, she cheers, he courts, she coyes, he wowes, she yeelds in briefe.
No windes (thought she) assist those Sayles that seeke no certain Shore,
Nor find they constant liues that but they liue respect no more.
Let each ones life ayme some one end: as, if it be to marrie,
Then see, heare, loue, and soone conclude, it betters not to tarrie.
To cast too many doubts (thought she) weare oft to erre no lesse
Than to be rash: And thus, no doubt, the gentle Queene did gesse,
That seeing This or That at first or last had likelyhood,
A man so much a manly Man weare dastardly withstood:
Then Kisses reueld on their Lips to either's equall good,
And, least King *Henry* should dissent, they secretly did wead,

And

And then ſollicet his good will, and of their wiſhes ſpead.
The periur'd valiãt *Scotch*-King *Iames*, ſlayn at braue *Flodons* Slaugh-
Had alſo left in widowhood *Englands* fayre elder Daughter. (ter,
She alſo weds a *Scottiſh* Earle, vnlicenc'ſt of her Brother; (mother.
And was to her Sons Daughters Sonne, now ſixt *Iames*, great-Grand-

A Scruple, after twentie yeares, did enter *Henries* mind,
For wedding of Queene *Katherin*, a Ladie fayre and kind,
Spaynes Daughter, then the Emperours Aunt, and for her vertuous life
Well worthie *Henry*: But for ſhe had beene his Brothers wife,
And alſo of their coiture ſurmiſe directed Lawes,
He ſeem'd in conſcience toucht, and ſought to rid him of the Cauſe.
Then was the matter of Deuorſe through Chriſtendome diſputed,
The Match of all adiudged voyd, and ſo the Queene non-ſuted.
She, after teares to him from whom ſhe was to be deuorſte,
Did humbly ſay: and am I not, my Lord, to be remorſte? (and
That twentie yeeres haue bene your Wife, & borne your Children,
Haue lou'd and liu'd obediently, and vnſuſpected ſtand.
I am (ah too too ſweetly err'd) I was, poore Soule, the ſame
Whom once you did preferre, nor now of me you neede to ſhame.
The bloſſomes of my beautie was your Bootie, nor my fauour
Now alters ſo to alter ſo from me your late behauour.
But Conſcience is the colour of this quarrell: well I wot
I alſo haue a conſcience that in this accuſeth not:
But as the ſame, perhaps, might ſay that me ſucceedes ſay I,
That for the pleaſure of a Prince goe many things awry.
Which her Fore-doomes ſeem'd to effect in her that her ſucceeded,
In Queene *Anne Bullyn*: who, for ſhe in *Lutheriſme* proceeded,
Was hated of the *Papiſts*, and enui'd becauſe preferr'd, (err'd)
And through the Kings too light beleefe (for Kinges haue ſometimes
She loſt her head, and might haue ſayd (ſome thought) ere ſhe did dye,
That for the pleaſure of the Prince goe many things awry.
So dyde the gracious Mother of our now moſt glorious Queene,

Whose zeale in reuerent *Fox* his works autenticall is seene.
The Kings foure other Queenes (for why? he dide a *Sexamus*)
Shall passe, though *Iane* did beare a Sonne to him, a King to vs,
Edward the Sixt: and of the same we shall deliuer thus.

CHAP. XXXV.

SVCH as was *Loue* in Figure of *Ascanius*, whē the same
In kisses slie did sheade himselfe into the *Tyrian* Dame,
Or such as was sweete *Hyacint*, *Apollos* louely Boy,
Or *Iupiters Ganymedes*, rapt vp to heauen from *Troy*,
Or rather like young *Salomon*, in sentencing betwixt
Two mothers claiming one same Child, was young *Edward* the Sixt.
Now *Rome* fell sicke in *England*, but how long she lay in traunce
We list not write, alonly death to her did neuer chaunce:
For old *Rome* neuer lackt that durst their liues for her bestoe,
Nor new *Rome* that to Hell for her dare soules and bodies goe.
Then true Religion might be sayd with vs in Primatiue,
The Preachers and the people both then practiuely did thriue:
Our decent Church-Rites, still in print, not practise (worthie those
Whose reuerent heads collected them frō whence true wisedō grocs.
Not mangled then of Nouelties and curious Doubts, which now
Would haue they know not what, & would reform they know not
Omitting or admitting as their owne Conceits allow) (how,

Did

Did then put forth her Braunches, and weare fruitfull in the bood:
And, weare our Church-Lords now for zeale as Church-lawes now
Soone might like vnion be, now by indifferencie withstood: (for good.
For giue to vulgar Heads the head and looke for all confused,
At once they publish and repeale, al els, saue Order, vsed:
And as *Kytts* Campe ill-form'd good forme at their reforming Tree,
Sonnes oft by aime consorting voice their Fathers hang'd should be,
So wheare the Multitude preuaile they censure ere they see.
But (might I be so bould to speake to them should speake to mee)
A good example would doe good in Church-men, seeing thay
In saying troth are lesse beleeu'd, not doing as the say. (works,
I know our Churchmen know that Faith is dead where lack good
Yeat know I not what pollicie in Almes vnpreached lurks.
Some teach (& wel) that these concurre, but few doe vrge the Theame
Of charitie: affeard, perhaps, our Mote should vrge their Beame.
But feare not, Fathers, preach at full Loue, good workes, & Remorse,
More will your bad Examples let than shall your words inforce,
To preach by halfes is to be worse than those tongue-holly Iauells,
That cite good words, but shift off works and Discipline by Cauells.
Oft haue ye handled pithily (not preached without neede)
What good to giue, what hurt to take, frō those that Soules do feede:
But so obscurely hath beene blancht of good workes elsewheare done,
As many, boasting only Faith, Faiths fruites selfe-aptly shonne:
When such a faith is but the faith of that faith-fruitles Deuill
That cited Scripture vnto Christ, applying good to euill.
Tell whether that the *Leuite* or *Samaritane* did better:
Tell wherein *Dives* liu'd and dide to *Lazarus* a Debter.
Vnknot sententious *Salomon* his Parable which is,
Full Cloudes will rayne vpon the Earth: How thus is meant by this,
Rich mē by Cloudes, poore men by Earth (els Clerks expound amis)
Tell, how some Cloudes but misell Rayne: that is, if so they giue
A peny-Almes or twaine a yeare they thinke they much releeue.
Som Clouds flash down their Shewres: that is, som set vp two or three,

And beggar so themselues and theirs: say such are foolish free.
Some Clouds hayle downe their Raine, beate flat, hurt, & helpe not p
That is, vpbraid who they releeue, & hold the seruile bound. (ground:
Some Cloudes giue Snow, that lights and lies a moysture moystles: so
Doe those that say, alas, God helpe, and nothing els bestoe.
Some Cloudes doe shewre into the Seas: say such do giue to such
Whom Almes make idle, or belike to recompence as much.
Som Clouds with lightning, thunder, & lowd winds drip downe their
That is, giue sildom almes, & those proclam'd & seene, ere mayne. (raine:
Some Clouds retayne but forme of clouds, with figure black as Coale:
That is, looke bigge, Examine long, but *Scriptum est* their doale.
Some gracious Clouds shed temprate Shewres on thirstie earth indeed:
That is, the Orphant, Widow, Thrall, succour, protect and feed.
Say also whatsoere wee giue, to whosoere it bee,
Though giuen in sight of men, if not because that men should see,
But with Deuotion, as a worke from Faith that cannot seuer,
God for such cheerfull Almes wilbe our bounteous Almner euer.
Say, make not as it weare a Quest of quere ere Yee giue,
But giue yee Almes as men be poore, not as poore men to liue.
Prouided common Beggers nor disordered Lossels, who
Men know prouided for, or can but labour none will doe,
Than whom doe say (for so is sooth) no Creatures worse deserue,
Take you no Orators for them, but that they hang or starue.
And thus for this. Our Ouerture to it reduceth mee.
The Vncles of this Orphant King, so long as they agree,
Vphild Religion, King, themselues, and Realme in happie state:
Which then began to ruinate when they begun debate.

THE

CHAP. XL.

SOme say their falling out was through two
haughtie womens strife,
The *Admiralls* Queene *Bigama* & Lord Pro-
tectors wife:
These (for what glorie envies not one woman
in an other?)
Began a brawle that ended in the blood of either
Brother.
Tis thought the Earle of *Warwick* threw close fewell to this fire,
And nourisht it to cut off them, that so he might aspire:
For when the one had lost his head, he forthwith tooke in hand
To forge the Lord Protector false vnto the King and Land:
Who, though he tryed by his Peeres of treason was acquited,
Yea also of a Statute new he being then indighted,
Was hardly found a Felon, and too strickly sentenc'st so:
For meanest fault is high offence vrg'd of a mightie Foe:
The King thus lost his Vncles both, to his no little woe.

NOw *Warwick* was become a Duke, feared of high and lowe,
Full little thinking that himselfe the next to Blocke should goe:
The two Prince-loyall *Semers* erst made let vnto his lust,
But now remayned none whose faith or force he did mistrust.
The Orphant King fell sicke (but here suspend what some suspect)
The new Duke of *Northumberland* meane while did all direct.
It was contriu'd King *Edward* from his Sisters gaue the Crowne,
Their Fathers Former Act and Will by wrested law put downe:
The Sisters Daughters Daughter of Eight *Henry*, Ladie *Iane*,
Was publisht heire apparant, and that right from *Mary* tane,

And from *Elizabeth*, though both collatrally preceed her:
And when by ful Confedracie the Crowne-right was decreed her,
And *Gylford Dudly* fourth-borne Sonne vnto *Northumberland*
Had married her, and nothing ſeem'd the Plot-forme to withſtand,
King *Edward* (entred ſeauenteene yeares of age, & ſeauen of Raigne)
Departed to that endles reſt his vertuous life did gaine.
The Councel then conuent. But who wil think, perhaps, that one
Should alter All, to alter true Diſcents vnto a Throne?
Iane, *Suffolks* Daughter, *Gylfords* wife (One worthie ſuch eſtate
For righteous and religious life, who neretheleſſe ſhould wate
Her Intreſt after others Two, The younger of which twaine
Did match, yea Mate her vertues) was proclamed Queene to raigne,
And in the tower of *London* hild Eſtate and princely Traine.
Meane while ſtead *Mary*, doubting leſſe her Scepters loſſe than life:
But ſildome fayles a rightfull cauſe that comes to open ſtrife:
The Commons knew our either Law prefer'd a Siſters Right
Before a Coſens, and for it did many fadge to fight.

Northumberland with Armes purſu'd the Ladie *Mary*, and
Obſeru'd directions from the Peeres: who when they vnderſtand
Of *Maries* ſtrength of flocking Friends, on ſudden came to pas
That they proclamed *Mary* Queene, and *Iane* her Priſner was:
And well was he, that late did ſeeme a Foe, might firſt ſalute
The Queene, and all vnto the Duke did their Amis impute.
For, ſoothly, more the Peeres did feare than fauour alway,
Who, though he ſeem'd as forward now in *Maries* cauſe as thay,
Yeat was he taken and in-towr'd, and loſt his head for this:
A Warrior braue. But than his Sier, himſelfe, one Sonne of his,
Like rare Politians ſeldome liu'de: who in three ſeuerall Raignes
Succeſſiuely did ſhew them ſuch, though loſſe did proue their gaines.

THe Duke thus dead, *Suffolke*, Lord *Gray*, Lord *Gylford*, Lady *Iane*,
Weare executed: But we blanch the reſt excepting twaine,

That

That is, Lord *Gylford* and his wife, yong and leſſe worthy blame,
Becauſe the Dukes their Fathers, all the Councell, all of name,
Yea and King *Edwards* Pattents ſeald for them, not they, did frame
What ſo was done in this, yeat they muſt periſh for the ſame.
Who higher then this Couple late? and who more wretched now?
Of more then much remayned nought, nor law did life allow.
Vnhappie Youths, not for they die, but for the mutuall greefe
Of him for her, of her for him, which tortur'd them in cheefe.
Come was the day, the tragicke day, wherein they both ſhould die,
When Either, paſſing to their end, ech other did eſpie,
Shee in her lodging, waiting death prepared her that day,
And he in being lead thereto he Lodging in his way.
Aſſending and diſſending Signes then fly and fall apace,
And each bemones the other more than mindes their priuate cace.
Their Eies, that looked Loue ere while, now looke their laſt adew,
And ſtaine their faces, faultles ere this diſmall enter-vew:
Their Eares, earſt liſtning ioies, are deafe, vnles to ſighes profound:
Their tongs, earſt talking ioies, thoſe looks & ſighes did now cõfound:
What parts ſoere of them had felt or taſted ioyes ere this,
Wheare ſenceles now of any ioy, ſaue hope of heauenly blis.
Whilſt Either thus for Earthly Pompe no longer time did looke,
He paſſeth to the fatall Blocke, ſhe praying on her booke:
Wence (hauing made a godly end) he was return'd, whilſt Shee
Prepard for like, and of her Lord the ſenceles Tronke did ſee:
A ſight more deathful than her death that ſhould conſort him ſtraite,
And for the which her feareles eies did euery moment waite.
She vnabaſhed, mounting now the Skaffold, theare attends
The fatall Stroke- and vnto God her better parte commends:
And as ſhe liu'd a vertuous life ſo vertuouſly ſhe ends.

CHAP. XLI.

OMitting Knights, three Dukes, three Lords, al so a Queene elect
Then periſht thus, and ſomewhat ſome of *Edwards* death ſuſpect.
All which fell out a Stratagem, in God his ſecre Dome,
That ſhould induce a Tragedie to *England* meant by *Rome*:
For when theſe mighty Proteſtants, through Ones Ambition, fell,
Queene *Mary* ſeem'd to ſhut vp Heauen, and ſet wide open Hell.
Whence ſwarmed papiſh Tyrants, that falſe doctrine did erect,
Whilſt that ſeduced *Mary* did Gods threatned cauſe neglect.
Blameleſſe ſhe was not, for a Crowne that could her Foes ore-goe:
Nor all too blame, for mightie States do and haue erred ſo,
To Whome the Scriptures weare obſcur'd by Chriſts *Italian* Foe.
Her courage was not common, yeat abuſed ouet much
By Papiſts cheefly, She her ſelfe too naturally ſuch.
Heere hence ſhe is reproued of a moſte tyrannous Raigne,
And of a thriftles Mariage with the truſtles King of *Spaine*.
But when rich *Brabants* ſupreame Faire, the Bakers daughter, ſtaide
The King in dalliance, and the Queene had newes that falſe he plaide.
Tis thought his tarriance greeu'd, & told that one ſhould counſel this
Haue patience, Madam, ſo it was and wil be as it is:
Fourth *Edward* did the like, yeat lou'd his Queene no whit the leſſe:
Nor did the like vnpatient her, that knew him to tranſgreſſe
As guiltie of a Leaſh of Loues, *Shores* wife and other twaine:
She knew as Streams, if ſtopt, ſurrownd ſo Kings wil ſhew they raign:

As did our second *Henry*, whome his Queene oft crost in vaine.
Which, and one other Story, if it please you that I tell,
I shall. Yea doe (quoth she:) Then thus (quoth he) it once befell.

NOt knowen of *Rosamund*, his eie had stoed her in his heart:
Faire Maide, quoth he, beleeue me faire and all so faire thou art
That, weare I *Henry Englads* King, thou shouldst be *Englads* Queene:
But so must fayle, for *Elenour* already is betweene.
He bod me buy thy loue, if so it might be bought with Golde,
If not, he bod me sweare he loues: in fayth he loues, be bolde:
He bod me aske, if so he came, what should his welcome be,
And if, perhaps, he lated weare if he should lodge with thee:
Protesting secreasie thereof to all, vnlesse to me,
With promise to performe at full each promise as I make it:
I promise Loue, Wealth, Secresie, then promise thou to take it.
Content you Sir (quoth *Rosamund*) you aime your markes amis:
I am not for his Highnes, nor for me his Highnes is.
And should he know (I shame he should) of this your Brokage bace,
He would acquaint you what it weare your Soueraigne to disgrace.
Whoso you be, be still the same, or better if you may,
Think not Lord *Cliffords* daughter will vn-maiden her for pay,
But know, if *Henryes* selfe were heere, himselfe should haue a nay.
Then know (quoth he) which being knowen, well maist thou know I
I am the King, and for I am the rather let it moue thee. (loue thee,
In sooth, sweet Wench, thou saiest nay thou knowest not whereto:
For, weare my wish at work, lesse good wy wish than work would do.
What, fearst thou shame? no shame to be beloued of a King:
Or dread'st thou sinne? The Pope for pay absoluoth euery thing:
Or doubt'st thou iealous *Elenour*? I will remoue that doubt:
At *Woodstock* shall she finde thy bower, but neuer finde thee out:
Theare shalt thou passe a pleasant life, commanding me and mine:
Then loue, beloued *Rosamund*, a King subiects him thine.
He kist, She blusht, and long it was ere loue from her he wroung,

For, whilst vp played in her heart, it pausèd on her toung.
Not *Sibils* Caue at *Cuma*, nor the *Labyrinth* in *Creat*
Was like the Bower of *Rosamund*, for intricate and great.
The Pellicane theare neasts his Bird and sporteth oft with her,
Conducted by a Clew of thread, els could he not but err.
Besides her Maydes, a Knight of trust attended on her theare,
Who suffred for her Beautie, long concealing it for feare:
At length at full and formally he courted her for grace,
But all in vaine, nought booted him to haue both time and place:
Henry, quoth she, begonne and he shall end my thoughts vnchast:
Nor peach't she him, not he, dismist, did hold himselfe disgrac'st.
The Kings three Sonnes had notice of their Fathers Leiman now,
So had the Queene, and the yof such corining disallowe.
Came I from *France Queene* Dowager, quoth she, to pay so deere
For bringing him so great a wealth as to be Cuckquean'd heere?
Am I so old a woman, he so young a wanton growen,
As that I may not please, that pleas'd, and still might with his owen?
What is the Drab, or tempting Diuell? or wherefore doteth he?
The *French* King once, himselfe euen now, for faire preferred me.
And hath he toyled vp his Game? and settels he to loue her?
Nor Heauen nor hell shall crosse my course but that I will remoue her.
Like *Phrogne*, seeking *Philomel*, she seeketh for and found
The Bower that lodg'd her Husbands Loue, built partly vnder ground:
She entred, but so intricate weare Turnings to and fro,
That welneere she had lost her selfe, but could not finde her Foe:
Yeat out she got, and backe she goes with her Attendants, who
Admire their furious Mistresse, and mislike what she would doe.
With her Confedrates oft she went, preuented of her will,
Howbeit lastly did preuaile: For hap did hit so ill,
That whilst the Knight did issue out, suspecting no assaut,
He was assailed, & from his giding Clewe they caught.
So wonne they vnto *Rosamund*: Whom when the Queene did vew,
Most brauely clad in rich Attire (her selfe more rich of hew)

The beautie and the brauenes of the Perſon and the place
Amazed her and hers, who ſtoode at gaze a certaine ſpace.
No maruell, quoth the Queene, that oft the Court did mis the King,
Soone ſuch an *Hebe* hither ſuch a *Iupiter* might bring:
Now, truſt me, weare ſhe not a Whoore, or anies Whoore but his,
She ſhould be pardon'd: But in faith I muſt not pardon this.
A Queane coriuall with a Queene? Nay kept at Racke & Manger?
A Husband to his honeſt bed through her become a Stranger?
Abide who liſt, abye ſhe ſhall, howſo I buy the daunger.
Faire *Roſamund* ſurpriſed thus, eare thus ſhe did ſuſpect,
Fell on her humble Knees, and did her feareſull hands erect:
She bluſh't out beauty, whilſt the tears did waſh her pleaſing face,
And begged Pardon, meriting no leſſe of common grace.
So farforth as it lay in me I did, quoth ſhe, withſtand,
But what may not ſo great a King by meanes or force command?
And daerſt thou Minion, quoth the Queene, thus article to me?
That then wert *Non-plus* when the King commenced Luſt to thee:
Nay, beſt he take thee to the Court, Be thou his Queene, doe call
Me to attendance, if his Luſt may ſtand for law in all:
I know it, Strumpet, ſo harps he, and thou doeſt hope the ſame:
But loe I liue, and liue I will, at leaſt to marre that game.
With that ſhe daſht her on the Lippes, ſo dyed double red:
Hard was the heart that gaue the blow, ſoft were thoſe lips that bled.
Then forc'ſt ſhe her to ſwallow downe (prepar'd for that intent)
A poiſned Potion: which diſpatcht, frō whence they came they went.
The wronged Wench, the Quinteſſence of Beautie, and the ſame
(Saue that intiſed of a King) ſtoode free from all defame,
Did forthwith ſicken, ſo that helpe for her might none be found,
When to the Knight that garded her, then greeued of a wound,
She ſayd: Weare it that *Henry* knew his *Roſamund* weare thus,
No waightie buſnes might withhold but he would viſit vs:
Full well I lou'd and loue him ſtill, that ſhould not loue him ſo,
And for I ſhould not worthely I labour of this woe.

Ah Beauty, that betraies thy ſelfe to euery amorous Eie,
To trap thy proud Poſſeſſors what is it but Wantons trie?
Wheare-through it ſeldome haps the Faire from meant deceits to flie:
At leaſt the niceſt Faire aliue ſhall vaniſh once as I.
Vaine Beauty ſtoupe to Vertue, for this latter is for euer,
Whereas that former altreth with euery Ayre and Feuer.
I pray the Queene of Pardon, whom I pardon from my hart:
Farewell my preſent Friends: But thou, ſweet King, wheare ſo thou art,
Ten thouſand times farewell to thee: My God, whome I offended,
Vouchſafe me Mercy: Saying which, her life ſhe ſweetly ended.
Thus did faire *Roſe* (no longer Roſe, nor faire, in ſent, or ſight)
Whome penſiue *Henry* did inter, and ſoone her wrong did right,
The Queene impriſon'd and his Sonnes, rebelling, put to flight:
Thus wrought they ſorrowes to thēſelues in wreaking of their ſpight,
Nor lou'd the King thenceforth the Queene, or left to erre anew.
Now reſts our other promis'd Tale, a common Tale (if true)
Like leſſe had harmed *Elenour*, and more may profite you:
Be bitter and it betters not, be patient and ſubdue:
King *Phillip* is not gone but to returne, which when he ſhall,
Your Maieſtie muſt not exclaime if ſo you would recall:
Impatience chaungeth ſmoke to flame, but Ielouſie is Hell:
Some wiues, by Patience, haue reduc'ſt ill husbands to liue well,
As did this Lady of an Earle, of whome I now ſhall tell.

CHAP. XLII.

AN Earle (quoth he) had wedded, lou'd, was lou'd, and liued long
Full true to his fayre Counteſſe, yeat at laſt he did her wrong:
Once hunted he, vntill the Chace, long faſting, and the heate
Did houſe him in a peakiſh Graunge within a Forreſt greate:

Wheare, Knowne, & welcom'd (as the place & persons might afforde)
Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds, & milke were set him on the Borde:
A Cushion made of Lists, a Stoole halfe backed with a houpe
Weare brought him, & he sitteth down besides a sorry Coupe. (Perry,
The poore old Couple wish't their bread were wheat, their whig were
Their bacõ beefe, their milk & curds weare creame to make him mery.
Meane while (in Russet neatly clad, with linnen white as Swanne,
Her selfe more white, saue rosie wheare the ruddy colour ranne,
Whome naked Nature, not the Ayders of Arte, made to excell)
The Good mans Daughter sterres to see that all were seat and well:
The Earle did marke her, and admire such Beautie theare to dwell.
Yeat fals he to their homely Fare, and hild him at a feast:
But as his hunger slaked so an amorous heat increast.

When this Repast was past, and thanks, and welcome too, he sayd
Vnto his Oste and Ostesse, in the hearing of the Mayde:
Ye know (quoth he) that I am Lord of this and many Townes,
I also know that you be poore, and I can spare you pownes,
So will I, so yee will consent that yonder Lasse and I
May bargaine for her loue, at least doe giue me leaue to trie:
Who needs to know it? Nay who dares into my doings prie?
First they mislike, yeat at the length for lucar were mislead,
And then the gamesome Earle did wowe the Damsel for his bead.
He tooke her in his armes, as yet so coyish to be kist
As Mayds that know themselues belou'd and yeeldingly resist:
In few, his offers weare so large she lastly did consent,
With whome he lodged all that night, and early home he went.
He tooke occasion often times in such a sorte to hunt,
Whome when his Lady often mist, contrary to his wont,
And lastly was informed of his amorous haunt elsewheare,
It greeu'd her not a little, though she seem'd it well to beare.
And thus she reasons with her selfe: Some fault perhaps in me,
Some what is done that so he doth: Alas, what may it be?
How may I winne him to my selfe? He is a Man, and men

Haue imperfections: It behooues we pardon Nature then.
To checke him weare to make him checke, although hee now were
A man controuled of his Wife to her makes leſſer haſte. (cha'ſte:
If duetie then or daliance may preuayle to alter him,
I will be duetifull, and make my ſelfe for daliance trim.
So was ſhe, and ſo louingly did entertaine her Lord,
As fayrer or more faultles none could be for Bed or Bord.
Yeat ſtill he loues his Leiman, and did ſtill purſue that Game,
Suſpecting nothing leſſe then that his Lady knew the ſame:
Wherefore, to make him know ſhe knew, ſhe this deuiſe did frame.
When long ſhe had been wrong'd, & ſought the foreſayd meanes in vaine,
She rideth to the ſimple Graunge but with a ſlender Traine:
She lighteth, entreth, greets them well, and then did looke about her:
The guiltie houſhold, knowing her, did wiſh thẽſelues without her,
Yeat, for ſhe looked merily, the leſſe they did miſdoubt her.
Whẽ ſhe had ſeene the beautious Wench (thẽ bluſhing fairnes fairer)
Such Beautie made the Counteſſe hold them both excuſ'd the rather.
Who wold not bite at ſuch a Bait? (thought ſhe) & who (though loth)
So poore a Wench, but gold might tempt? ſweet errors lead thẽ both:
Scarſe one of twentie that hath brag'd of proffer'd Gold denied
Or of ſuch yeelding Beautie baulkt but (tenne to one) hath lied.
Thus thought ſhe: And ſhe thus declares her cauſe of comming thether:
My Lord, oft hunting in theſe Partes, through trauell, night, or wether,
Hath often lodged in your Houſe, I thanke you for the ſame,
For why? it doth him iolly eaſe to lie ſo neere his Game:
But for you haue not Furniture, beſeeming ſuch a Gueſt,
I bring his owne, and come my ſelfe to ſee his lodging dreſt. (braue,
With that two Sumpters were diſcharg'd, in which were Hangings
Silke Couerings, Curtens, Carpets, Plate, & all ſuch turn ſhould haue:
When all was hanſomly diſpos'd, She prayes them to haue caer
That nothing hap in their default that might his health impaer.
And, Damſell, quoth ſhe, (for it ſeemes this houſhold is but three,
And for thy Parents Age that this ſhall chiefely reſt on thee)

Doe me that good, elſe would to God he hither come no more.
So tooke ſhe horſe, and ere ſhe went beſtowed gould good ſtore.
Full little thought the Countie that his Counteſſe had done ſo,
Who, now return'd from farre affaires, did to his ſweet-Heart go.
No ſooner ſet he foote within the late deformed Cote,
But that the formall change of things his woondring Eies did Note:
But when he knew thoſe goods to be his proper goods (though late,
Scarce taking leaue) he home returnes the Matter to debate.
The Counteſſe was a bed, and he with her his lodging tooke:
Sir, welcome home (quoth ſhe) this Night for you I did not looke.
Then did he queſtion her of ſuch his Stuffe beſtowed ſo.
Forſooth (quoth ſhe) becauſe I did your Loue and Lodging knoe,
Your Loue to be a proper Wench, your Lodging nothing leſſe,
I hild it for your health the houſe more decently to dreſſe.
Well wot I, notwithſtanding her, your Lordſhip loueth me,
And greater hope to hold you ſuch by queat then brawles I ſee:
Then for my duetie, your delight, and to retaine your fauour,
All done I did, and patiently expect your better Hauour.
Her Patience, Witte, & Aunſwere wrought his gentle teares to fall,
When (kiſſing her a ſcore of times) Amend, ſweete wife, I ſhall
He ſaid, and did it: And your Grace may *Phillip* ſo recall.
But he (whoſo he was) that thus had dubled Tales to ceaſe
Queene *Maries* griefe, for *Phillips* guile, as well had hild his peace:
Her no perſwading might diſſwade from penſiuenes of hart,
Vntill that his Vnkindnes in her Deaths-Scene acts it part.
But howſoere or whatſoere her cauſe of death might ſeeme,
Her death did many a good mans life from Tyrannie redeeme:
For, as in Paſſion, ſo was ſhe in Papiſtrie extreame.
And were not the abodement bad at her to end our Theame,
Our Cattell vnto ſtronger draughts we ſhould and would vnteame,
But to the Head-land ſhall our Plough, vnles we breake our Beame.
Yeat ere we eare to it (for it ſhall be our Holly-day)
Of ſomwhat ſayd and ſomwhat ſcapt reſts thus much by the way.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIIII.

BEFORE we toucht (& little els) what Courſes hapt at home,
But now, in few, at forren Acts of Native Kings we rome:
Of *Britiſh* and of *Engliſh* Kings, more famous than the reſt,
This ſparing Catalogue enſewes: whoſe deedes we thus digeſt.

* ÆNeas Off-ſpring famous *Brute* did ſet from *Greekiſh* thrall
Sixe thouſand *Phrygian* Knights: by him did *Guyan Guffer* fall:
He conquering this Ile, his Name vnto his Conqueſt gaue:
And of his *Corniſh Cambries* men couragious yet we haue.
**Yorkes* Builder *Ebranke* that ſubdu'de the *Cimbrians* and the *Gawles*,
And built the beſt of *Scottiſh* Townes, next in our Nombet falls.
*When *Brennus* and *Belynus* had Eight ſpacious Kingdomes wonne,
Had ſlaine two Conſulls, ſacked *Rome*, and matchles Armes had done,
And built ten Cities, beſt that be in *Italie* this day,
Thoſe Kinglie Brothers, as muſt all, their debt to Nature pay.
**Gurguinus* ſlew the *Dacian* King: wonne Tribute: and the ſame
Gaue *Spaniſh* Exiles *Ireland*, whence our *Scottiſh* Nation came.
**Caſſibelane* did twice beate backe from *Britiſh* Seas and Shore
The worthie *Cæſar*, that but then was victor euermore:
And thirdly had preuailed but for *Luds* reuolted Sonne,
When as braue *Nennius* hand to hand of *Cæſar* honor wonne.
**Guydar* and *Aruiragus* wonne of *Claudius Cæſar* ſpoyle:
The former in a ſecond Field did ſtout *Vaſpaſian* foyle.
*When as the wandring *Scots* and *Picts* King *Marius* had ſubdude,

He

He gaue the Liuers dwellings, lesse than where they since intru'de.
*Constantius, wedding *Coyls* heyre, was Monarke of the West,
Who, with this Ilands Scepter, of *Romes* Empire was possest.
*Great *Constantine*, that worthely a Worthie might be said,
The *Brittish Romaine* Emperour, throughout the world obayd,
He made his Siege *Bizantium*, that retaines his name ere since,
And made (but so vnwitting marde) the Priest of Rome a Prince.
**Maximian* as Emperiall and as valerous as any,
With *Brittish* armour did subdue both Kings and Kingdomes many.
*What speake we of great *Arthur*, of his Chiualrie or Court?
Precelling all, sole President of vertue prow's and port,
A King of many Kings, his Knights in all Exploits were seene,
He was in deede a Worthie, and the Worthiest of the Neene.
*Fiue Crownes King *Malgo* prized. *And in Battells fiftie fiue
Against the *Miscreants* valiantly did King *Alured* thriue:
Rollo (whose Seede should conquer vs) he hence did brauely beate:
That, mauger *Fraunce*, in *Normandie* his *Scythian* Troopes did seate.
*He that re-monarchiz'd our Ile King *Athelstone* did slay
Sixe Kings, twelue Dukes, and countlesse tale of Heathen in one day:
The one of Nyne, his Knight Sir *Guy*, we touch but by the way:
Omitting other Kings and Knights, too long in few to say,
Of *Brittish* race a many, and of *Saxen* Princes some,
Whose blood by *Normaine* Mixture now is tripartite become:
Or (For, perhaps, from such Consort the *Brutes* casseerd will be)
Three blended blouds of Nations three hath giuen vs Natures three,
The *Saxon* prowesse, *Danish* pompes, and *Normaine* Pollicee:
And of the *Romanes* and the *Pichts* we are no portion small:
Foure of which Nations *Scythia* bred, we thriuing in them all.

*KIng *VVilliam*, *Englands* Conquerour, from *Rollo* sixt, with pray
Of twice fiue hundred Townes in *Fraunce* vn-so-met sayld away.
**Henry* the second, vpon whom the *Scotch*-King tendant was,
(Which *Scots* their often ouerthrowes we henceforth ouerpasse,

Who

Who to our Kings, Lords Parramounts, not warres but vprores bring)
Spoylde *Fraunce*, wonne *Ireland*, and deceast of *Iuda* choſen King.
*Next Lyon-harted *Richard* he wonne *Cypris*, *Siria*, and
Ieruſalem, debelling quite the Sowldan from his Land:
He skalde the ſtrong *Ægyptian* Oſte, and king'd his Siſters ſonne,
And plagued *Fraunce* and *Auſtrich* for the wrongs they had him don.
*Firſt *Edward* made the *Turks*, *Sauoies*, the *French*, & *Flemings* trēble.
*The third ſo nam'd to them and moe did *Mars* himſelfe reſemble:
Whoſe Knights, in 2. *Richards* dayes, ſo tickeld *France*, and *Spaine*,
And parts *Lugdinian*, that no King but *Richard* ſeem'd to raine:
Ten thouſand were his houſholde: *Scotch* digeſts we here diſdayne.
*The fourth and *fifth of *Henries* were as actious as the reſt:
Eſpecially the latter was the formoſt with the beſt.
*Nor yeat Fourth *Edwards* honor from his Anceſtors digreſt.
On theſe doo vulgar Eares and Eyes ſo brimlie waite and gaze,
As they diſtaske our priuate Penne notorious Laudes to blaze.
Our Catalogue omitteth ſome for Artes and Iuſtice good,
Some natur'de well, aduiſed ill, ſome worthie *Lathe* flood:
Not one fore-cited but deſerues at leaſt an *Homers* Muſe,
Although with *Agamemnons* Vaile *Apelles* ſhift I vſe:
But colours to that Painter, Art vnto that Poet none
So good, to paint and prayſe at ful our following Crowns, ſaue one,
Since *Tuders* Seede, *Henry* the Seauenth, ariued *Englands* Throne.

NOr ſuperſtitiouſly I ſpeake, but *H.* the letter ſtill
Might be obſerued ominous to *Englands* good or ill.
Firſt, *Hercules*, *Heſione*, and *Hellen* were the cauſe
Of warre to *Troy*, *Æneas* Seede becomming ſo Out-lawes.
Humbar the *Hunn* with forren Armes did firſt the *Brutes* inuaide.
Hellen to *Romes* Emperiall Throne the *Britiſh* Crowne conuaide.
Hengeſt and *Horſus* firſt did plant the *Saxons* in this Ile.
Hungar and *Hubba* firſt brought *Danes* that ſwayed heere long while.

At *Harold* had the *Saxon* ende: at *Hardiknought*, the *Dane*.
Henries the first and second did restore the *English* Raine.
Fourth *Henrie* first to *Lancaster* did *Englands* Crowne obtaine.
Henry litigious *Lancaster* and *Yorke* vnites in peace.
Henrie the Eight did happelie *Romes* Irreligion cease:
The Father of our Mother Nurse, our common Ioyes increase.
Which double *H.* and *H. H.* heere our homely Poemes Lee,
He saue that salueth all our sinnes: And, God, voutsafe thou me
A prosperous Course in sayling through the *Ocean* deepe and large
Of her now-Highnes Scepter, for I heere assume that Charge.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD, SIR GEORGE CAREY Knight, Baron of *Hunſdon*, &c.

THough late I wright, too ſoone I wot, I heere Occaſion take,
(May this to none, wiſh I, but me Retreate to Sorowe make)
Both to remember Him We meant our Penn-Lee to re-uſe,
As to tranſ-patronize from him to you mine orphant Muſe.
Not one aliue that ſhall not die, thriſe happie then the ſame
That, as your Noble Father, ſhal ſuruiue them ſelues in Fame.
Both Epitaphes and Elegies his Ghoſte hath many an one:
Alas, what can I ſay not ſayde, or more than moend him mone?
Not matter more than much, nor more for truth than matter skante,
Or leſſe of Glorie than of both, would to his Poet want:
But, were a Non-plus *of his Praiſe, all were but this in groſſe,*
His Good to his owne Soule is Good, his Death to vs is Loſſe.
What ſhould I adde his auncient Creaſts, and noble Petegree?
Such as that Henrie *(Primer of you* Hunſdon *Barons) bee*
Your Lordſhippe, to your Countrie, Prince, and ſuch in high Degree:
And ſuch as you, when you are not, ſucceed the Careys *blood*
In ſtill-Deſcents: and than this wiſh how may I wiſh more good?
My Syrinx *ſounded firſt to you, and may eare long anewe:*
Be you Mecænas *alſo to this Poeſie doth enſewe.*
His had it been, had he yet been, that had the reſt, which now
Yeelds humblie yours, if it for yours your Lordſhippe ſhall alowe.

Moſt humblie your Honors,

William Warner.

THE NINTH BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

CHAP. XLIIII.

AVert your eyes and eares, all yee, that enuie her the fame
Of more renowmed Regment than our fluent Thoughts can name.
Yee that conceite ſuch Poemes as more learned not conceaue,
Reade not the reſt, but ſilently euen at this line doe leaue.
Ridled Poeſies, and thoſe ſignificantly flowe,
Differ in eares as doe in mouths the Apricock and Slowe.
Phiſitians bylles not Patients but Apothecaries know:
Some moderne Poets with themſelues be hardly inward ſo:
Not intellectiuely to write is learnedly they troe:
Whereby they hit Capacities, as blind-man hits the Croe.
Nor Thoſe, nor Theſe, feare thou, my Muſe, but mildly ſing the prayes
Of theſe our preſent times, leſſe groſſe than thoſe of elder daies.
Our world hath made it courſe that as the Moone doth wax & waine
From gold to ſiluer, then to iron, and now to golde againe.
Of whoſe faire-cured Leaproſie from former twaine to golde,
(For in a Quinteſſence was all eare Gods worlds-curſe of olde)
The vndeluding Alcumiſt is that *Elizabeth*
Whom *Engliſh*, yea and *Alients*, hold a Goddeſſe on the Earth.
Elizabeth by Peace, by warre, for Maieſtie for Milde,
Inriched, feared, honor'd, Lou'd, at wel-meant Toyes hath ſmilde,
Let then *Mnemoſines* controule, as well they may, our Muſe,

We ſhall ſuch grace wheare we tranſgreſſe for Superſedias vſe.
Phœbus, thine humbled *Phaeton* this ſecond boone doth aske,
That thou wouldſt giue, and ioyntly guide, to, & with me, thy Taske:
Infuſe *Apollo* too into thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe in me:
Yeat then our mightie Subiect threats will much omiſſion be.
But what implore I Fictions? that I well imploye my penne,
Eternall God, ſay thou (which thou all-only canſte) Amen.

When *Iupiter* and *Arcas* yong (the Sier, and Sonne) had cloſ'de
Saturnus in *Italian* Hell, not to be baylde ſuppoſ'de,
Then *Proſerpin*, blacke *Dis* his wife, inlargd the Wrangler thence,
To vex her Siſter, croſſe her Siers and Brothers ſownd pretence.
Then ſhe, euen ſhe whom *Cynthia* ſome, and ſome doe *Pallas* call,
(Yt skils not whether, Eithers lawdes doe aptly her befal)
By *Saturne*, *Dis*, and *Proſerpin*, giltles moleſted longe,
Vnto the God y'clip't, *I-Am*, thus motioneth her wronge.
O mightieſt Mightie, that of nought createdſt all that is,
And gauſte to Man (thy nobleſt Worke) him ſelfe, and all for his,
And, ſaue Obedience, didſt impoſe on him no other Fine,
And, diſobaying, didſt redeeme his Loſſe with deereſt Thyne,
Which ſelfe ſame Thyne, and ſtill ſame-Oures, I alſo interceſſe,
For thee profeſſing being wrong'd, to haue at length redreſſe.
Scarce this was ſayd when thus enſewd, the Three weare rapted hence:
Saturne and *Dis* confinde their Hells: *Proſerpin* her offence,
Growen through Miſ-Guides, Veniall perhaps, we cenſure in ſuſpence,
And faire, lou'd, feard, *Elizabeth* heere Goddiz'd euer ſence.

For me to wreſte from *Hercules* his Club as eaſie weare,
As in the *Ocean* of her fame, with choyſeſt ſayles, to beare
That fraight, ỹ with the *Indiã* wealth may more then much cõpare.
Yeat how th' *Italian* Feends did freat and hetherto inuaye
Againſt thy glory, gracious Sainct, weare ouer long to ſaye.
But he that of a Priſnor thee ſo great a Prince did frame,
Thy louing, and beloued God, to thee is ſtill the ſame.

King

King *Phillips*-ſelfe (ſo doting on his Pope-created Crewe,
That, he it ſuffring, his owne Son and heire thoſe Locuſts ſlewe,
Becauſe they feared he would proue vnto the Goſpell trewe,)
Euen *Phillip*, now that raketh hell for raſcall brybed Skomes
To ridde thee hence (indignities that badly him becomes)
Once had thee, then not hauing power to doe thee any harme.
It is the worke of God (let *Rome* vncurſſe, let *Spaine* vn-arme)
That thou art Queene, to plant his word, when we could hope it leaſt,
When Ours, & all the Kings had caſt their Crownes before the beaſt,
When greedely the Preiſts of *Baal* did for thy ruine gape,
Thou didſt, vnharmde, the Lyons denne and firie Ouen eſcape.
Euen thē when Tryumphs were in hand, bells ronge, & bonfires made,
Becauſe Queene *Mary* of a ſonne deliuered was ſaid,
Euen then, I ſay, God mortifide that womb, to bring to paſſe,
That vnto thee, his Queene-elect, no Iſſue letting was:
That ſoone Religion and our Realme might welcome wiſhed peace:
Maieſt thou, the Cauſe thereof, ſuruiue long after my deceaſe.
But if it be his will, to whom are all Euents fore-knowne,
That Papiſtrie ſhall in our Land againe erect her Throne,
Let *Spaniards*, or what Tyrants els, be Maſters heere, ſo thay
Take alſo with our Land our Liues, and rid vs out the way.
For not they only die, but die in lingring Torments, who
Fault to their Inquiſition, or their Damned Rytes muſt doe:
Then better Bodies periſh than ſhould ſoules miſcarrie too:
Of neither which hath *Rome* or *Spaine* remorſe, but thriſting Sway,
Regard not whome, by whom, or how, they treacherouſly berray:
How oft haue they, the reſt ore-paſt, ſubborn'd our Queenes decay?
By wars, wiles, witchcrafts, daggers, dags, Pope, poyſon, & what not?
To her haue they attempted death, for liewe the Traytors lot:
Vouchſafe, O God, thoſe loues of thine be neuermore forgot.
Was neuer any thryued yet that threatned her amis:
For of anoynted Princes God ſole Iudge and Rector is.
And if Examples might preuaile, then Traytors might perceaue,

They perish in their purpose, or but Spyders webbes doe weaue.
And heere occasion apteth that we catalogue awhile,
And vnto *English* Dukes, from first to last, addresse our Style:
Though numbers greater, & as great of power, did pryde begyle,
Yeat in this one degree obserue what headding and exile:
Yf then such Mightes felt Gods frowne, shal Meaners hope his smile?

CHAP. XLV.

EDward, surnam'd the blacke Prince, and third *Edwards* eldest sonne,
Third *Thomas* Duke of *Norffolke*, This did ende, and That begonne,
From *Normaine VVilliams* Conqueste heere of Dukes the Title hie:
Of fortie seuen, but twentie two a naturall death did die.
Edward þ Duke of *Yorke*, that lead fifth *Henries* Vaward Knightly,
Then slaine at *Agencourt* with fame, we ouerpasse him lightly:
Nor *Humfrey* Duke of *Glocester* heere catalogue we rightly:
Nor *VVilliam* Duke of *Suffolke*, who, exilde, on seas was met,
And, hated, headded: howbeit sixt *Henries* Fauoret:
Nor *Edmund* Duke of *Somerset*, that *Henries* loued Peere:
Nor *Humfrey* Duke of *Buckingham*, to that same King as deere:
Nor sweet yong *Richard*, Duke of *Yorke*, of *Glosters* kyn too neere:
We also two *Plantagenets*, both Dukes of *Clarence* cleere, (heere:
Of which was *Thomas* slaine in *France*, *George* drownd in Malmsie
For though these Eight remembred Dukes deceast not in their beads,
Yeat none of these had traytrous hearts that forfetted their heads:
Howbeit, otherwise, of these weare some that erred so,

That

That, ſtomack't for ſuch Errors, did their ends vntimely groe.
Nor was the Duke of *Ireland*, *Vere*, in ſecond *Richards* time,
A Traytor, but a Paraſite, which proude no leſſe a crime:
He as ambitious, as he was enuious, and enuied,
Was baniſht by the Nobles, and in baniſhment he died.
Mowbreie of *Norffolke* (right or wrong) by foreſaid *Richard* was
Exiled, and in *Italie* did hence to nature pas.
When ſecond *Richard* was depoſde, and *Henrie* wore the Crowne,
Two *Hollands*, to reſtore the one and put the other downe,
Conſpiring, weare detected, and at *Cerceſter* they both,
Of *Exceſter*, and *Surrey* Dukes, found death in Vulgar wroth.
Richard Plantagenet, the Duke of *Yorke*, fourth *Edwards* father,
Sought to depoſe fixt *Henrie*, and was heard therein the rather,
For that to him by law-Deſcents the Scepter did acrew:
But they compound, howbeit warres were reard, and him they ſlew.
Iohn Holland, Duke of *Exceſter*, fourth *Edwards* ſentence fleade,
And was long after in the ſea ſuſpitiouſly found dead.
Then *Henry*, Duke of *Somerſet*, rebelling loſt his heade.
Of *Edmund*, Duke of *Somerſet*, the like is alſo reade.
So *Henrie*, Duke of *Buckingham*, third *Richards* friend-foe ſpeade.
And that tyrannous *Richard*, Duke of *Gloceſter*, his Raigne
Vſurped was ſuppreſſed, he for blood payd blood againe.
Iohn, Duke of *Norffolk*, fought, and fell at *Boſworth* field. His ſonne
Duke *Thomas*, in Eight *Henries* daies, did heading hardly ſhonne,
Adiudg'd perpetuall Durance, in Queene *Maries* raigne vn-donne.
VVolſey, that flye, officious, and too Lordly Cardnall, wrought
(Who could & would effect his wil) that to the blocke was brought,
Eight *Henrie* raigning, *Edward* Duke of *Buckingham*, whoſe end
That Prelate ioyde, the people moend, becauſe his foe, their friend.
Seimer, the Duke of *Somerſet*, enuied more than reaſon,
By one that came the next to Blocke, though mightie at that ſeaſon,
Sixt *Edward* in Minoritie, dide, quit although of treaſon.
No ſooner *Marie* got the crowne, more liklie to be gon,

But *Iohn*, Duke of *Northumberland*, beheaded was anone,
Who wrought to set the Diedeme *Iane Dudlies* heade vpon.
Her Father *Henrie Gray*, the Duke of *Suffolke*, was also
A friend vnto that Faction, & the *Spanish* Wowers foe:
But by that act he lost his heade, as did too many moe.
In blessed Queene *Elizabeth* her happie Raigne of peace,
The Tragedies, and Tytles too, of *English* Dukes did cease,
Which *Thomas*, Duke of *Norffolke*, laste Tragedian, did increase.
All theis weare mightie in their times: yeat being Male-contents,
Both they, and hundreds powerfull Peeres, for like found like Euents:
Howbeit of the common wealth none worser did deserue,
Than such as flattred Princes faults, who faulting, all did swarue.
Which, in their Pollicie, the States of Hell did then fore-see,
When as they ioyned others, Aydes, vnto the *Furies* three,
Narcissus Shadowe, and the Voice of *Eccho*: than which twaine,
How fabulous so-ere it seeme, nought hath or more doth baine:
Wherefore to such as know them not we either thus explaine.

CHAP. XLVI.

WHeare *Cadmus*, old *Agenors* sonne, did reste and plant his Raigne,
Narcissus (of his Of spring) theare for beautie fame did gaine.
His Mother was *Lyriope*, faire *Thetis* fairer Daughter,
Whome cheefest as the choisest wowde, and braue *Cephisus* caught her.
Bœotia was the fertile Realme, *Parnassus* Plaine the place
Whear this admired Youth was borne, this Lasse-Lad forme and face.

No

No Nymph ſo faire but wiſht him hers, howbeit all in vayne:
His ſelfe-loue wrought his ſelfe-loſſe, & his beauty prou'd his baine,
Who, proud of Natures plentie, hild all others in diſdaine:
Till God, who had created Man the faireſt Creature,
(Howbeit but a ſhadow of his proper Feature,
More differing far than Sun-ſhine frõ the Suns ſelfe-ſubſtance pure)
Narciſſus ouer-ſcornfull pride not longer would indure,
But frõ his forme, that pleas'd him moſt, his plague did thus procure.
As this ſame fond ſelfe-pleaſing Youth ſtood at a Fountaynes brym,
And proudly ſees his ſhadow theare, admiring euery lym,
Eccho, an amiable Nymph, long amorous of hym,
But louing, vnbeloued, now, at leaſt to pleaſe her Eye,
Conuaics her ſelfe, vnſeene, into a Thicket ioyning by,
And thear, as much ore-gone with loue, as he ore-gone with pride,
She hears, and ſees, and would haue pleas'd three Senſes more beſide.
And nothing more than euery part, thus ſtealth-ſeene, liked her,
And nothing leſſe, than hidden with-vnhidden to conferre,
For well it had contented then in more then ſight to erre,
Although not meanely did his ſcorne gainſt it her ſtomacke ſterre.
Meane while the Lad (ſuch power hath pride mens Senſes to ſubdue)
Doats on his Shadow, now ſuppos'd to be a Subſtance true:
And laſtly wowes ſo formally in words and geſtures ſweete,
That *Eccho* found his error: and, he ſaying, Let vs meete,
Let's meete, quoth *Eccho*, mockingly: which, hearing, he with ſpeed,
(Beleeuing that his ſhadow was a Nymph, and ſpake in deed,)
Did leape into the Fountaine, whear that Gallant, drowning thus,
Hath left example how like pride may cauſe like plague to vs.
How ſmooth-tongu'd *Eccho*, that for him in al, ſaue voice, did pine,
To quit his ſcorne, baind other Fooles, alike vain-glorious fine,
By ſoothing them, is *Naſoes* tale, no purpoſe here of mine:
But how *Narciſſus* ſhadow and this *Eccho's* voyce, though they
Haue long bene dead, haunt now the World, is it we meane to ſay.

Pluto,

PLuto, Minos, Radamant, and all th'infernall States,
Did pytch a Session, to correct Remisnes in debates:
Deuising Orders that on Earth might more Disorders be.
Tisiphone, Alecto, and Megara, these same three
Weare shrewdly checkt, because it was obiected, though vntruely,
That they weare ydle, Hell lackt Guests, and men on Earth waxt truly.
The hellish Potentates therefore a new Commission framed,
Narcissus ghost, and Ecchos voyce, therein of Quorum named.
These twayne, and those three Furies thus, Copattentees, leaue Hell,
And diuersly throughout the Earth to Soule-infecting fell.
Leaue we those others, labouring their Mischiefes farre and neere,
Whil'st Eccho and Narcissus are more badly busie heere.
Crab'd Saturne, & too-boystrous Mars, direct those Formers matter,
Soft Venus, and smooth Mercurie, giue Methode to these latter:
Those Furies roughly doe effect their tragicke Taskes, these Twoe
So slycly worke, that sweetly men their proper sorrowes wowe.
Heer-hence our gold-imbased World in view and valew fayld,
For Eccho and Narcissus much in many things preuayld.
Hence is it some of high estate themselues doe ouer-like, (strike.
Whilst deadlier wound them Eechoing tongues than should a foe them
Hence, whence dishonorde, some of them beleeue of men belyed
Their glozing Groomes, as Tyrants so by them they wrong enuied.
Hence oftentimes Authoritie lookes biglier than a Bull,
With Suters poore too sternely quicke, in helping them too dull.
Hence both in preaching, harboring, and humilitie, it is
Some Prelates sooth, be soothed, lead, and they be lead amis.
Hence Lawe, sometimes, as formde of waxe, through new refined wit
Of Iudge or Pleador, altereth sans certaintie in it.
Hence Martialists in Discipline and ordering their war,
Losse happely, the auncient vse, conceitedly, doe bar.
Hence is it that the Lawyers more affect their fluent Tayle,
Than what is right, or whom they wrong, or how they speed, or fayle.
That Lawyer though who more by Art than right doth ouerthroe,

Consents

Consents to sinne, deceiues the Iudge, wrongs Right, is Iustice foe.
Hence flattred Gentrie proudly doth degenerat at last:
And some would be beleeued such, that of no Gentrie taste.
Hence Cittizens with Courtiours so doe vayne-it for the tyme,
That with their paper Ladders they cuen stately Castels clyme:
Then proudly pricke the mounted Sers, the Harrolds, all to blame,
Will they, nyll they, yrging fees to gentellize their name. (same.)
Hence countrie Loutes land-lurch their Lords, & Courtiers prize the.
Hence worldlings so much studie wealth that they forget the vse,
And, drudges-like, presse out the Grapes, not drinking of the iuse.
Hence arrant Preachers, humming out a common-place or two,
With bad, ill, naught, Pope, pots, play, mack, keeping a fowle adoe,
Cogging, and cog'd-with, of a sorte of lazie knaues and queanes,
That they be Doltes, and preach to Doltes, will heare it by no meanes.
With those do these (who could they steale the Goose would stick the
The *Brownist* & the *Barrowist*, goe hand in hand together. (Fether)
Hence is the fashion-Founder of new lockes, lookes, bas-le-maine,
And *Iohn* Deuisor in Attire, one Foole in persons twaine.
Hence, more than with our selues our selues, doe Flatterers preuaile:
They make vs proude of Virtues, knowne of vs in vs to fayle:
But lesse Man-slaughter hurts, than when Men-soothers say al-hayle.
Though *Eccho* and *Narcissus* haunte, and hurte, each Sex and State,
(Our States Superlatiue except, still one for right and rate)
Yeat cheefely they with women-kinde preuailed haue of late:
And thus of this two Gossips olde, together met, debate.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVII.

THE Younger of theſe widowes (for they both had thriſe been ſo)
Trots to the Elders Cottage, hers but little diſtance fro:
Thear, cowring ore two ſticks a-croſſe, burne at a ſmoakie Stocke,
They chat how Young-men them in youth, & they did young-men mocke:
And how ſince three-ſcore yeeres a-goe (they aged foure-ſcore now)
Men, women, & the world, wear chaung'd in all, they know not how.
When we were Maids (qd. th'one of them) was no ſuch new-found pride:
Yeat ſeru'd I Gentels, ſeeing ſtore of daintie Girles beſide.
Then were they Shooes of caſe, now of an inch-broad, corked hye:
Blacke karſie ſtockings, worſted now, yea ſilke of youthful'ſt dye:
Garters of Lyſtes, but now of ſilke, ſome edged deepe with gold:
With coſtlier toyes, for courſer turns, than vſ'd, perhaps of old.
Fring'd and ymbroidred Petticoats now begge. But heard you nam'd,
Till now of late, Busks, Perrewigs, Maskes, Plumes of Fethers fram'd,
Supporters, Pooters, Fardingales aboue the Loynes to waite,
That be ſhe near ſo bombe-thin, yet ſhe croſſe-like ſeem's foure-ſquaire?
Some Wiues, grayheaded, ſhame not locks of youthfull borrowed haire:
Some, tyring Arte, attyer their heads with onely Treſſes haire:
Some (groſſer pride than which, thinke I, no paſſed Age might ſhame)
By Arte, abuſing Nature, heads of antick't hayre doe frame:
Once ſtarching lack't the Tearme, becauſe was lacking once the toy:
And lack't we all thoſe Toyes & Tearmes, it were no griefe but ioy.
But lawfull weare it ſome be ſuch, ſhould all alike be coy?

Now

Now dwels ech Droſſell in her Glas: when I was yong, I wot,
On Holly-dayes (for ſildome els ſuch ydell times we got)
A Tubb or Paile of water cleere ſtood vs in ſteede of Glas:
And yeat (which ſtill I beare in mind) for it I ſchooled was,
Euen by an holy Fryer, that eſpyde me tooting ſo,
Who, ſoftly ſtealing at my backe, cryde ſuddenly: Ho, Ho.
I, ſtatting, turn'd and ſaw the Fryer, who, though no dyuell he weare,
Yeat, for he was a Fryer, I did for ſoule or body feare,
That is, leaſt this weare pride (whereof I ſharply now ſhould heare,)
Or that the cockiſh Cowle-man (none but we alonely theare)
His ghoſtly calling layde apart, might carnally appeare:
But, meant he well, or muſ'd he yll, my Mother comming in,
Mends all amys, and ſoberly the Fryer did thus begin.
Yong Damſels, and ſomtimes (quoth he) old Dotards vnawaer,
Doe thus offend, whilſt thus they ſeeme vpon themſelues to ſtaer:
But what they ſee is not themſelues: And then a Tale did tell,
How *Eccho* and *Narciſſus* weare aucthoriſed from Hell,
That egging, & This acting pride, in Worldlings hearts to dwell:
And either oft in Mirrors and in Waters beautious ſeeme,
To curious Gazers inn, who thoſe to be themſelues do deeme.
Flye glas and water-tooting, Girle, *Narciſſus* fall extreeme:
Feare flattrie too: for Men to Maides be *Ecchos* to ſubdewe,
The Fryer ſayd: and all too ſoone I found his ſayings trewe.
Yeat then he ſeemed to haue told a Tale but of a Tubbe,
Which three ſcore Wynters-aged Sores euē now, do freſhly rubbe.
My Parents they weare wealthy, and my ſelfe in wanton youth,
Was fayre enough, but proude enough, ſo Foole-enough in truth.
I might haue had good Husbands, which my deſteny withſtood:
Of three now dead (ah, griefe is drye, Goſſyp, this Ale is good)
In faith not one of them was ſo: for by this drinke I ſweare,
(Requarrelling the Cup, whoſe Lippes and it vnparted weare,
When th'other Beldamme, great with chat (for talkatiue be Cups)
The formers Prate, not worth the while, thus fondly interrups.

When

WHen I (quoth ſhe) the Countrie left to be a *London* Las,
I was not fayrer than my ſelfe beleeued faire I was.
Good God, how formall, prankt, and peart, became I in a trice,
As if vnto the Place it weare a Nature to be Nice.
Scarce entred I the Teenes, but that to Wed my will was hot:
Ye that be married, and intend to marrie, well I wot,
The Prieſt no ſooner ſayde, but I vpon my typ-toes ſtand,
As if that Leſſon had concernd my ſelfe, euen out of hand.
The ſame proportion with my heart my groeth nor age did hold:
Dayes ſeeming yeares, when I, Vn-wead, was ſixteene winters olde.
And growing was the greene Diſeaſe, which men in Maides doe cure,
When came a Louer, I, (for-ſooth) becomming full demure.
For earſt I had obſeru'd this Arte, Delay giues men Deſier:
Yeat lothe to hurt my haſte, and leaſt the Hanſell ſhould retyer,
I was not ouer coye, nor he to warme him at my Fier.
I'le blab (for why? for it and more that I in youth did doe,
Long ſince I paſſed ghoſtly ſhriftes, pennance, and pardons too)
Such match we made, that Maide, nor Wife, nor Widowe, left he me,
But with my Maiden-head he croſt the Seas, and farewell he:
For from my fault could not, as chan'ſt, the Somner prole a fee:
My belly did not blab, ſo I was ſtill a Mayde, and free.
It comfort ſhould in loſſe to thinke we had not once to loſe,
And what we haue as euer to be hild ſhould none ſuppoſe:
But not in me this ſentence hild: more eagerly than earſt
I on the brydell byte, as loath to faſt that late did feaſte.
Swift gallops tier both man and horſe, ſoone-hot, is ſoone-cold loue,
No Man, I meane, Loue-hot as mine, loues as the Turtell Doue.
And, in good ſoothe, a Sott is ſhe, that cog'd-with cannot cogge:
As readily my Loue did gad, as did my Louer iogge.
Tuſh, in thoſe times weare no ſuch toyes as Gagate ſtones to trie,
By foyſting them in Potions, if a Maide had trode awrie.
But this was rather currant, yea each holy Fathers lore,
That therefore Nature ſweetneth Loue, that it the world might ſtore.

Which made me thinke it then a ſinne (ſo tender hearted I)
Beloued, not to Loue againe, indangring men to die:
(For ſo they ſwore they would, nor then beleeu'd I men would lye:
Whom now I know Camelions, whil'ſt to pray on vs they plye.)
Yeat better times were thoſe than theſe for our auayle, for why?
Euen for good-fellowſhip at leaſt then went they roundly to it,
Now eare they loue (if euer loue) ſententiouſly they doe it.
Who loues not for the Perſon but the Portion loues no whit,
But he that loues for onely Loue, doth reaſon quite forgit,
Say men, and article the Match, leſſe by trew Loue than Wit.
Vngratefull Men, what would yee more than Loue for Loue? than we
Be cloſe, neate, bountious, buckſome, and our bodies Maſters yee?
Too curious, pettiſh, ielous, too imperious, too vnſtable,
Are Men, ſay Womẽ: but to beat ſuch Fooles with their own bable,
As when that I was yong, our Sex is now, troe I, as able.
Old doting Foole, one foote in graue, what prattell I of youth?
Contrition, not Shrift-pennance cure, if preach our Vicar truth.
Heere, after little pauſe, they prate confuſedly, I wot:
Whoſe talke had often ended, had the Period been the Pot.
They tould how forward Maidens weare: how proude if in requeſt:
How brybed, prayſed, promiſd fayre, men baddeſt out the beſt.
They talked of a Widowes teares, her haſte againe to weade,
He gone forgot, his Orphant wrong'd, ſhe ſpoyld, an Vnthrift ſpeade,
They pratteld too of *London* Youthes, how late their headie gaet
Might haue inuited to a Sacke, whearethey prepoſ'd no ſhaer.
They talk't of times when Beaſtes could ſpeake, of Foxes, and of Apes:
Much needles prattel, what through Drinke, and Dotage, them eſcapes.
Yeat *Ecchos* and *Narciſſus* Voyce and Shadowe (now as then,
Working againſt humilitie, of wantes the worſt in men)
Caus'd them as thus to vſe their prate, and me of this my penne,
And to theſe glorious Follies too thoſe Furies ſay Amen.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVIII.

THE Monarch of that Continent that doth, in one, contayne
Fiue auncient Scepters (for he would the world weare wholy *Spayne*)
As *Castile*, *Aragon*, *Nauarr*, *Granado*, *Portugaile*
Be newly nam'd, yea *India* wheare *Castillian* Powres preuaile:
These, States in *Affricke*, *Lumbardie*, *Peru*, *Assores*, and
Both *Cicells*, *Austra*, *Barbarie*, *Naples*, with *Netherland*,
And many other Prouinces, by such ambition gott,
As giueth his *Impresa* life to verefie the Mot,
Him not sufficing (for it saith, *the VVorld sufficeth not*)
Euen he, I say, affecting Raygne in *England*, *Almaine*, *Fraunce*,
And all *Europa*, lately did an holy League aduaunce.
The Pope, Him-selfe, *Sauoy*, and *Guise*, therein Confedrates cheefe:
Rome wroght by Bulls, *Sauoy* by Sword, *Spayne* yeilded *Guise* releefe,
Guise did religious Treason act: but all did fayle, in briefe.
Geneua is vnsacked, *Fraunce* yeilds *Rome* small profit, *Spayne*
By coste hath loste, *England*, through God, tryumphant doth remayne,
Nauar hath meanes to haue *Nauar*: and, when shall God so please,
The rightfull heire of *Portugale* his Empyre shall re-seaze.
Ye Christian Princes, pittie him, in punishing his Fo,
That now afflicteth him, and would on you tyrannize so.
If one selfe-same Religion (if Religion *Romistes* haue)
If Natures Line, or Natiue Lawes, the Pope that so did craue,
If to haue had possest the Crowne, with *Portugales* applause,

Might haue preuailed, theſe and more had helpt *Antonius* cauſe.
But brybed Traytors, fraude, and force, hane made the *Spaniard* ſuch,
That *Caſtile*, from a Cronet leapt, thinks many Crownes not much.
The great *Nauarrois*, Sampſon, ſtauld the firſt *Caſtilian* King:
But badly *Caſtile* quits his loue whence did that honor ſpring:
And from his Line by trecherie the Diademe doth wring.
So, by what right or wrong ſo-eare, *Spayne* cloureth Crownes toge-
And aimeth, euen from *Portugale*, as is ſuppoſed, hether: (ther
Not wanting *Engliſh*, willing to be hopled in that Teither.
But Traytors, Fooles, & Fugitiues, Whom prouendor doth pricke,
Enſew your proper ſorow, leane vpon that rotten ſticke,
Your kindnes ſhall not mis, at leaſt, this kindly *Spaniſh* Tricke.

WHen *Spaniards* and their Partizens eare-while ſhould vs inuaide,
In plotting of that Stratageme in Councell much was ſaid:
Some of our Queene to be deſtroyde, of murthering vs ſome ſpake,
Some this, ſome that, but all of all an altred World to make:
Leaſt *Engliſh* Papiſtes, then ſhut vp in *Elie* and elſ-wheare,
Meane time by vs might loſe their liues, ſome One, by chãce did feare,
Which ſcruple was remoued ſoone by one, that well did know,
Not for religion, but a Realme, did *Spayne* that coſt beſtow.
Our drift (quoth he) a Conqueſt is, the Profit meant to *Spaine*,
Not that the *Engliſh* Papiſts ſhould be Sharers of the gaine.
So hope they, but (ſo helpe me God) our pollicie wear ſmall
That they ſhould floriſh, nay, ſhould liue, could we procure their fall.
Theare be they great alreadie, wheare we only great muſt be,
Whom, ſhould they equall, woe to vs when we ſhall diſagree:
Now that therefore which we cannot with honeſtie contriue,
Our Foes ſhall finiſh, if of them they leaue not one aliue.
Thus ſaid he, not gaine-ſaide: for hang who ſhall ſo they may thriue.
This *Maxime* hath hild, and good, wheare they haue ouerthrone
By trecherous Agents, of the ſame they haue not truſted one:
Adde, than the *Spaniard*, prouder and more cruell People none.

Euen *Cortes*, that with coſt and payne, rich *India* did ſubdew,
And gaue to *Spayne* his Conqueſt, found falſe Meede for Seruice trew.
So they that wonne them *Portugale*, and *Naples* ſpead, in few:
And too imperiouſly doe they, oppreſſe their Conqueſts new:
Yeat boaſt not perpetuitie, but (*Spayne*) this Patterne vew.
Caldea priz'd *Aſſiria*, and *Aſſiria* priz'd the ſame,
The *Medes* and *Perſians* both, and them the *Macedons* orecame,
The *Romaines* thē, that Empier next had *France*, the *Germaines* now,
Which onely Title hardly doe the *Spanyards* them alowe,
Spayne hath *Nauarre*, that once had *Spayne*, wheare once crown'd wee
And once did *Spaniſh-Iriſh-Scots* vs to ſubiection bring, (their King,
We *Scots*, *French*, *Iriſh*: too and fro thus often Scepters flye:
Yea to Poſterities old names of Lands and Peoples dye.
Sicambries, *Gawles*, *Picts*, *Vandels*, *Gothes*, & *Aſtrogothes*, known late
In *Europ* by thoſe names, haue chang'd thoſe names, & *Europs* State,
And with the *Spanyards*, part of thoſe, may alter in like rate.
Each Birde ſhall then remaunde her Plumes, and naked leaue your Iaye,
At leaſt when *Phillip* ſhall deceaſe: and why not eare that daye?
For power and prowſe lacke *Turnus* Peere, yeat when his Fates with-
Iuturna, no not *Iunos*-ſelfe, could doe him any good. (ſtoode,
But Godhoode none in *Indian* Golde, & pope-buld hopes ſhall mis,
Nor *Macedonian Phillips* Sonne *Caſtilian Phillip* is:
But one who, whil'ſt he warres for ours, hath loſt euen part of his.
Not onely *Spayne* thinke deſtinate in Pompe not to impaier,
Our liued long, that breathes, enuied, not els but odious Ayer:
And (which is monſtrouſly too trew) Religion is pretext, (vext.
Where through the *Spanyard* and the Pope all Chriſtendome haue
Witnes their Powers, by Land and Seas, that threatned vs er'while:
Of it a word: and note how God did patronize our Ile.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIX.

THe *Spanyards* long time Care & Coſte, inuincible ſurnam'd,
Was now a flote, whilſt *Parma* to frō *Flanders* hither aim'd,
Like Fleete, of eightſcore Ships & od, the *Ocean* neuer bore,
So huge, ſo ſtrong, and ſo compleate, in euery Strength and Store.
Carikes, Gallions, Argoſies, and Galliaſſes, ſuch
That ſeem'd ſo many Caſtels, and their tops the cloudes to tuch.
Theſe on the *Lizardes* ſhewe themſelues, & threaten *Englands* fall:
But theare with Fiftie Shippes of ours that Fleete was fought withall.
Howbeit of a greater ſorte our Nauie did conſiſt,
But parte kept Dyet in the Porte, that might of health haue miſte,
Had *Spayns* Armada of our wants in *Plimmouths* Hauen wiſte.
The reſt had eye on *Parma*, that from *Flanders* armour threates:
Meane while Lord *Charles* our Admiral, and *Drake*, did worthy Feats:
Whoſe feareles fiftie Moole-hils bod their trypeld Mountaines bace,
And euen at firſt (ſo pleas'd it God) purſewde as if in chace:
By this (for ouer-idle ſeemd to *Engliſh* hearts the Shore)
Our Gallants did imbarke each-whearc, and made our Forces more.
But in ſuch warlike Order then their Shippes at Anker laye,
That we, vnles we them diſperſe, on bootles labor ſtaye:
Nor lacked Pollicie that to that purpoſe made vs waye.
Ours fyred diuers Shippes, that downe the Currant ſent, ſo ſkaerd,
That Cables cut, and Ankers loſt, the *Spanyards* badly faerd.
Diſperſed thus, we ſpare not ſhot, and part of them we ſinke,
And part we boord, the reſt did flye, not faſt enough they thinke.
Weil guided little Axes ſo force talleſt Oakes to fall,
So numbrous Heards of ſtately Hearts, flye Beagles tew and ſmal.
Nine dayes together cha'ſte we them, not actious, ſaue in flight

About Eight thowſands periſhed by famine, ſea, and fight,
For Treaſure, Shippes, and Carrages, loſt Honor, Priſners tayne,
The *Spaniards*, hardly ſcaping hence, ſcapt not rebukes in *Spaine*.
Well might thus much (as much it did) cheere *England*, but much
Concurrancie from one to all to ſtop that common Sore. (more
Euen Chatholiques (that erred name doth pleaſe the Papiſts) wacr
As forward in this Quarrell as the formoſt Armes to bear:
Recuſants and Suſpects of noote. Of others was caer.
And had not our God-guided Fight on Seas preuailed, yet
The *Spaniards*, land whereſo they could, had with our Armies met.
Our common Courage wiſht no leſſe, ſo lightly feard we Foes,
Such hope in God, ſuch hate of them, ſuch hearts to barter bloes.
Heere flam'd the *Cyclops* Forges, *Mars* his Armorie was heere,
Himſelfe he ſheads in vs, and with our Cauſe our ſelues we cheere.
But (which had ſcarre ſide our wounds, if wounded, with the Balme
Of her ſweete Preſence, ſo applaus'd as in Sea-ſtormes a Calme)
Her royall-ſelfe, *Elizabeth* our Soueraigne lawfull Queene,
In magnanimious Maieſtie amidſt her Troupes was ſeene.
Which made vs weepe for ioy: nor was her kindnes leſſe to vs.
Thinke nothing letting then that might the common Cauſe diſcus,
Wheare Prince and People haue in Loue a *Sympathie* as thus.
Howbeit Force, nor Policie, but Gods ſole Prouidence,
Did cleare fore-boſted Conqueſt and behighted Thraldome hence.
He in *Sancherib* his noſe did put his hooke, and brought
Him backe againe the way he came, without performing ought:
He fought for vs, Alonely we did ſhout and Trumpets ſound,
When as the Walles of *Ierico* fell flat vnto the ground.
Yea leaſt (for earſt did neuer heere like ſtrong Supplies befall,
Like loyall hearts in euerie one, like warlike mindes in all,
Leſſe ſpaer of Purſes, more Fore-ſight, and valiant Guides to act,
As ſhewde our hardie littell Fleet that battell neuer ſlackt)
Leaſte theſe, I ſay, might haue been ſayd the cauſe that we ſubdew'de,
Euen God, to Glorifie himſelfe, our gayned Cauſe purſew'de,
With

Without our losse of Man, or Mast, or Foe once touching Shore,
Saue such as wrackt, weare Prisnors, or but landing, liu'd not more:
And as in publique Praiers we did his defence implore,
So being Victors, publiquely, we yeelded thanks therefore.
Her Highnes selfe (good cause she had) in viewe of euerie Eie,
On humbled Knees did giue him thanks that gaue her Victorie.
Remaineth, what she wonne, what *Spaine* & *Rome* did lose in fame:
Remaineth, Popes vse Potentates but to retriue their Game.

CHAP. L.

IF not with minds preiudicate, but holding in suspence
A while the Papacie, that takes and giues so much Offence,
With single hearts, and Eies, and Eares, al christian Princes would
Peruse the sacred Scriptures (as in verie deede they should)
Then might they iustly censure, how in Lowlines, or Pryde,
In Charitie, or Crueltie, how straite to God, or wide,
In Doctrine, and in Discipline, *Rome* hath, and now doth guide,
With still Prouisoes from the Laie the Scriptures light to hide,
Least should (as would, and cleerely doth) their Cosning be espides
Wherby, euen *ipso facto*, is their Cause against them tride:
The sinne of Pride made *Lucifer* gainst God him selfe rebell,
And through that sinne he so seduc't that *Adam* also fell.
Then plaid he *Rex* ore all the Earth, except a faithfull Fewe:
Till Christ, incarnate, on the Crosse *Synns* Kingdome did subdewe.
Then Christ, was powrefull in the world, for Faith had practice right:

And what could more our Ghostly Foe then Faith & Practice spight?
His auncient Stratageme therefore to plant he casts anew,
And by the pride of only Workes from Faith a many drew. (time)
Then were such Honors heapt on Popes, (Worlds-Abiects ere that
That *Lucifer* him selfe than they presum'd not more to clyme.
Their golden Legend, though not it autentricke be in aught,
Toys doth teach a Storie that to them might now be taught.

Theare was a Man of stature bigge, and bigge withall in minde,
For serue he would, yet One thā whō he greater none might finde.
He, hearing that the Emperor was in the world most great,
Came to his Court, was intertaynd, and, seruing him at meate,
It chanc't the Diuell was nam'd, wherat the Emperor him blest:
When as, vntill he knew the cause, the Pagane would not rest.
But when he heard his Lord to feare the Diuell his ghostly Foe,
He left his Seruice, and to seeke and serue the Diuell did goe:
Of heauen, or hell, God, or the Diuell, he earst not heard nor carde,
Alone he sought to serue the same that would by none be darde.
He met (Who soone is mett) the Diuell, was intertayn'd, they walke,
Till, comming to a Crosse, the Diuell did fearefully it balke.
The Seruant, musing, questioned his Master of his feare:
One Christ, quoth he, with dread, I mind when doth a crosse appeare,
Then serue thy selfe, the Gyant said, that Christ to serue I'le seeke.
For him he askt an Hermit, who aduisde him to be meeke, found,
By which, by Faith, and works of Almes, would sought-for Christ be
And how & where, to practice these he gaue Directions sound.
Then he, that skorn'd his Seruice late to greatest Potentates,
Euen at a common Ferry now to carrie all awaites.
Thus doing long, as with a Child he ouer once did waide,
Vnder his Loode midway he faints, from sinking hardly stayde.
Admiring how, and asking who, was answered of the Childe,
As on his Shoulders Christ he bore, by being humblie milde,
So through Humilitie his Soule to Christ was reconcilde,

And,

And, of his Carrage, *Christo-fer* should thenceforth be his name.
Then lett this popish Scripture, Popes, at least you Conuerts frame:
Of which Conuerting, *Christo-fers* yee thenceforth shalbe said:
If not, apply and perish in your *Luciferring* Traid.
Ye know, I know, that but in Christ may no Redemption be:
So your greate friend, our *Garaner*, on his death-bed could agree:
But to the Vulgars open not, gainst *Rome*, that gap, quoth he.
So miserable is your state who, seeing, will not see,
That *Christofer*, eare *Christo-fer*, was Atheist leste than yee.
Well answered once a King of ours the Pope, that bod him free
Two Prelates, terming them his Sonnes: The King seem'd to agree,
But sent their compleat Armor: looke are these thy Sonnes, quoth he.
False *Hesket* too not falsely spake, reporting lately this,
That such as Papists would seduce, and of seducing mis,
Are marked dead: For he to whom he so did say, feare I,
Earle *Ferdinando Stanley*, so dissenting, so did die,
As other Peeres, heere, and elf-where, haue found the like no lye.
Nor preached he the Pope amis, that did to him applie
This Tex, to witt: *This is the Heire, come on and let him die,*
Th'Inheritance let vs inioye: Nought seeke they els, for why?
Those bad be good that giue, those good be bad that Giftes deny,
From *Annanias* literall fault they Consciences would tye:
These death-eide Basiliques therefore in euerie Sense doe flie.
Be of Religion iumpe with them, in all their Toyes affie,
A *Peter*-Penny, if withhild, knocks all the rest awrye.
Hell, Heauen, Bulls, Pardons, Pope, and to be Pope, doth mony buy.
Yea, too blasphemous, they incroch vpon the Deitie,
Though of these *Lucifers* haue been that perish through a Flie.
Each sinne gainst God, how vile so-eare, will Popes with Pardons fie:
Crosse but the Pope, pardon thou him, he will not pardon it.
For Faith his common Plea is sword and fire against his foes:
But who, but fooles, beleeue that Faith exacted is by bloes.
Than those three Mightie Emperors, Fist *Charles*, with *Ferdinand*,

And *Maximilian*, with the Pope did none more partiall ſtand:
Yeat ſuffred they the Conſciences of Proteſtants in peace,
But *Philip*, nor the Pope will now their *Inquiſition* ceaſe:
Though Either ſuffer *Iewes*, and Stewes, becauſe of Gaines increaſe.

CHAP. LI.

THis *Spaniſh Inquiſition* is a Trappe, ſo ſlylie ſett,
As into it Wiſe, Godly, Rich, by Blanchers bace as ſett.
Direct or indirectly then to anſweare all is one:
From thoſe *Inquiſitors* eſcape but verie fewe or none.
Euen ſo by racking out the ioynts, or chopping off the heade,
Procuſtes fitted all his Gueſts vnto his iron beade.
Aue Maria, *Credo*, and the *Pater noſter* ſay,
In Latin, els they pennance thee, and take thy goods away.
Nay, theſe though ſaid, both ſay and doe as they, yeat all for nought,
They will exact by Torture what thou thinkeſt, and haſt thought,
Of Maſſe, the Pope, & Popiſh points, til in the Lapſe thou fall:
Then, Mercie God, amongſt thoſe men no mercie is at all:
A bloodier Law vſde bloodierly was neuer heard or ſhall.
Tormenting men vntill they geſſe by whom they are acuſ'de,
Which geſſed, it againſt themſelues for Euidence is vſ'de:
As who would ſay, ſo be it muſt, becauſe it ſo is muſ'de.
Phillip, abuſiuely ſeduc't, and World-deceiuing Pope,
Peruſe all Lawes, euen *Paganizme*, paſt vnder heauens coope,
And rightly pondring thoſe with this, thē ſpeak your thoughts indeed,

Was

Was not your *Draco* Sathan that himselfe could thus exceede?
Here adde for badde we might your League, if That of This had need.
O happy and thrise happy Realme of ours, and other Lands,
Wheare, touching death by Clergie-doomes, the Pollicie withstãds.

THen treated *Paule*, Pope *Paule* the Third, when *Peter* came in Plea:
No Maruell, *Luther* preached gold, and glorie from his Sea.
But, see an helpe: *Ignatius* then conceited had his Sect,
And crau'd Confirmance of the Pope, which *Paule* did then reiect.
But when he heard that Orders vowe might cheefly him auayle,
Them *Iesuists* he incorporates: nor they his Pope-ship fayle:
But for his onely Doctrine are Apostles, and as trew,
As to the Diuell the deadly-Sinnes to Popes this Order new.
Yeat these be those are vnder-hand deceiu'd whilst they deceaue:
Witnes the Gallowes, wheare for most they end those webbes they weaue.
For vnaduised are, me thinks, our *Iesuistes* in this,
In Cell-life since so strict, and here they hanging seldome mis,
That, for Applause at least (although euen so weare bacely badde)
They change not Treachers vnto them to whom from vs they gadde.
But better course than either weare secure at home to staye,
And theare with loyall hearts attend what Subiects should obaye,
Wheare no tyrannizing is ore the Conscience, though it straye.
And Men of ciuill Carriage, though in bodies not imployde,
Win good Report, they shiftles shame that wish their Home distroyde.
Young English Fooles, for cause too trew, we pittie you in deede:
First for ye are our Countriemen, then for that ye proceede
Gainst Scripture, Lawe, and Nature, and Fooles palpable, in that
Ye note not how your Follies make our English Foxes fat:
Allen at *Rome*, Others els-wheare, that liue hand-ouer-heade,
By tasking you to broach those Faultes for which themselues be feade.
Whilst these lie burrowed, safe frõ skath, mongst you adoptiue Cubs,
They doe obserue the pregnanst witte, whom Discontentment rubs,
Of Atheist, factious, desprate, or vaine-glorious, him they schoole,

And

And then transport to *England*, thear to play the dangerous Foole:
Seducingly insisting on performance of their vow,
That doth Rebellion, Regecide, and breach of Othes allow.
Though *Dauid* knew his Soueraigne *Saul* disauored of God,
And might haue kild, and then bin crownd, such sin his soule for-bod.
Which of the Patriarks, Prophets, or Gods People, whilst they saru'd
Euen *Ethnicks*, traytrously vnto their owne Affections caru'd.
But thus do ye, nay worser, for your Darnell giddeth so,
As Gods Annoynted and Belou'd ye censure for his Foe:
But woorst of all, by murthring her to merite Heauen ye troe.

Put case the diuilish Act were done, to scape yeat lacks your Charter,
And dead with Tormẽts, not the pain, but cause, doth make the Marter.
Say that the Pope lacks Malice, Say your selues doe loue the State,
Too grosly yeat your Doctrine faults in things of greatest wate.
Which your Absurdities do our Diuines confute, I wot:
Ye say his Popeship cannot erre, We proue ye erre in, Not.
Nor in the Sacrament that Christ is really we hold.
Your Transubstantiation we iustly haue controld.
Yours for the Liuing and Deceast Propitiatorie Masses,
And Purgatorie, should we graunt, ye might conclude vs Asses.
Your Worshipping of Images, and Inuocating Saints,
And Supererogation, vs with your Defects acquaints.
Besides the Supper of our Lord, and Baptisme, we reiect
Moe Sacraments: Howbeit ye Fiue other doe erect:
As Confirmation, Penance, with Priest-Order, Marrage too,
And extreame Vnction. Ouer more too much applause ye doe
Works Meritorious. Of the Cup the Laye ye do bereaue:
And of translated Scriptures, so, vnspied, to deceaue.
Dirges, Vowes, Indulgences, Confession in the eare,
Dissoluing Subiects from the Faith they should their Princes beare,
Dispensing with the Scriptures, for Reuenge, to please, or gaine,
Your Pardons, Pilgrimages, and your halowed Paltries vaine,
Pope, and what-so is Papistric, well may we call profaine:

Ambitious

Ambitious *Rome*, that for thy Pompe not spar'st Soules to baine.
Once wert thou truly Catholique, corrupted fouly now,
Not outed quite the Church, A Sparke in her we thee allow:
And wish thou wert, as then thou wert, when as the Fathers good,
As touching Anti-christ, and whence, in both mis-vnderstood.
No Maruell, euen to *Daniels*-selfe in Mysterie it was:
And dye did those good Fathers ere that Scripture came to pas.
But now, who-so can Anti-christ but etymologize,
And knowes the Pope and *Rome*, the Place and Man of sinne descries.
Sheep-clothed Wolues, Christs *Pro-contra*, the Popes haue bin & be:
No place but *Rome* for Anti-christ, none but the Pope is he.

CHAP. LII.

BVt humaine Purenes none is such, but it to erre is knowne:
Thinke not we labour here your Faults, and ouer-leape our Owne.
For in the best of men the Flesh and Spirit combat still:
One thing the Spirit, and the Flesh the contrarie doth will.
We Vertue praise, but practise Vice: possessed weale we flye,
And tract off woe. At Heauen we ayme, but with a worldly Eye.
Our selues we loue, yeat than our selues we haue no crosser Foe.
For peace we warre, a peruerse warre that doth our selues ore-throe.
At once we burne, and are key-cold. We seeme to stand that fall:
To heale that hurt. We brag of bad. We dye ere death doth call.
We triumph while we are subdude. We blisse our proper baine.
We gladly doe subiect our selues vnto each giddie Vaine.

Our.

Our gadding Thoughts conceite the Cloudes, our ſelues meane while
Our Nay is Yea, our Yea is Nay: we will, and then will not. (for got.
Our Soules like this, our Fleſh luſts that. As *Proteus* changeth, ſo
Doe our Affections: and our Thoughts be ſhifting too and fro.
Euen *Hydra*-like we fleſh our Faults: our Mindes doe wauer ſtill.
Our ſelfe-Conceits be winged: and we flie from good to ill.
Our Peace with Diſcorde breedes our woe: the Contrarie our Eaſe.
We neuer doe but plague our ſelues, whilſte that our ſelues we pleaſe.
We would be we, as if not we. Vs Plentie maketh poore.
We, partiall, blame, inable, and diſable vs eremore.
All theſe, and wilfull Sinnes beſides, to vs with you and all
Too common we confeſſe. But of our Doctrine ſpeake we ſhall.
Propitious be to vs, O God, that Faith haue practiſe too:
Which we omit as Publicanes, as Phariſies ye doe.
Our Doctrine though is Goſpell, yours Traditions but of Men:
Enough of Yours: Examine Ours by Touch of Scripture then.

VPon the onely Scriptures doth our Church Foundation lay:
Let Patriarchs, Prophets, Goſpell, and th'Apoſtles for vs ſay:
For Soule and Body we affirme, are all ſufficient thay:
Yeat ye adde Canons, part corrupt, ſome Bookes ye quite denaye.
We by the Hebrew, and the Greeke, their primer Pennes, expounde
Each Scripture, by the eldeſt Clarks, whē doubtful Textes be found:
Not by the Latin onely, as ye would that all weare bounde.
So farforth yeat the Fathers and the Councels we approue,
As doe their Expoſitions tende to ſincere Faith and Loue.
Els fully Scriptures, in themſelues, explaine themſelues, ſay we:
If ſearched with that humble Spirit by which they written be:
Through which is ofte from literall ſpeech a ſpirituall ſenſe ſet free,
Vpon which ſenſe the Catholique Church did, doth, and muſt agree.
Nor doth our Church admit, at leaſt allow, of thoſe in her,
That teach not Faith ſincerely, winne to Heauen, from Hell deter,
That with new Glozes tainte the Text, or ſuch as be vnreade

In that sweete Promise of the Seede should broose the Serpents head:
The *Alpha*, and *Omega*, of all Scriptures, and whereby
Of grace, through faith in Christ, our Soules reuiue, and Sin doth die:
Our Church affects, how so effects, such pure Theologie,
And Guides, and to our Naturall Prince, graunts sole Supremacie.
Gods Cou'nant with the Patriarchs, and extending to the Seede,
Vs Gentiles to coequall is a Primate in our Creede:
And Christ we know the ende of it. In Circumcisions place
Is Baptisme. And intirely we the Tables Two imbrace
Which God himselfe in *Synai* wrote, and gaue to *Moses* then,
To publish to the people, Two Commandements in Ten:
Scriptures *Idea*, couched in our Loue to God and men.
Th'Apostles, *Athanasian*, *Nice*, and *Bizain* Creeds we hold
Autentick, by the holy Spirit in sacred Writ inrowld.
One Godhead of three Persons, in coequall Maiestie,
Doe we beleeue: of whom the Sonne did for Beleeuers die:
The only Ransome that redeemes from *Sathans* Tyrannie:
Euen Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life, not crooked, glozed, fraile,
But right for Rule, in Promise firme, in Guerdon near to faile:
Who to reproue the bad, approue the good, and to assure
The Wau'ring, and against the Diuell our safetie to procure,
Did, giltles, die, that we, lost Soules, might liue: naught els did make
That he, his Deitie adiorn'd, did humaine Nature take:
Nor, glorifide, disclaimes he vs, vnles we him forsake:
And what is fruitles Faith, but such *Apostasie*? and what
Ensues *Apostasie*, but to be doomed Dam'd for that?
No Doctrine, or Traditions, we hold currant, saue the same
That Gospell, or th'Apostles Acts, or Pennes, include or name.
Baptisme, incorporating vs in Christ, and vs in one,
Christs mistical last Supper, wherein Signe his death is knowne,
Be Sacraments, except which twaine, doe we accept of none.

By only Christ our Aduocate we to the Father pray:
Nor thinke we Saints deceased can our Sutes to him conuay:
Howbeit still most reuerently of Saints we think and say.
Vnnecessarie Burthens, on our Christian Freedome laide,
Contrarie these, that but beleefe, and vertuous life perswaide.
Yea only Faith doth iustifie, say we, of Gods free grace,
By Christ: nor Faith is idle, but doth Charitie imbrace.
Who may, but will not helpe doth hurt, we know: and curious thay
That, dribling Almes by Arte, disband wel-Meant frō wel-Dons pay:
And he that questions Ones distresse, and doth not helpe indenour,
Than he that sees, and nothing sayes, or cares, is lesse Deceiuour.
Then hope we health when sinne is felt repentantly in heart:
Adde then new life, and we to God, God doth to vs conuart:
Thus *Peter* vsde his Keyes, not thus play Popes S. *Peters* part.
For Cleargie-men, and Laye, our Church hath godly Discipline:
Lawes worthie better than sometimes are those the Lawes define.
Our Princes in their Policies and Lawes doe we obay:
Though God his Cause they seek to crosse, yeat we for thē do pray,
In patience, not peruerse Attempts, for better times we stay.
Not as denide, but as deuout we doe and should abstaine
From Meates euen meete, the proude Flesh frō sins excesse to waine,
Which, should we skāt, & yet be dronk with lust or like were vaine:
Saue also publique Policie doth publique Sparing craue,
In Fasts or differences of Meates, no other keepe we haue.
Almes deedes, and workes of Charitie we practiuely professe,
And follow Saints as they did Christ, & leaue whear they trāsgresse:
Such, and so much, as sayd are we: forgiue vs, God, it lesse.
For godly though Religion, Prince, and Policie they are,
Yeat things, that of themselues be good, abuse brings out of square,
And sundrie Faults in sundrie Folks we sometimes must forbare:
Howbeit with best gouernd States our State may now compare.

CHAP. LIII.

A Wise man liuing like a Drone, an old-Man not deuout,
Youth disobedient, Rich-men that are Charitie without,
A shameles Woman, vitious Lords, a Poore-man proudly stout,
Contentious Christians, Pastors that their Function doe neglect,
A wicked King, no Discipline, no Lawes men to direct,
Are Twelue the fouleſt Faults that do all Common-wealths infect:
In moſt of all which Twelue erres not, or much in any one,
Our State, reſpecting this, of ſome, Lawes not abuſed none.
Our God-bleſt Queene, *Palladium* of our happie publique Weale,
For worth ſo farre beyond all words, we one only touch in zeale.
No Realme than ours hath wiſer Lawes, for euery Right & Wrong:
Nor is through Meed, or Meanes, the Weake betraied to the Strõg,
Though of vn-Quaifed Iudges ſome is ſung another ſong.
But who the Perſon, not the Cauſe, reſpecteth, hath forgot
The Creator of Perſons, who and Iuſtice differ not.
A Councell watchfull for the State. Our Benches euery wheare
Supplide with Iudges learned, iuſt, and ſuch as God doe feare.
Winke here and there at Auerice, Incharitie, and Pride,
And better Cleargie than is ours not *Europe* hath beſide.
Say me, who can, whether Extreame hath harm'd Religion more,
That old of theirs too prodigall, or This of ours too poore?
Then-Giuing gaue too ſlack a Raine, now-Gleaning curbs too ſore.
By Slauerie and by Symonie now Church-Preferment comes:
Like *Nabal* and to *Helies* Sonnes get Church-men vp their crõmes.

Too

Too much, too little, or a meane, ſort out alike, we ſee,
Houſe-keeping, nor Humilitie, in any of the Three.
Be hoſpitalious, Churchmen: Lay, ceaſe ſacrilegious ſinne:
Your Soules-ſore, but their Stores-ſalue, whence, cuẽ whiningly, they
By pinching from the Pulpet, and their Purſes, with this note, (winne,
Scarſe will their Studies ſtipend them, their wiues, and Children cote.
And verely it is a fault, and maimed Learnings Foe,
That Church-Poſſeſsions ſhould amongſt the Laye be ſhared ſo.
And verely it is a fault, if ſo the Cleargie liue,
As theirs to take be thought no Sinne, nor Meede to them giue.
Almightie euerlaſting God, which only work'ſt great wonders,
Amend ſuch Paſtors, and vnite thy Flock that *Sathan* ſunders.
No one thing quailes Religion more than foundring Presbytrie:
Each Sect, impugning Order, ſaieth, and doth his Fantaſie:
Our Booke of Common prayer, though moſt ſound Diuinitie,
They will not reade, nor can they preach, yeat vp the Pulpet towre,
Thear making tedious Preachments, of no edifying powre.
O learned Seers, whoſe good liues and Doctrine doe agree,
(Not barren is our Land of ſuch) heer-hence vn-meant are ye:
To you, in Reuerence and Reward, may nothing wanting be: (free:
T'is only wiſht your work from Dolts, your Hiues from Drones were
T'is wiſht in Theſe, in Fugitiues, in Papiſts, and (mote bad,
Whom to perſwade to reaſon, were with reaſon to be mad)
In *Calophantick* Puritaines, amiſſe amendment had.

THeſe Hypocrites, for theſe three Gifts to their *Lauerna* pray,
Iuſt to be thought, all to beguile, That none their Guiles bewray:
Their Arte is fayning good they want, and hiding bad they haue:
Their Practiſe is ſelfe-praiſe, of praiſe all others to depraue.
On Loue, ſay ſome, waites Ieloſie, but Ieloſie wants loue,
When curiouſly it ouer-plus doth idle Quarrels moue.
Beſt Puritaines are ſo ore-zeal'd: But ſhould I terme the reſt?
Inhoſpitalious, Mutinous, and Hypocrites the beſt,

Insociable, Maleparte, foxing their priuate good,
Exiling hence wel-neere al Troth, meete Sports, & Neighbourhood,
Learnings Foes, contemptuously by them be Lawes withstood,
Self-pleasers, Skorners, Harlots, Drones, against the Haire in all:
Of their extreame, whence Atheisme breeds, be warning *Hackets* fall.
If euer *England* will in ought preuent her owne Mishap,
Against these Skommes (no terme too grosse) let *England* shut the gap.
Their giddie heds gaue colour first that *Spayne* gainst *Flaũders* arm'd,
And thẽ their Coũtries Foes they helpt, & most their Coũtry harm'd.
If Hypocrites why Puritaines we terme, be ask't, in breefe,
T'is but an *Ironized* Tearme, good-Fellow so spells Theefe.
Well-working single-hearted Men in silence (such be some)
Will not apply, but saintish, not in Deede, but by the Dromme.
To Vnion that our stablisht Lawes for publike Prayer ties
Not all, is wondred, and offends obedient Eares and Eyes.
The rather, for knowne Humorists, Sots, noted Mal-Contents,
Here innouate: and each one to a diuers Sect conuents,
Too much irreu'rent, in, and to, the Church and Sacraments.
But leauing these, retier we to ill-drifting *Rome* and *Spayne*,
Whõ doth our Queene, next vnder God, frõ *Europs* Spoyle detayne.

THE TENTH BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

CHAP. LIV.

IN *Scotland, France*, & *Netherland*, whilſt *Philip*, and the Pope,
Did Swordes, and ciuill Tumults broach, of prizing them in hope,
Her Highnes, through the higheſt Power, inabled was to ayde
Thoſe Countries, to defend her owne, and *Philips* to inuayde.
Of *Scotland* firſt, and then of *France*, and *Belgike* ſhall be ſaide:
When firſt of other things ſhall be this ſhort Remembrance made.
It is a ſaying auncient (not autenticall, I win)
That who-ſo *England* will ſubdew, with *Ireland* muſt begin.
Imagine *Stukelies* onely name includeth all that's ill:
He forging worth, and to our State Maleuolent in will.
Of bounteous Penſions was therefore poſſeſt in *Spayne* long while,
Vntill (for it a Nature was in *Stukelie* to begile)
The King, whom he had cozen'd long, him purpos'd to exile.
Then for the Pope the Fugitiue a welcome Agent was:
(For nothing ill, might worke vs ill, hath *Spayne* and *Rome* let pas)

Of

Of him he had an Armie, that for *Irelands* Conqueſt ſayles:
When through a fight in *Barbarie* that Expedition fayles.
But how had guiltles *England* then deſeru'd ſuch hoſtile Spight?
Her Rebell why relieued they? why arm'd they him to fight?
Why did? (why doe I aske that know the *Spanyard* ſo ambitious,
The *Romaine* Prelate pompious, and, which more is, auaricious?)
Why did, I ſay, Pope *Pius* Bull, and *Gregories* Calfe diſqueate
Our Sou'raigne, and her Subiects, that did neuer them miſ-treate?
Vnles for Princes to giue Lawes to theirs be to offend
Proud *Spayne*, and *Rome*: if ſo, as ſo, let God the Quarrell ende.
What elſe had *England* done, whē they did foſter there, with more,
Our Trayter *Moereton*, ſent from them to ſtirre an here-Vprore,
Which coſt the North, two northerne Earles, and their Conſorts full
He whiſpring, how that Bull had made *Anathema* our Queene, (ſore?
Depriu'd her all Authoritie, diſcharg'd her Subiects cleene,
Bleſt all her Foes, curſt all her Friends, left *England* Anies praye,
And all for damned that did ayde or her in ought obaye.
So arrogant, malitious, and miſchieuous is that Bull,
That *Belzebub*, the Prince of hell, appeares in it at full.
Why ſent they it by *Felton* to be biſhoped at *Paules*?
Why fe'ed they *Fitz-Morrice*, that in *Ireland* marſhal'd Brawles?
Saunders, that falſe ſeditious Prieſt that fortified theare, (beare?
Why march't hee with their Enſignes? Why did they thoſe charges
They ſhooke our Hiue, & forſt vs forth to ſting thē when they fee'd
Falſe *Deſmond*, and the Rebell now, that as the reſt ſhall ſpeede:
For God againſt all Traytors hath aſſured wrath decreede.
Theſe Sturres, and more in *Ireland*, and a many Treaſons heere,
Haue they abetted, to the King of Catholikes full deere.
More than his paper Pellets too the Pope hath been at coſt:
His Alchumie, a dram to win, a pound of Gold hath loſt.
Was it for loue they did erect Receptacles for Ours?
Or ſo by ſchooled Treacheries to adde vnto their Powrs?

Their *Ieſuiſts*, our *Iudaſſes*, act ſo remote from Loue,
As Faiths Relaps, Rebellion, and to Rege-cide they moue.
Story, inſatiate of the blood of Martyrs, and a many
Blood-thirſtie Prieſts, bloodier than whom nor hath nor might be any,
Tutring their Naturall Princes death, and Ruine of our State,
Doe they, and then did nouriſh, when twixt vs ſeem'd no debate.
That *Spaniſh-Iewiſh Atheiſt*, and Lop-heauie-headed Leach,
(Vnworthy a Phyſitions name) fowle *Lopas*, we impeach,
And *Parret*, that aſpyring Knight, hence bryb'd for duties breach:
Hence haue been poyſned of our Peeres, whom Bribes could not ore-reach.
But what are theſe, and more than theſe, to it the *Guizian Scot*,
Fatall to Seas of blood, and to her owne by earned lot,
Did with our Foes againſt our State and Soueraignes life complot?
Wherein King *Phillip* and the Pope eſpecially weare hot.
Here, but in Reuerence of her Sonne, an happie Prince in all,
Religion, Peace, his Subiects Loue, of Emperie not ſmall,
Precelling his Progenitors, a Iuſticer vpright,
Yea ouer-long it weare we ſhould Particulars reſight,
How Nature, Wit, and Virtue, decke his body, words, and minde,
Or, if his Fames Deminatiue in any thing we finde,
It is but part of Maieſtie, through Puratizme declynde,
Yea, if for him, whom (and deſeru'd) we haue ſo firme a frend,
It might, I ſay, be ſpoke, not thus of *Marie* ſhould we end.
Her Fauoures vnto *Dauid Rize*, offenſine to the King
His Highnes Father, but for him in Storie would we bring,
With hers, and *Bothuels* double wrong to Eithers married Bead,
How they wrought *Paricidie*, how the treacherous Couple wead,
How, odious to their Owne, with hard eſcape of liues they ſtead,
How, ſince our Priſnor, blood ſhe ſought, & much through her was ſhead,
Yea all that *Buchanã* doth wright ſhould largely here be read.
Yeat not her Infancie ſhould be vpbraided with the blood
Of many thouſand ſlaughtred Soules, when periur'd *Scots* withſtoode

Her

Her Marriage with Prince *Edward*, which Eight *Henrie* ſwore thē to,
When they eſteem'd vs Hereticks (ſo Papiſts Oathes vn-doe.)
But, for th'aforeſaid Reuerence, touch we but Hers and Her,
That, indirectly, heer did her abortiue Clame prefer.

CHAP. LV.

KIng *Iames* the fourth, that fayld his faith, and loſt for it his life,
Had *Iames* the Fift, by *Margaret*, our Daughter, and his Wife:
Fiſt *Iames*, through Melancholy ends, for Ours gainſt him good chance,
And left this *Marie*, whom the *Scots*, an Infant, wead to *France*:
Thus, from Seuenth *Henries* Daughter, ſhe her Title did aduance,
But howſoere by blood, or by our Lawes, ſhe here could clame,
T'is ſure, too ſoone, and treacherouſly, ſhe did preferre the ſame,
And firſt and laſt vnto our Queene her ſelfe a Foe did frame.
Our *Marie* was no ſooner dead, but that her *Guizards* arme,
And into *Scotland* Locuſts-like in her Pretext did ſwarme:
Whilſt ſhe, in *France*, did vndertake our royall Armes and Stile:
Behoou'd therfore our Queene to ſtand vpon her Guard meane while.
Lord *William Graie*, our *Engliſh Mars*, not Martiall more than wiſe,
Did with an Armie hence pack thēce our dāgerous Neighbour *Guiſe*:
Nor died few of Either part, whilſt *Marie* thus would riſe. (miſe.
Since when the League did oſt her Right, with wrong too much, ſur-
Of Cōqueſts *Spayne*, of Cōuerts *Rome*, our Queene doth cheefly bare,
Gainſt her therefore they chiefely wrought Conſpiracies and Warre:

And not for *Maries* Title, or her any virtuous Giftes,
Thinke that they her inleagued, but from her to plot their Driftes.
Her ſelfe meane while, falſe-Paradi'zd, beſybbing *Æſops* Croe,
Vain-glorious through the Foxes gloze, did ende her ſong in woe.
Sufficeth what is ſaid before, to ſhew wherefore ſhe ſtead:
Here was ſhe taken, whom if *Scots* had taken, had been dead:
Put vnder Guarde: and ſo was meete ſhould one that quarreld Ours,
And not her ſelfe alone, but had Abbettors forren Powrs.
Yeat Princely her Allowance, and more ſtately, as is ſayde,
Than had ſhe been in *Scotland*: nor was Libertie denayde
Of Hauking, Hunting, and Diſports: that, had ſhe been content,
Her merrieſt and ſecureſt daies a Priſoner ſhe ſpent.
Scotland, though labourd of our Queene, would not receiue her: and
Such Treacher, though impriſon'd here, prou'd ſhe to either Land,
That death awaited her at Home: and had we let her goe, (throe.
She was the Leagues ſhot-Anchor might our Queene and State o're.
Percie and *Neuell*, auncient Earles, This yet in *Spaniſh* paye,
(Though bacely ill, too well for him his Countrie would betray)
That other headed, both her Wreckes, wee touch but by the way.
With that ſucceeding County, who concurring with his brother,
Once pardon'd, ſtill conſpyred and (Lawes Progreſſe ſo to ſmother)
Diſpatcht himſelfe: *Paget* and moe, like guiltie as thoſe other, (ther,
Whoſe faultes & falls had *Rome* & *Spayne* their Father, her their Mo-
Omit we. *Norfolks* Houſe, from firſt of *Howards* made a Prince,
Though fauor'd of the Commons, haue defected euer ſince.
As *Abſolom* vs'd Curteſie but as Ambitious ſmoake,
Laſt *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolke* ſo did his aſpyring cloke,
Who promis'd faith once fre'ed, but that promiſe ſoone he broke.
Him for Confedrate with thoſe Earles, rebelling, Proofes did touch:
And with this *Scottiſh* Queene that he Intelligence had much:
Her Marriage that he cloſely ſought, and her Eſcape pretended, (ded:
And in her Right, had fadg'd their wrong, her Highnes Raine had en-

Of

Of Rising neer to *London*, and to take it Plots they layde:
From *Netherland* the *Spanish* King had promised them ayde:
From *Scotland* into *Spayne* should be the Infant-King betrayde:
Ireland meane-while with aduerse Armes should also be ore-layde:
And hereof, to, and fro, the Pope, weare Letters still conuayde,
All which, and more, directly prou'd, he, pitied, lost his head:
Nor ought his death, from being such, did stand his Sonne in steade.
So hardly finde we Great-men in their Greatnes satisfide,
Or for their Greatnes, not to be of other Men enuide.
But what is All to those haue All, when but in Trifles crost,
Disgrace, or Greefe, or Grudge, vn-queate no lesse than all weare lost?
Conclude we then, all Riches, Forme, Pompe, Worlds-Applause, but
Conclude we then, to Monarchize is to cõmand the minde. (Winde:
Threckmorton yeat, more priuie and more practising than those,
With her, *Mendoza*, Papists here, forren, and Land-leapt Foes,
Did Mischieles that imported more our practiz'd State disclose.
But when of *Parry*, *Babington*, and their Attempts I thinke,
With whome this *Scottish* Lady in their bloody hopes did linke,
All foresaid Practises seeme then Epitomies to it
Whereto these folliall Traytors did themselues and Senses fit.
Our Centinels, almost too late, the Larum bell did ring,
Yeat hardly then to arme her selfe our Generall they bring:
The Queene of *Scots* frõ Ours almost her Crowne & life had priz'de,
Eare to preuent the same she would, by audience, be aduis'de.
When gentle Durance might not salue that Dainger, did remaine,
(Which God, and Nature tolerate) sica rather than be slaine:
To which our Parliament aduis'd our Queene, but long in vaine:
So far was she from soing her, that sought her life and Rayne.

CHAP. LVI.

NOw thirtie sixe our greatest Peeres and States
had power to heare,
And to determine, and, as found, her to con-
demne or cleare,
By Statute passed in our Queene her seuen and
twentith yeare.
These noble Tryers, iustly then examining the
Cause,
With reuerent Note of her, who heard and spoke to euery Clause,
Did, after diuers Daies so spent, adiudge, by Verdict trew,
Her guiltie of most trayterous Conspiracies, not fewe:
And then from *Fotheringhaye* themselues to Parliament with-drew.
Of this Infection, that our Peers and People had, and would
Remedies impoyson, if not medcine it we should,
By some Decision of the Lymme whence all the bayne did floe,
Our publike Weales Phisitions much did argue to and froe.
Did neuer English Parliament, fully conuented then,
Consist of Noblier, Learneder, Wiser, and Worthier men:
By these it was debated how this common Foe might liue,
Without her death whom God to vs a common Blisse doth giue.
Much was it labord, wished much some Course herein might holde,
But to resolue of any none had reason to be bolde.
Her still obdurate Malice to her Maiestie was cleere:
If she preuaild, Religion was assurd an Altring heere:
Our Nobles Crocodile, at home, and hence, our Foe-hop't Head:
Then must our Queene, Religion, Realme, or She for them be dead.

Wherefore

Wherefore from Either House were sent the chiefest Men, to craue
Her Highnes that the passed Doome might Execution haue:
Whereof She askt to be aduisde, and (earnest her to saue)
Dismissed them with louing words, and biddeth them expect
Her Answer shortly: nor did She the sending it neglect:
Though contrarie to it that all did, hopingly, affect:
For she, perplexed in that case, did lastly them direct
To studie Meanes how Both might liue, the Perill ouer-past:
Which much amaz'd: yeat solemnly they handell it at last.
Mercie to her, Malice in her might happily preuent,
Was sayd, but not resolu'd, for oft she Mercie vnder-went,
When rose the Earles, and other times, yeat neuer did repent,
But of our Queene to be destroyd had made her Testament.
A straiter Garde, Bonds, Hostages, were also nam'd in vaine:
For, should she prize our Queene, who then durst her or thē detaine?
Or what were these to recompence the Losse we should sustaine?
For Loyaltie to take her Oth, was thought to purpose small:
Such Othes she oft had falsifide, nor thought it Sinne at all
To breake them to an Heretike (our Queene so Papists call.)
To banish her, were to possesse our Foes of their desier,
For vs to rid away the Smoake, and runne into the Fier,
To set her free to make a Head for them against our Queene:
In few, no safetie for vs, but in her Death was seene.
So wholly by the Parlament concluded was, and so
Reported to her Maiestie, still pitying her Foe.
In more sententious, learned, and delibrate sort, than I
Can set it downe, past all toucht heer: So did her Maiestie
In answering earst, and now to them her Aunswer Aunswer-lesse,
Sweet Adumbrations of her Zeale, Mercie, and Wit expresse.
But with her Oracle that bod them do, and doe it not,
Play'd they as *Alexander* did with King *Gordians* Knot.

OF *Spayns* huge Nauy, toucht before, great Rumor now was ſpread,
And that th'Inuaders meant to make this *Scottiſh* Queene a head:
For which continued doubt of her in Engliſh hearts was ſhead.
Not in the Vulgars only, but ſome Nobles of this Land,
Who had (not knowing it our Queene) then got into their hand
The Writ of Execution, that her Heading did purport:
The which was executed ſoone, and in a ſolemne ſort.
This nature-frended Ladie, had ſhe bin as wiſe as wittie,
Who by the Maſſacres in *France* had learnt to leaue off Pittie,
Made there too apt for bloody Acts, the Pope for it too blame,
To take her death, too much deſern'd, her ſelfe did meekly frame.
She bids commend her to her Sonne, and will him to eſchew
All Practiſes and Policies, for thence her Sorrowes grew:
True *Romiſh*, *Scottiſh*, and true *French*, tell all my Friends I die.
When *Melvin* (vnto whom ſhe ſpake) did, weeping, thus replie,
The wofulſt Meſſage, Madame, this that euer me befell,
When of my Queene and Miſtreſſe Death I ſhal the Tidings tel,
She, kiſsing him, ſayes pray for me, and bids him ſo farewell.
Then of a debt was due from her ſhe did the payment craue,
And that her Seruants might enioy thoſe Legacies ſhe gaue,
And to attend her at her death ſome of her Owne to haue.
All which the Earles commiſſioned did yeeld vnto: and ſo
She to the black-clad Scaffold, there to take her death, did go.
Now *Mary Stewards* Troubles ſhall haue ending, once or twiſe
She ſayd, and not to mone for her did giue to Hers aduiſe:
And whilſt the Writ in reading was no more regarded it,
Than if it had ſecured, or concerned her no whit.
Beades at her Girdle hung, at end of them a Medall, and
An *Agnus-Dei* bout her necke, a croſt-Chriſt in her hand.
They prayed her to ſet a-part thoſe popiſh Toyes, and pray
In faith to Chriſt, in only whom her whole Saluation lay:
And, offring then to pray with her, that Offer ſhe withſtood,

Alleaging

Alleaging that our Prayers can doe Catholiques no good.
So doth the Popes falſe Calendar of Saints of Senſe bereaue
Our Traytors, who dye Papiſts that therein it them receaue.
Was neuer yet Religion heard ſo peſtilent as this:
Their murdring vs for Lawfull, of their Creed a portion is.
So had they ſchooled her, and that her bloodie Miſchiefs paſt
Were meritorious, which the Pope would honor ſo at laſt.
That, euen then, the Goſpels Light illuminate her heart
Was prayd of Ours, whilſt ſhe with hers prayd, as pleaſde her, a-part.
Then to her wofull Seruants did ſhe paſſe a kind a-dew:
And kiſsing oft her Crucifix, vnto the Block her drew,
And, fearles, as if glad to dye, did dye to Papiſme trew.
Which, and her other Errors (who in all did euer erre)
Vnto the Iudge of Mercie and of Iuſtice we referre.
If euer ſuch Conſpirator, of it impenitent,
If euer Soule, Pope-ſchooled ſo, that Sea to Heauen ſent,
If euer one, ill-liu'd, did dye, a Papiſt, God-wards bent,
Then happie ſhe. But ſo, or not, it happie is for vs,
That of ſo dangerous a Foe we are deliuer'd thus.
The brauely mannag'd Iorney of the Countie *Suſſex*, who
Did merit praiſe beyond my Penne, Sir *VVilliam Druries* too
Made into *Scotland*, added to Lord *Greis* ſayd-Proweſſe theare,
Did leſſer rid our Queene and Realme, their Realme & King of feare,
Than *Maries* end: Who of her ſelfe all Treaſons did prefer,
Gainſt either State: our forraine Foes deriu'd Pretexts from her.
But thus *Elizabeth* hath ſalu'd, Ours, and *Scotch* Troubles. Now
Enſues we ſhew her Aids to *Frãce*, who wrought their Broiles, & how.

CHAP.

CHAP. LVII.

IT by a Polititian a *Germaine* (to whose lore,
Haue *Machiuilian French*-Euents since sorted e-
uer-more)
Before Queene-Mother, *Charles* the King, and
others priuate, was
Aduisde a Monarch absolute in *France* to bring
to pas.
Aristocratick Gouernment, nor *Democratick*
pleasde
But where to one Mans Emperie is *Monarchia* sealde.
He told his Trauels, and in States his Obseruations: how,
Besides the only *Turke*, he none a Monarch did allow:
Who suffreth none by Might, by Wealth, or Blood, to ouer-top:
Himselfe giues all Preferments, and whom listeth him doth lop.
His Bands of *Ianizaries*, who are form'd and nouriſht still
From Childhood his owne Creatures, hold all at his owne will.
He out of these his Captaines, and his Bassies doth elect:
They, to deserue their Founders trust, his only Weale affect:
The rather, for their Dignities, and all that All possesse
Determine at his will, behooues therefore not to transgresse.
Saue his Religion, none is vsde, vnlesse in Conquests late,
And that of Policie, thereby to adde vnto his State:
Nor euen there permits he of Religion to debate.
Nor walled Townes, nor Fortresses, his Empier doth digest:
Except vpon the Frontires, for securing of the rest.
His Subiects thus, Theirs, and the whole, at his Deuotion, needs
No Impoſts, Taxes, or the like, whence Tumult often breeds.

Discourſe

Diſcourſt of his Experience thus, he then deſcends to it,
Whereby of *Monarchia* might himſelfe the *French* King fit.
Whereas (quoth he) *French* Policie conſiſts of Three Eſtates,
The Princes, Nobles, Commons, and each one of th'other wates
For hearts and helpes, and oft the King is bridled of thoſe Three,
Himſelfe therefore, ſuch Lets remou'd, ſole Monarch thus might bee.
Of ancient Peeres, of valiant Men, great Lords, and Wiſemen all,
By forced Warre, or fraudfull peace, to temporize the fall:
Whereto Religions quarrell then preſented meane not ſmall.
Meane while, vntill of them by turnes weare Riddance, did behoue
To worke them Mal-contents, the King to labor vulgar Loue.
Immediatly, euen from himſelfe, No whit at their Requeſt,
To paſſe Preferments, not to them, but els as likes him beſt:
And but of Peeces ruinous the Great-Ones to poſſeſſe:
And when his Creatures ſhall grow to more, thoſe Great to leſſe,
To quarrell then thoſe Nobles, when in them great hearts would lurk,
That for the Souldier, or the ſword of Iuſtice, ſhould make work.
So to prouide that of the States be no Conuention nam'd:
Religion not diſputed of: Strong Townes, which oft haue tam'd
The *French* Kings, be diſmantled: And when things as thus be fram'd,
His Maieſtie (quoth he) ſhall hit the Marke whereat is aim'd.

WHen this, & worſe than thus, this worſe than *Machiuel* had ſaid,
With that Conuenticles Applauſe, ſo working was not ſtaid:
For hence, if Accidents we ſhall obſerue, may be collected
The ciuill Warres and Butcheries in *France* to haue effected.
Religion gaue the colour, whear though infinite were ſlaine,
The Church reform'd did not reſiſt, yeat ſtill by loſſe did gaine:
For blood of Martyrs well is ſayd to be the Churches Seede,
Where Maſſacres haue plaſhed there is ſpread a triple Breede:
In Senſe it ſeem'd a ſillie Spring, ſhould *Europe* ouer-floe,
Whence *Luther* his occaſion tooke againſt the Goſpels Foe:
As *Scotlands* foreſaid *Guizian* Broyles, euen *France* her Tumults ſo,

From

From other then Religions cauſe did at beginning groe:
So *Ioſeph* ſold, and Chriſt betrayd, was meeter than was ment
Of *Ben-Iameſis*, or by the falſe *Iſcarots* foule Intent:
But howſoeuer ill haps well, Woe ſtayes whence ill is ſent.
French ſecond *Henries* Fauorites, the Conſtable, and *Guize*,
The one of them ambitiouſly the others Hight enuies:
Each growing croſſe, and croſsing, it to Factions grew at length,
Poore *Hugenotz* vndoubted then, nor dreamed they of ſtrength:
Alone in *Henries*, *Francis*, and ninth *Charles* their Raignes, of them
French Papiſts, as our *Maries*, did to Martyrdome condemne.
But by ſuch Law as Wolues doe Lambes, thoſe Innocents for moſt
Were ſlaughtered, whole Townes ſometimes with theſe in thē they
And like now threatned *Guize* againſt the Saints in euery Coſt. (roſt:
The *Guizians* (ſo that Faction ſhall in this Report be ſayd)
Through Nonage of the Pope-taught King, grew Mighty & obayd:
Queene-Mother (Miſchief-Miſtres) in their Pageant featly playd.
Meane while the Royals and the Peeres they Practiſe to betray:
Some in the bloodie Maſſacre at *Paris* made away.
But what offend I Chriſtian Eares with horror of that deede?
From *Sarazens*, nor *Sauages*, did euer like proceede.
Let that black Marrage-Feaſt, when were ſo many Thouſands ſlaine
Of Saints, at peace with God and men, be neuer nam'd againe:
Let be a Law in euery Land, to puniſh ſuch as ſpeake
That Chriſtiās ſhould, like Hel-hoūds ſo, with God & Nature breake:
Farre be it that Poſterities ſhould heare, that *Charles* the King
For ſuch foule Murthers, bon-fiers bod, and cauſed Bels to ring.
Yea tell the Popes Proceſsion, and his Iubilee for this:
For Popes be impudent, and bads their bleſsings neuer mis,
To haue them Fathers of thoſe Acts, no Newes at all it is.
But more than twiſe ſixe yeares ere this the ciuill Warres begun,
When on the Lambes of *Vaſsie* did the *Guizian* Butchers run:
Euen when the Edict had giuen Peace vnto the Church reform'd,
And odious to the Papiſts ſeem'd that Peace, who therefore ſtorm'd:

And then the Duke of *Guize*, who earſt had figur'd for the Crowne,
Hence calculating hopes, did ſet his bad Deſignements downe:
Alonly quarrelling, till then, the Princes of the blood,
Who, partly quail'd, were yet vnkild, and to their tackling ſtood.
So with the Papiſts band's the Duke himſelfe, not for Deuotion,
But aduantagious ſeem'd that Meane for blood-Driſts & Promotion.
This Faction thus had Heart and Head, the Other yet vnborne,
Till to the Prince of *Condie* flockt the *Hugenotz*, forlorne,
And tolde the ſauage Butcheries at *Vaſsie* newly made,
By ruthles and ſeditious *Guize*, on Thouſands, whilſt they prayde.
Like skathed Sheepe, eſcaped from blood-ſucking Dogs, they quake,
Imploring his Protection: which he then did vndertake.
Thus, through Neceſsitie, this Part had alſo Heart and Head:
Euen after hundreds thouſands ſuch good Chriſtians ſo were dead.
This knowne, to him from euery Part the Perſecuted flie,
So was the Prince of vertuous Troopes poſſeſſed by and by.

CHAP. LVIII.

NOt *Spayne* this while, that held for *France* great Signories, did ſleepe,
But through the Fingers into It, with luſting Eyes, did peepe:
At leaſt, by nouriſhing thoſe Broyles, all got She hopes to keepe.
For It, whoſe Scituation ſo *Spayns* ſcattred Realmes diſioynes,
Her Teeth had watred long, and now, to weaken *France* her Loynes,
Gainſt *France* ſhe *France* doth ſtrēgthē with the Soother of her gold:
And for that Purchace to the Diuell, is fear'd, her Soule is ſold.

Directions

Directions also came from *Rome*, that setteth all on fier:
That, by what Right or wrong so ere, the *Guize* should still aspier:
To send the royall Bloods to Heauen or Hell, it skils not how:
Were Pardons sent for Murthers: Buls to clear Alleageance vow:
That, on Damnation, none perswade, much lesse of Peace allow.
And not alone gainst *France* this League was halowed, but gainst all
That worke the Gospell to erect, whereby the Pope might fall:
Was more than time, troe we, to goe, should not the Church vs call.
But call did they, and come did we, and to their labors fall, (small.
When weare their Townes demolished, with Slaughters thear not
This busie Head of that bad League (for yet the monstrous Beath
Of *Sextus Quintus* and the Diuell, the grand League, had not breath)
This *Guize* bereft vs *Calice*, and in *France* our Peeces all:
Then fell in hand with *Scotland*, thence with vs in hand to fall:
This, in his Neece the *Scottish* Queene her Claime, did all he might
To dispossesse *Elizabeth* our Queene of regall right:
This on the infant-Person of his naturall King had seazde:
And prosecuted now in *France* what Violence him pleasde:
The Popes sworne Butcher, and proud *Spayns* fore-Runner, to prepare
Her waies for *France* & *England*, which their Owners cannot spare:
This with the blood of Innocents made Channels ouer-floe:
Against this *Cham*, and his Beau-Peeres, inuited *English* goe.
Els, saue that God can all, was feard Religion should haue quaild,
And *Spanyards*, nestling ouer neere, had easlier vs assaild:
For on the Theator of *France*, the Tragedie was ment
Of *England* too: Wherefore our Queene her Interruptors sent.
How *Ambrose*, Earle of *VVarwick*, did in *Frãce* high Feates not few:
How bloodie *Claudie*, Duke of *Guize*, a common Souldier slew:
How *Francis*, sonne of that *Guize*, did ciuill Broyles renew:
The persecuting *Francis*, *Charles*, and *Henries*, hence a-dew:
Which Kings, as said, to work themselues *French* Monarchs Atheists
Or doting ouermuch on *Rome*, their Realme & selues betrayd: (playd,
The skarlet *Borbone*, whom the *Guize* a painted *French* King made:

Salcede

Salcedo fayling *Monsiurs* Death, which did the League conspier:
The Prince of *Orenge*, murthred through *Farnesian Parmas* hier:
Renoumed *Condie* poysned, in his time the Leaguers feare: (beare:)
How Pope-sent *Saunders* gainst our Queene in *Ireland* Armes did
(For Leaguers then in Pollicie preuented Lettes each-wheare,
By Armies, or Armadas, or their scattred *Iesuists*, who
Haue had small cause to brag that they with *England* had to doe:)
The often sworne and for-sworne Peace, that hapned in the while
Queene-Mother, *Phillip*, Pope, and *Guise*, the *French* Kings did begile:
Queene-Mother for Ambition of imployment, King of *Spayne*,
To make his Vsurpations sure, yea *France* it selfe to gaine,
The Pope to keepe his pompe in plight, *Guise* for the regall Ring:
How all, though drifting diffringly, at length to ende did bring
The House *Valoys*, of *Capets* Stocke, which Stocke had quite decaide,
But that it pleaseth God the Crowne in *Burbons* House is staide:
How till the *Barricados* Feast, when *Guise* vn-vizard was,
Vnder Religions Cloake the Routes in wasted *France* did pas,
And after then, both Hugenote, and Papist too, if frend
Vnto *Valoys*, or *Burbon*, found like Enmitie, or end:
Ot *Sauoy*, (hoping *France*) his Aydes, and ill successe in all:
How *Guise*, and *Lorraine*, in the Pit for *Henrie* dig'd did fall:
How Frier *Iames*, Pope-blest, and brib'd of *Mayne*, did *Henrie* kill:
How vnto *Mayne*, pursewing Broyles, it wrought not to his will:
The Massacres, and Stratagems, did in these Tumults chance:
How God in all his Warres did blesse *Nauar*, now King of *France*:
And how, next God, that *Frãce* is French our Queene is Author cheef,
All These, thus blanch't, we leaue, and shall of *Belgick* be as breefe.
But be it first remembred how, euen for the Parents sinne,
God plagueth in Posteritie: as came to passe, I winne,
In second *Henries*, of the Church reform'd a bloudie Foe,
(Though otherwise a worthie Prince, not tache we him but so)
And *Katherine de Medicis*, whose Athisme wrought much woe.
These had fowre Sonnes, not one of which did die a naturall death,

All Issules, *Valoyses* Males none extant on the Earth.
No maruell, euen to *Dauids* Seede, for *Dauids* sinne, hap't such:
And though the holy Writ containes that Storie, yeat to tuch
This Purpose, let vs heare it here: Example vrgeth much.

CHAP. LIX.

OF holy *Dauid*, and his House, the Man approu'd to be
By Gods owne Mouth, to Gods owne heart, the ny Troubles see.
His Soule was euer godly firme, though fraile in flesh as Man,
(For who of *Adams* Seede from sinne acquite them could or can.)
Our walls of flesh, that close our Soules, God knew too weak, & gaue
A further Guard, euen euery Man an Angell Guide to haue:
And Men to vs be Angels, whilst they worke our Soules to saue.
For, eare his Fall, Man was not left vnto himselfe so free,
But that he had a Law, and Those that should his Temptors be,
And tempted, then the Spirit, that for God himselfe was made,
Was dared by the Flesh, that to the Spirit earst obayde:
The Soule by either laboured to thriue, or be betraide.
To erre is proper then to Men, but brutish to persist:
With Praise, and Praier, still to God, as *Dauid* thriu'd, or mist,
He plied: more in louing God, than liuing godly blist.
Vngratefull *Saule* distressing him, or what eare then befell,
Or afterwards, nor other then Domestick Greefes we tell.
The troublous Sequels *Nathan* tould of *Dauids* House, when as,
To wanton it with *Bethsabe*, *Vrias* murthred was,

Effecting

Effecting now, is onely it whereto our Pen ſhall pas.
Thamar, *Ammon*, *Abſolom*, *Adoniah*, alſo wrought
Vnto their Father woe enough: let theſe on Stage be brought.
Now to the Tribes was *Dauid* as the Zodiack to the Signes,
Euen Signifer to euery Prince that circled his Confines.
A Monarche great, in Acts and Fame more great, but great'ſt of all,
In that he was belou'd of God, nor ceaſt on him to call,
Who raiſd him, often falling, for his Croſſes weare not ſmall.
Loue-worth *Maacha*, *Thalmai* King of *Geſhurs* Daughter, baire
To *Dauid* featred *Abſolom*, and *Thamar* peereles faire.
Nor fairer yeat than virtuous, though diſaſtrouſly ſhe ſpeade:
Such is admyred Bewtie that hath Worlds of Miſchiefes breade.
Ammon, whom *Ahinoam* bore to *Dauid*, was the cauſe
Of hers and his owne griefe, in that he gaue his Eyes no lawes.
For Loue is but a Terme, like as is *Eccho* but a Voyce,
That This doth babble, That doth breed, or not, is ours the choyce.
And Virtue curbs Affection, and for Conſcience flyeth ſinne:
To leaue for imperfection, feare, or ſhame, no praiſe doth winne.
But not ſo happy he as feare, or ſhame, or ought, might ſtay
His rankled thoughts, but ſicke, luſte ſicke, for *Thamar* *Ammon* lay:
And ſubtell *Ionadabs* Aduiſe did her to him betray.
For neuer was Pretence ſo fowle but ſome would flatter it:
No any thing ſo peſtilent as miſ-applied Wit.
Seeme feeble ſicke, and when the King thy Father viſits thee,
Then faine an Appetite to Meate by *Thamar* dreſt (quoth he:)
Aske that ſhe dreſſe it in thy ſight, and of her hand to take it,
When priuate ſo, thy Market bee as thou doeſt mar or make it,
Well pleaſde this Counſell: *Ammon* askes, and *Dauid* yeelds anon:
Nor readier *Dauid* to bid goe, than *Thamar* to be gone:
Like *Philomela*, flattering *Pandeon* ſhe might go
With *Tereus*, that prepos'd her ſhame, was *Thamar* forward ſo:
When either Virgin was ſurpriſde, wheare leaſt they look't a Foe.
So gratious, portly, freſh, and faire, and (which no leſſe attract)

So modeſt, wittie, affable, had Nature her compact,
That ſuch as, in his Canticles, her Brother hath puttrayde
His Loues *Idea*, litrally might *Thamar* ſuch be ſaide.
Goodly thus, and gladly then, and not ſuſpecting harme,
She, entring wheare he lodged, did afreſh the Leacher warme.
His leaſing Sickneſs then to acte by Arte was more than neede,
For, ſeeing her, imagine all his Senſes ſick in deede.
More could ſhe not, more ſhould ſhe not, than ſhe in kindnes did:
All adding Fewell to the Fier, which yet from her lay hid.
Now, ſaue of him and her, the Roome was cleard by his deuiſe,
When he did aske to eate, which ſhe did bring him in a triſe:
Full glad (good Soule) her Cookerie might pleaſe him any whit,
When not her Cookrie, but her ſelfe, his appetite did fit.
Concerning which he breakes with her, indeuoring her conſent:
Whereto, amaz'de, ſhe counter-works, nor would for ought relent.
How pretious her Virginitie, what ſinne it to defile,
How for their Fathers Luſte much woe was propheſied ere-while,
How Inceſt was much more a ſinne, ſhe wiſhed him to way,
How permanent the Shame to both: Enough did *Thamar* ſay,
To haue preſeru'd Virginitie, if luſt had brook't a Nay.
But pleading teares and words lackt waite, by force he rauiſht her,
And hauing forſt, he forced not to hide how he did erre:
Nor more he loued her ere while, but hates her now as much:
Of Luſt and vnchaſt Coiture ſtill is the Sequell ſuch.
Her now vn-virgin'd Eyes did ſhame to view the common Light:
She therefore would haue ſtayde, at leaſt not come in cõmon Sight,
Suppoſing, by her Bluſhings, all would ayme her altred Plight.
But out his Doores by violence he ſhutteth her, wherefore
Aloude ſhe cride, with bitter teares, her faire attier ſhe tore,
And did all Signes of ſorrow, whilſt the cauſe admired was.
But when her Brother *Abſolom* found how had come to pas,
He comforts her in all he might, and to his houſe conuaies
His wofull Siſter, wheare thenceforth, as deſolate, ſhe ſtaies:

Like

Like *Progues* ſiſter penſiue, but her moodes weare milder ſtill,
This wanting will, not ſpeech to rayle, That wanting ſpeech not will.
Contrary-wiſe thought *Abſolom* of nothing but Reuenge,
And with his choler thinke ye him theſe thoughts among to menge:
Did *Cadmus*, for his Siſter rapt'e, ſo many Countries rome?
And ſhall I ſleepe my Siſters Rape, that may be quit at home?
For Rape of one, ſcarce honeſt, was at *Troy* ſuch tenne-years Fight?
And ſhall one eaſie bloe ſeeme much, ſweet *Thamars* wrong to right?
Simeon and *Leui*, worthy Sonnes of *Iſrael* our grand-Sier,
Yee in reuenging *Dinas* Rape haue ſet mine heart on fier,
Euen mine, that for a greater wrong ſhould greater things acquier.
Poore *Sychem*, thou didſt loue in deede, and Marriage Rites affect:
Lewde *Ammon*, thou did'ſt luſt in deede, and then thy Rape reiect:
Poore *Sichem*, ſhe a Stranger was whom thou ſo much didſt wowe:
Lewde *Ammon*, ſhe thy Siſter was with whome thou hadſt to doe:
Poore *Sichem*, thou to prize thy loue, didſt leaue thy Godes for hers:
Lewde *Ammon*, thou to pleaſe thy luſte, no God at all prefers:
But howſoeare in theſe, in this no diffrence ſhall remaine:
Poore *Sichem* he was ſlaughtred: lewd *Ammon* ſhall be ſlaine.
Not more *Maachas* goodly Sonne in ſtomaking did threate,
Then did this Newes his Father now offenſiuely diſqueate:
At poynt almoſt to act as much as *Abſolom* did plot,
Euen *Ammons* death, had not he been his Iſſue firſt-begot.
For which he earſt had hild him Deare, and preſent Nature wrought,
And that himſelfe had amorous Slyps, is likely too, hee thought:
But howſoeare, in woe enough, he ouerpaſſeth it
Which *Abſolom*, in wroth enough, nor could, nor would, forgit:
Two yeares in ſilence, neartheles, he labord of that fit.
To his Sheep-ſhearing *Dauid* and his Brethren he inuites,
(Such as our Wakes, conuenting Kinnes to Feaſtings and Delightes)
Now liſten what *Cataſtropha* this Stratagem behightes.
The King excus'd his comming, whome his Sonne importunes ſo,
As *Ammon*, and his other Sonnes, had leaue, and will, to goe.

Vnwilling though (by what Presage I wot not) *Dauid* seem'd
Of *Ammons* going: but what Fate ordain'd hath none redeem'd:
Go did he, wheare full merily he frollicked that tyde,
When, by his Ostes Attendants there, of sudden Wounds he dyde:
(Which after-Banquet did their Lord for onely him prouide.)
More fkar'd than hurt the other Sonnes of *Dauid* flead with speede,
Yeat eare their home-returne the King had notice of the deede,
And feared much their safetie, till them he saw, and then
Was such confused sorrow, more was neuer seene mong'st Men.
To *Gessur* *Absolom* escapes, three yeares an Exile thear,
Till *Dauids* kinde relenting heart to *Ioab* did appeare:
By meanes of whome, recalled home, he lastly purchast Grace,
Yea well-appay'd was *Dauid*, if weare *Absolom* in place.
Lou'd neuer Father more a Sonne than him his Father lou'd,
Prou'd neuer Sonne vngratefull more than he vngratfull prou'd:
For hauing stolne the Peoples hearts, by affable Pretexts,
He faines his vowes at *Hebron*, but the Diadem affects:
And, by collected Forces theare, distressed *Dauid* more
Than *Saule*, the *Canaanites*, or all, hap't after, or before:
Enforcing him to flie the Land. But dwell we not of this:
God neuer fauor'd such Attempts, or euer fayled His.
When *Dauid* seem'd, in common Sence, already on the hip,
Was *Absolom* himselfe ore-throne, whom God made ouer-slip,
What, wisely, false *Achitophel* had counseld him to doe,
Whose Counsell not receau'd, he hong himselfe, and worthie too.
Ambitious *Absolom*, now foyl'd, as on his Mule he flead,
Was carried vnderneath an Oke, wheare, caught-vp by the head,
(Euē by those bewtious Locks, of which, & him, such praise is read)
He sighte (and cause he had) and said (or say he might) that All
Which so vniustly seeke to clime, most iustly so doe fall.
But whatsoeare he thought or spake, this holds autenticall:
We thinke no greater blisse than such to be as be we would,
When blessed none, but such as be the same that be they should

Had

Had one Man all that all Men haue, he nothing had, vnleſſe
He alſo had a Soule that All as nothing did poſſeſſe.
Natures Mynion, Eyes Admier, and now in-ayred Earth,
(For, hanging, *Ioabs* ruthles ſpeare had vented vitall breath,
Although the King his counter-maunde ſhould haue contraried ſo)
Effected had his Fathers heart no Subſtance elſe but woe:
So kinde and ouer-kinde was he in moning ſuch a Foe.
But thus of this, and thus to him this following Croſſe did groe.

CHAP. LX.

THe epilogue out Tragedie, now *Adoniah* acts,
With whome, olde *Dauid* to depoſe, euen *Ioabs*-ſelfe compacts:
Yea diuers Captaines did reuolt, and with the Sonne rebell,
Which not a little greeu'd the King, that lou'd the young-man well,
Who, next his brother, did for forme, and ſoly now excell.
Remayn'd but *Salomon* and he, and he the elder Sonne,
Too forward yeat to practiſe Rule eare *Dauids* Raigne was donne:
But what God meaneth is, Amen: The Scepter was behight
To *Salomon*, and *Nathan* mou'd the King to doe him right:
Who, aged, caus'd his Diadem to roialize the head
Of *Salomon*, annoynted now: which heard, the Rebels flead.
So haue we ſeene, not yeares farre-paſt, long-Plottings ouerthrone,
Euen in a triſe, to day a Queene, to morrow leſſe than none:
Such was her Fate, but not her Fault, that ſtoode for *Maries* Throne:
Nor cite I this A Noueltie, like Pul-backs many an one.

Repentant *Adoniah* now vnto the Altar flies,
And holdeth fast the Hornes thereof: which one, that it espies,
Reporteth vnto *Salomon*, that sent to fetch him Thence:
Which would not be, till swore the King to pardon his offence:
Whome leaue we now so pardoned, or rather in suspence.
For though a Kings Competitor in one same Land may liue,
Yeat take he heed, the sleighteſt cause a cause of death doth giue:
Which hapned him, eare hapned this, inserted by the way.
Dauid decea'sse, in *Salomon* was sole and sou'raigne Sway,
When *Ioab*, to prolong his life, did at the Altar stay.
Euen he that in so many Brunts for *Dauid* did preuaile,
That, saue for *Adoniah* now, Allegiance neare did faile,
That, saue for sheaded blood of twaine, could none impeach of wrong,
Euen this grand-Captaine of the Hosts, a luckie Knight so long,
Hand-fasting now the Altar, clames that Priuiledge, in vaine:
For thence he would not, and the King commaunds he theare be slaine.
Which Warrant did *Banaiah* serue: And so this Worthie died,
For *Abner* and *Amasas* blood, like-Worthies and as-tried.
With *Adoniah* now remaines we act and ende our Sceanes,
To whō, might seeme, small good was meant, what il soere he meanes:
Wheare crowned Might, & crosſed Right so neere together dwel,
Behooues that Forreſt-flying Feare, whereof the Fox did tell:
Our factious *Lancaster* and *Yorke* thereof could witnes well.
Abisag, *Dauids Hebe*, that in comfort of his Age,
Attended him at Bed and Boarde, when naturall heate did swage,
Howbeit still a Virgin, and the goodlieſt Wench aliue,
Enamours *Adoniah*: at the leaſt with her to Wiue
He drifteth, not detayned but for *Salomons* consent:
Of which he moued *Bethsabe*, for which she Sutor went
To *Salomon*, that theare withall was onely not content,
But also tooke occasion hence, of more, perhaps, than meant.
Banaiah, by the Kings Commaund, did *Adoniah* slea:
For Cryme perhaps, perhaps because a Crowne might come in Plea.

For

For *Salomon*, diuinely wise, could Subtellizings sound:
That much the Maid knew *Dauids* mind, that Many she had bound,
Whilst gratious earst, with Benefits: her Kinred strong he found:
That *Ioab* and *Abiathar* weare on his Brothers side:
That his aspiring sleepes, nor must be slept, the King espide:
Or else-what? *Adoniah* was dispatched out of hand:
So sped his Sute, so was confirm'd to *Salomon* the Land:
If Others otherwise, not I as others vnderstand.

Nor better Meede for Merits could these *Dauidists* alleadge:
Yeat did their Father eate the Grapes that set their Teeth on edge.
Then charitable, godly-wise, and continent, weare fit
Should Parents be: So prosper they, Theirs, and whom Theirs begit.
Of *Scotland*, quieted by our Queene, and *France*, by her kept *French*,
Is toucht: Of *Belgike*, long selfe-vaind, rests how the blood doth stēch.

CHAP. LXI.

THe Inquisition threatned, wrought in *Netherlanders* feare,
And Signes of altring Regment in their ancient State appeare.
As ful-fead Children with their Foode, by Peace this People play,
Till, in world-matchles Wealth, did them Securitie betray.

They hearing what King *Philip* meant against their State, did minde
What in the Fables Morall of the Stock and Storke we finde:
For in the Ladie Regent, and her Brother *Philips* Corse,
Their hearts presag'd like distrence as twixt Rigor and Remorse.
Arm'd was the Duke of *Alua*, who by warres, by wiles, by blood,

Should

Shuld cõquer, circũuent, cõsume, those Lands, their Lords, the Good.
These to haue his sufficed not the *Spanish* King, vnlesse
He Monarchize their Land, their Lawes, and Liberties depresse.
The other Part their Consciences and Priuiledges pleades,
Nor other cause than only thus to Armor Either leades: (lurch.
For There, else-Where, and euer *Spayne*, When *Spayne* wold Scepters
Concludes for *Spayne*, though euer *Spayne* begins for holy-Church.
No Armie was as yet ariu'd, when as the *Belgies* send
To *Philip* their Submission, and their Loyaltie defend.
If ought were done contrarie to his Edicts (as indeede
Weare some too busie Protestants did order-les proceede)
They did transpose that Fault vpon those Innouators rude,
Protesting all that Subiects should: and humbly too they sude,
(Vouching his Father, Vncle, Kings, and Emperors of old,
Who let their Liege-men, diffring from their own, Religion hold)
To suffer Consciences in them to God-wards vncontrold.
For which, and for their Charters, did they offer Masses large,
And euermore to vndergo all Truage, Taxe, and Charge.
But Theirs to alter quite in all was it that *Philip* ment:
To plague therfore those seauenteene Shires was war-flesht *Alua* sent.
This, like a pleasing poysning Aspe, to act as he did aime,
At first Ariuall, Pardons did for passed Crimes proclaime.
That tractable kind People so he to his bent did frame:
Who wear not then by hostile Meanes men eatily to tame.
He thus of them possest, did then, by slie Degrees, surprise
Their Townes, puts Garisons in them, built Cittadels likewise,
Inducts the Inquisition, and strange Impasts did deuise,
Cals pardon'd Crimes in question, faines the Guiltles to offend,
And thus an Aspe, and poysnous mote, prou'd *Alua* in the end.
For why? ambitious men seeke, get, possesse, and practise State,
With restles minds, by fawning Meanes, enuide, in haughtie rate.
This priuiledged Prouince, and this Paradized Earth,
Thus stripped of her golden Fleece, and faintly drawing breath,

Was

Was phiſickt of *Elizabeth*, who with her *Engliſh* Balme,
Then much the poyſnous biting of that *Spaniſh* Aſpe did calme:
Euen Pittie preaching thus to her, that Nature is reuerſt,
When as her ſelfe is not amongſt her owne Conſorts diſperſt.
She to that Countries Father, to that honorable Knight,
The Prince of *Orange* (armed then in Chriſt his cauſe to fight,
And for his Countries Weale) permits firſt Voluntarie Aides:
And laſtly, when that neighbour Fier too neerly her inuaides,
And their extreame Oppreſsion did her Charitie inuite,
(By Ambaſsies *Spayne* often mou'd to doe the *Belgies* right,
Howbeit touching Peace in vaine) ſhe franklier friends their Cauſe,
Who were inforced to defend their Faith, their Liues, and Lawes,
Againſt their Soules and Bodies foes, and (which might all perceaue)
Our cauſe was handled then in theirs, then theirs were ours to leaue,
And (which had often ayded vs in many a Field and Fleete)
In ancient Loue with *Burgundie* to breake, was thought vnmeete.
How thence tyrannous *Alua* was reuoked, all too late,
When pitiouſly declined was their flouriſhing Eſtate:
Ere which Oppreſsion, where the King had countles Profits thence,
Now Ownes he nothing there, not held with infinit Expence.
The Slaughters, Sackings, Mutinies, the Kings Vice-Gerents ſence,
How *Horne*, & *Egmõd*, Coũties braue, through *Aluas* Athiſme ſpead,
How *Orange*, through our Soueraigns Aids preuaild, how laſtly dead,
How *Anioy* alſo, through her Meanes, became that Peoples head,
How now her Highnes only-ſelfe, next God, doth them ſecure,
Her valiant Warriors there, whoſe Laudes might ſpecial Pens allure,
And here mean-while ſhould ours, ſaue that I cannot but deuine,
Their Chiualrie to be reſeru'd for higher Muſe than mine,
To which though ſome we leaue, yeat (by their leaues) of ſome is ſayd
Themſelues they haue miſgouern'd, and their Companies betrayd,
Some More regard of Tents, and Traſh, in their Retreats haue made,
Then of our craiſed men, may ſuch Conductors low be laide,
And ſome too ruthles, rioteus, and of their Charge remiſſe,

Haue

Haue ſtarued vp in number moe than Foe-ſlaine number is:
Thus ſome of ſome report, perhaps not true in all as told:
But ſomewhat ſomewhere faulteth, for no fier, no ſmoake be bold.
To be officious getteth Friends, plaine Dealing hated is:
Yeat better plainly to reproue, than fainedly to kiſſe:
We cannot alſo loue our Friends, and flatter their A-miſſe:
How theſe and thus-like paſſed Thear we ouer-paſſe it heere.
Note in our Queene, Religion wrong'd, it ſelfe did euer cheere;
And whear the *Spaniſh Nimrod* hunts in Monarchie to hold
All Chriſtendom, through God, that Driſt ſhe chiefly hath controld.
Nor did, nor doth, nor ſhall it need, that thus to her be told:
Who would to God, but works no good, who ſeeketh fame by eaſe,
Comes ſhort of both, no leſſe than Mappes to very Lands and Seas.

Not only thus, but in this while, her Fleetes haue oftentimes
Set proſprouſly her Men on Shore, euen in the fartheſt Climes:
Whẽce haue they brought, by fayr Cõmerce, great riches to our Land,
Or glorious Spoyles from ſuch as did their peace or Prowſe withſtãd,
Of which ſhall be digeſted here the Progreſſe, in ſome parte,
Though ſtately be the Subiect, and too ſlender be our Arte.

THE

THE ELEVENTH BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

CHAP. LXII.

INexplicable Nature, by the God of Nature wrought,
Makes things seeme Miracles to some, by some not Wonders thought:
And euery Climates People, both as they are Men, and liue,
Do differ: nothing, if obseru'd, She, not admir'd, doth giue.
The VVorkman rather than the VVork extoll we though in her,
Not curiously, and all things to his Prouidence refer.
VVho reades Sir *Iohn de Mandeuil* his Trauels, and his Sights,
That wonders not? and wonder may, if all be true he wrights.
Yeat rather it beleeue (for most, now, modernly approu'd)
Than this our Storie, whence suppose he was to Trauell mou'd:
Not contradicting though such Pens that write, perhaps more trew,
That Pennance him to Pilgrimage hence, of Deuotion, drew.
Of noble Parentage and rich was *Mandeuil* exact,
To whom nor Feature, Actiuenes, nor Peoples fauour lackt.
A Ladie of the royall blood, Third *Edwards* Cozen say her,

On:

On whom, for rareſt Raritie, might Arte-ſpent Nature ſtay her,
Inamours him: who held it ſinne, if ought he ſhould omit,
Might pleaſe and prize his Ladie, coucht in Courage, Coſte, or Wit.
But quite it quail'd his hopes to thinke he ſtrain'd to reach a Starre:
Oft Reaſon therefore did with Loue, Loue did with Reaſon warre.
She is too high: and what of that? it hath, thinks he, bin ſeene,
As High haue ſtoopt as Low: For Loue, right-labourd, wins a Queene.
And can I hope that Beautie, which is Adamant to all?
Yea, Beautie, Natures Iuy-buſh, each Paſſenger doth call.
But ſhould ſhe loue (Foole that I am to hope, that ſhould deſpaire)
Such Births as ſhe not elſe muſt loue, but as they licen'ſt are.
Yeat were it *Mandeuil* ſhe lou'd, miſlike it then that liſt,
Our vertuous Loue, elſe-where, as here, ſhould render vs as bliſt.
O, would ſhe loue, it ſhould ſuffiſe: ſuch, not of vulgar Moulds,
Whō once ſhe bleſſeth with her Loue, for him ſhe Sooth-faſt holds:
The only vertue of which Loue, all other Lacks controules.
Such were his Ebbes, & Floods, and down although in Loue he ſits,
Yeat, fearing Death and her diſdaine, his Heart deuour'd his Fits:
For, though not meanly paſsionate, he fared not as thoſe,
Whoſe melancholy Fooleries be Pylots to their Woes.
Alreadie was he gratious both with her and all the Court,
And, more to be, did exerciſe Armes, and each actiue Sport,
Nor was he Stoicall in ought, but affable in all,
And apprehends, euen fleelingly, her Humours as they fall.
If ſad were ſhe, then ſad was he: if merrie, merrie too:
His Senſes liable to all, ſhe did, or did not doe.
If her he heard to ſpeake, he ſayd *Caſſandra* ſpake leſſe trew,
If her he ſaw, hers prai'ſde he more than *Cythereas* hew,
If odorifrous Sents he ſmelt, he fathers them on her,
If but her hand he toucht, that Touch did highly him prefer,
But Deified ſwore he him her bed-game Sweets might taſte,
And ſwore his Thoughts: for where we loue, euē there our Soules be
His Vertues and Officiouſnes to her-wards, ſo had wrought, (plaſte.
That

That vnto little leſſe than loue ſhe, by Degrees, was brought.
Then errant Knights, & euery Knight, yea Kings, would oft defend
The Beauties of ſuch Damſels as it lik't them to commend:
And Prizes were prepoſde for ſuch, whoſe Champions bore thē beſt
At Tilts and Turnies, and his Dame was Soueraigne ore the reſt.
Such Iuſts, in *England* to beheld, were now proclaim'd, and
The Chiualrie of Chriſtendome conuented in our Land.
Three beautious forren Ladies, with Sir *Iohn* his Ladie ſtood
Competitors, to win the Prize, maintain'd with Champions good.
To ſhew the foure-fold March of Knights, whoſe Prowſe ſhuld plead
Vnder diſtinguiſht Flags her Forme their Fancies waited on, (anon,
Their rare Accomplements, and each Deuiſe to ſee or reede,
To ſhew the richnes of the Prize, behight the Victors Meede,
The Damſels richer hew for whom ſuch Triumphs were decreede,
The Coſt, and great Concurſe was there, were ouer-long to ſay:
In few, was nothing wanting that might honor ſuch a day:
Now ſound they to the Iuſts, and now vn-horſt was many a Knight:
For Foyles were Foyles: moſt brauely al their Sides and ſelues acquite:
And almoſt grew the day to end, before it could be ſeene
Who bore him beſt, whē, moũted well, both Man & Horſe in greene,
A Knight appear'd: his Banner had the Picture, and in gold
King *Edwards* Cozen *Elenor* was legibly inrould.
Againſt him ranne right hardie Knights, that thundred on his Beuer:
But he vnhorſt the moſt of them, himſelfe vn-horſed neuer:
At leaſt he loſt his Stirrops, that incounters him, wherefore
Of Knighthood he, and *Elenor* the Prize of Beautie bore,
The Iewels ſet for Victorie, and aduerſe Banners three,
Were yeelded him: whilſt *Elenor* did long her Knight to ſee.
But as they marched to depart, with Beuer ſhut, he made
To her a Conge: cloſely then he Thence himſelfe conuaide.
Much wonder all, who, and of whence, the hardie greene-Knight was:
But ſecretly, vnknowne of all, he to his Home did pas.
A Womans Loue is Riuer-like, which, ſtopt, will ouer-flow,

But when the Currant finds no let, it often falls too lowe:
Faire *Elenor* wish't nothing more than that she might him know:
Meane while the Fier of Loue in her, from sparkes to flame did grow.
But *Mandeuil* was more discreet, than that for Mens applause,
He would be known: as knowing that from Praise takes Enuie cause.
To moue the King threats death, in vaine to labor her he wist,
Since many mightie Potentates had labord her, and mist.
She, he, and *England* seem'd too neere, his hopes, thought he, too farre:
He absence therefore poynts to plead vnto his Loue in barre.
Of *Ceur-de-Lion*, *Erigen*, *VVilliam* the Pylgrim, who
Wrot *Richards Syrian* Warres, *Curson*, *Glanuile*, and *Longe-spee* too,
Long-shanks, eare King, his Knights, and of our *English* many moe,
That through the triple Orbs did Armes and Trauels vnder-goe,
And famous thus aliue, and dead, Here and Abroad, did groe,
He cal'd to minde: resolu'd in minde his Life to finish so.
Bills of Exchange and all things els, prepard for Trauell fit,
Vnto his Friends, grieu'd he would goe, he then imparteth it.
The King did giue him Letters for safe-Conducts, of the Corte
Loth him to leaue, he taketh leaue: But in more speciall sorte
Of *Elenor:* good Sadnes she thus spoke, as if in sporte.
Some discontented humor sends you hence, as I deuine,
Which, be whereso you shall, will be with you, be yours as mine.
Nay, Madam, quoth Sir *Iohn*, twixt vs this diffrence is to finde,
I both in minde and body, you need trauell not in minde.
Yes yes, quoth she, my Minde I wot meete may you farre away,
If so, then giue to it this Ring, and that I sent it say.
So, with that Riddle, and a Ring she gaue, they kindly parte:
Nor knew she him the Knight she meant, nor he to him her heart:
For, second to the greene-Knight (whom she thought not him) was he
Her Fauoret, of him therefore she would remembred be.
Now let vs say the Lands, the Seas, the People, and their Lore,
This Knight did see: whom, touching which, not storie shall we more:
But to our *English* Voyages, euen in our times, shall frame

Our Muſe: and what you heare of Theirs, of his the like do ame,
For Countries, not for Cuſtomes (then, and now, not ſtill the ſame.)
Yeat interlace we ſhall, among, the Loue of her and him:
Meane while about the World our Muſe is ſtripped now to ſwim.

CHAP. LXII.

FRom then, when firſt my Father, eare my birth, was one of thoſe,
Did, through the Seas of yſie Rocks, the *Muſcouites* diſcloſe,
We ſhal our *Engliſh* Voyages, the cheefe at leaſt, digeſt,
Of which in this her Highnes Raigne haue been perform'd the beſt,
And herea while let *Mandeuil* and his Beloued reſt.
To name the diuers Peoples that in *Europe* be, weare much,
Not but remoteſt Regions, of our Natiues ſeene, we touch.
But, Moderns, Yee (of whom are ſome haue circum-ſail'd the Earth)
Here pardon vs your Sailes, and giue your proper Praiſes bearth.
Infuſe yee Penn-life too into ore-taken Fames by death.
Caboto (whoſe Coſmographie and ſelfe-proofe brake the Iſe
To moſt our late Diſcouerers, Debtors to his Aduiſe)
Had vs, eare *Spayne*, poſſeſt of that which *Spanyards* now abuſe,
But, he inuiting, idly we did offred Gold refuſe.
Yeat him to ſay for moſt the Meane, it weare not vs to ſhame,
Of *Engliſh* new Diſcoueries, that yeeld vs Wealth and Fame.
Reſerue we to the Actors though (of whom loſt ſome their Wealth,
Their liues a many, all at leaſt indangered their health,
In trewer Perils, and more braue Achieuements, than the Tailes

Of *Iason* and *Vlysses*, of their fabled Sea-toyld Sailes)
The Glorie of the dangerous Gole: Nor let vs here forgit
(In which I first did breath this Ayre) *London*, preferringtit. (knowne,
Some Marchants theare, of Worth, did mind with Nations, then, vn-
New Traffiques, & the Passe thereto was by *Caboto* showne.
By his Instructions and their costs three Ships were rigged out,
Hugh Villoughby the Admyrall, a Knight both wise and stoute.
Next place (whose braue performance of Imployments euer liue)
To *Chancelor*, grand Pilot for that Voyage, did they giue.
Now sayle they for the Northeast Parts, *Cathayas* Shores to finde:
Incountred with huge Seas of Ise, with stormie Gustes and Winde.
Shotland, *Ægeland*, *Halgland*, th'Isles of *Roste*, and *Lofoot* past,
Tempestiously *Arzinas* Rhode receiued Sir *Hugh* at last.
Theare he, and all of two his Ships, attempting bootles shiftes,
Weare in that Climate Frozen dead, shut vp with isie Driftes.
Thus died he and all with him, if so to die be death:
But no, saith Heauen, no, saith their Fame, suruiuing them on Earth.
Then *Chancelor*, his onely Ship remayning of that Fleete,
For *Fynmarke*, at the *Vvardhouse* sayles with his Consorts to meete.
There day it is two months of length, and *Mal-strands* Poole it makes,
Such hidious rore, deuouring floods, that tenne miles distance shakes.
Wheare frustrate of his Friends in quest, with courage not deiect,
He for the Course preposed did his ventrous Sayles direct.

KIng *Arthur*, *Malgo*, *Edgar*, once to haue subdewd are saide
Orkney, *Gotland*, *Island*, and those former in that Traide:
Gronland, *Vvireland*, *Curland*, and colde *Scrikfyn* them obayde,
Newland, with others, and those Isles wheare men, saue Eyes alone,
Are hid in hides of Beasts, and Beasts saue Fish, haue Fother none.
Now *Chancelor*, ariuing mong'st the *Laplanders*, at last,
They seeing vncouth Men and Shippes, weare wondringly agaste,
(For eare that day was heard no Shippe that churlish Pole had past.)
The *Lapland* Bay Wheare he ariu'd, now cald Saint *Nicholas* Bay,

Though *Russian*, fifteene hundreth Miles from *Mosco* is away:
Theare Winterd he at *Newnox*, till safe-Conduct being sent, (went.
Thence to their King on swift-drawne Sleads through frozen waies he
Not like *Sarmatian Scithians* (for the *Moscouites* be so)
He found them plaine, but rather much in Pompe to ouer-floe,
They neuer in the *Russian* Courte till then did *English* see:
His intertainment therefore was as stately as might be.
In sundrie Roomes weare hundreds seene in Gold and Tyssue clad:
A Maiestie, *Augustus*-like, their King inthroned had.
Let passe what paste in speech betwixt our Pilot and their King:
Full well could *Chancelor* demeane himselfe in euery thing:
Let passe how in *Basilius* Courte most royally he fead:
Suffise it that our Agent of his arrant thither spead:
That is, that Ours might trade with thē, of which large leaue is read.
More, not vnworthie note, hereof our purpose is to say,
But this be first of *Mandeuil* remembred by the way.

CHAP. LXIV.

WE left him form'd a Traueler (braue Pilgrim Knight farewell,)
And *Elenor* (sweete Soule) in Loue, with whom she could not tell.
He trauels for to leaue his Loue, not caring where he lose it,
She for her Loue to finde, it skils not whom, so him that Oose it.
The greene-Knight, be whoso he shall, her heart had branded hers:
Wheare is that Second She that Loue for Vertue so prefers?
Her onely, speede howso he shall, his heart had branded his:

Wheare liues that second He that so, by louing, betterd is?
T'is often seene, Loue works in Man a weake deiected minde,
T'is euer seene, a Womans Loue doth alter as the winde:
Example then be *Mandeuil* for Men, not to be idle.
In Amorous Passions: Labor is to loue, at least, a Bridle:
Example too be *Elenor:* But let vs say no more,
For Women euer alter, saith the Gospell preach't before.
Conclude we then, when *Elenor* and *Mandeuil* did die,
The Method of true louing did with them to Heauen flie,
For euer since too feruent in their Loue are Men, for most:
But, *Iris*-like, in Womens Hearts Loue too and fro doth poste.
One *Stafford*, of a Noble House, a Courtiour of good hauor,
A friend, and fast to *Mandeuil*, and in the Prince his Fauor,
From *Cyprus*, from his Friend receiu'd two Letters, one was his,
The other sent to *Elenor:* and that purported this.

Of you receiued I a Ring, a Token to your Minde,
If so I met it: and it is my fortune it so finde.
For if the Heart may, as it might, for Minde be vnderstood,
My Heart is yours, your Ring so mine: Harts interchang'd were good.
More did I feare, than euer in your Ladiship I found,
Disdainefull Lookes, frō those faire Eyes that me with loue did woūd.
Now speake I Loue, far from those Lookes so forceable to kill:
Howbeit that I loue is not to worke or wish you ill. (feard I:
Not more than this (though Princes Frownes beare death with them)
For had you lou'd, the King mislikt, what had I for't to die?
Wheare I haue been (were blasphemie from Women to detract)
Great store of Beauties haue I seene, but none as yours exact.
Courts also more than stately, with faire Ladies in the same:
Which seemed common Formes to me, remembring but your name.
When in the Holly-land I prayd, euen at the holy Graue,
(Forgiue me God) a sigh for sinne, and three for Loue I gaue.
Against the fearce *Arabians* I the *Soldans* Pay did take,
When oft, at Onset, for Saint *George*, Saint *Elenor* I spake.

The

The *Amazones*, thoſe luſtie Girles, beleeue me lik't me well:
But nothing in the beſt of them but doth in you excell.
I look't vpon the ſterile Lake where Heauen-fir'd *Sodom* was:
For one, thought I, here ſuch as you not ſo had come to pas.
Moſt ſweete and Soueraigne *Balſamum* in *Indian* Fields I ſaw:
More ſoueraign ſweeter Sẽts, thought I, my lips frõ yours could draw.
Nere *Æthiop* when the ſpice-ſweete Well of youth I ſaw, I ſaide,
My Lady lacketh not hereof, Perfection needs not Ayde.
I ſawe (nor wonder you I ſhould, who ſees you ſees as much)
The onely *Phœnix*: Foule, and Faier, but it, and you, none ſuch.
But, flying thus about your Blaze, your Gnat doth burne his wings:
To my deſpairing Paſsion more your praiſed Bewtie brings.
Not Trauell tiers my Loue a whit, but Loue doth tire on me:
Which ſhould I wiſh, me better, or you baſer of degree?
Be ſtill the ſame you are, let me exile my ſelfe for euer:
Two diffidenſes I conceit will let me hope you neuer:
The firſt my ſelfe, vnworthy you, the latter, and the leaſt,
The Kings Conſent: But, well I wot, Loue is a Lordly Feaſt:
Aguize (ſo ſhould you) ſo, and ſo deſpayre is part releaſt.
One comfort is, before you doome is Execution done:
My voluntary Baniſhment already is begon.
Which if you neuer ſhall repeale, ſhall neuer end, or when
(Ah, can I hope it?) ſhould you, not for vs is *England* then.
Nor is it but our minds that make our natiue Homes our Graue)
As we to Ours, Others to theirs like parciall Fancie haue:
Tranſmute we but our Mindes, and then all one an Alien is,
As if a Natiue: One reſolu'd makes euery Country his.
Your Anſwer that by Pen our ſpeech to this return'd ſhall be,
Voutſafe it vnto *Stafford*, for an Other-I is he:
In perfect Friendſhip no ſuſpect, for two are one in all,
Communitie or doubling ioy, or making griefe more ſmall,
But would you to an Vnitie of hearts twixt vs incline,
Wheare Friendſhip is angelicall, our Loue ſhould proue diuine.

More write I not: bleſt may you liue: teares ouertake this Line.
When (*Stafford* preſent) *Elenor* this Letter had perus'de,
She ſaid; as elſe-where ſhall enſew: Now is in vs infus'de
Freſh matter of Diſcoueries. How *Chancelor* he ſpeade
Is ſaid before: of *Ruſsia* thus remaineth to be reade.

CHAP. LXV.

A Vaſte and ſpatious Empier is *Moſcouie*, in the ſame
Bee Riuers, *Tanais*, *Volga*, and *Boriſthenes* of fame,
With yearely hallowed *Moſca*, which the Primate hauing bleſt,
(Whom to attend the Clargie, Lords, and King himſelfe be preſt)
He thinks himſelfe an happie Man may touch the yſe-hewne Pit,
But him in Heauen already whom the Primat ſprinks with it.
Euxinus, and the *Caſpian* Seas, doe waſh thoſe frozen Shores,
Which vs with fiſh, oyles, hõny, ſalte, furs, & good Traffiques ſtores.
More temprate be the In-land Parts: They reape what they doe Sowe
Within the compas of fower Moones, inn all their harueſt, mowe,
And houſe their Beaſts: Thẽſelues keep cloſe in Stoues vntil the Spring,
And ſport with their face-painted Wiues, hild theat a comely thing.
In Cuſtomes of the *Greeke* Church, much corrupted, are they lead:
Monkes, Friers, & Prieſts ſwarme theare, not more thã in their Porteſſe
Nor more haue Prieſts, or People, than a ceremonious care, (reade:
Groſſe Worſhippers of Images, which in their Houſes are:
In all too ſuperſtitiouſly denoted. Though the Pope
Theare ſtickell not, their Primate takes as large and pompious ſcope.

Beſides

Beſides theſe Chriſtians (for vnto themſelues they arrogate
The ſoundeſt Chriſtianitie) are ſubiect to their State
Idolators, that doe adore euen Druels, or did of late.
Not of the *Samoeds* rude-wrought Gods, or blood-Rites wil we tarry,
Or of the Stone, neere vnto which did *VVilloughby* miſcarry,
To which bring Saylers whit-Meats, leaſt their Ships ſhould Tempeſts
But that ſame female-Idoll cal'd *Zelotibab*, in part (harrie,
Of *Ruſsia*, or the Diuell himſelfe acting in it his Arte,
Is worth the note. When ought amiſſe amongſt them doth befall,
An Inſtrument of Muſicke, and a ſiluer Toade withall
They lay before the Idoll, and before her proſtrate fall.
Then, Muſick ſounded, he to whom the Toade ſhall come is ſlaine,
(For come it will) when preſently the man reuiues againe,
And tells the cauſe why hap't the ill, and how to pacifie
The angrie Idoll: which is done, though ſome for it ſhould die.
The King by Monarchia rules, more abſolutely none,
Great Duke of *Ruſsia* late his Stile, imperiall now his Throne.
He holds a Maieſtie not meane, and all of All his Owne,
When to imploy their goods vpon the common good is knowne:
Himſelfe, both Iudge, and Iuror, ends with Equitie Debates.
Armipotent in Warre, and hath ſubdewed mightie States.
An hundred thouſand leads he forth againſt his Foes to fight, (flight.
That ſcorne both hunger, thirſt, and cold, wounds, yeelding, feare and
Of cloth of gold, rich Stones, & Plumes, his royall Tent is pight:
Nor to his Souldiours ſkants he Gifts, that well themſelues acquite.
But what particulate we thus, that much in few would write?

NOw wheare we left of *Chancelor:* he gratious with that King,
Obtayned for our Marchants, as he wiſhed, euery thing.
With Letters then of Credence for himſelfe, and Marte for them,
He puts to Sea for *England*, whome they ſe about did hem.
But with vndaunted Courage, to his neuer dying Fame,
All Difficulties ouerpaſt, to *London* ſafe he came.

Thence, after some aboade, with new Consorts, an other Fleete,
And Notes digested for their new attempted Traffique meete,
He did resayle to *Russia*, there receiued as before:
Cheefe Agents *Gray*, and *Killingworth*, bearded fiue foote and more.
In all things with the King for ours did Chancelor preuaile,
And now our Agēts knew their Homes, & where to make their Saile.
But now must end our Swan-song, now the Swan himselfe must end,
Euen he, that toyld such tedious Seas his Countries weale to mend,
Returning Homewards, neere at Home, euen on the *Scottish* Cost,
Did wracke, and those aboord his Ship then perished for most.
But that he drown'd his care to saue the *Russie*, sent to vs
In his Conduct, is said the cause: but drown'd he was, and thus.
This Marte, thus set a foote, was Thence for *Ob* an other sought:
Wherein not little was it, that praise-worthy *Burrough* wrought.
Of him and (whom I neuer can commend with praises dew)
Of *Ienkinson* ensues: But first of *Elenor* anew.

CHAP. LXVI.

YEE heard how she his Letter read, whilst *Stafford* was in place,
Which hauing read, shee stoode as if astonished a space.
Her blusshing, and vn-blusshing, made that *Stafford* doubted whether
It pleased, or displeased: which, the troth to say, did neither.
Varietie of Men to court a Woman is her pride,
Than which their Vanitie of Men is nothing lesse espyde.
What are to vs, but common hurts, those common hopes they giue,

If

If then their Loue doth dye to vs, when ours to them doth liue?
They *Nero*-like sing *Troy*, when *Rome* by them is set on fier,
Iest at our earnest. Let vs now to *Elenor* retier.
More modest she thã such (though most, in Mẽs behalfe, might better)
And comes, quoth she, from *Mandeuil* this ill-come-welcome letter?
Beleeue me, *Stafford*, ill it comes that sayes a cause in me,
That from his Natiue home he should thus selfe-exiled be.
If amorous Hopes, or Hopes vnheld, to him from me had past,
I had indeed bin guiltie, as too forward, or not fast.
But to the Cause, Effect, and all, not-guiltie, doe I pleade:
His Loue is Newes, mine to despaire what was it him should leade?
Our Court (I will not wrong the Man, nor flatter him a whit)
Can hardly shew another-such for Person, Prowse, and Wit.
But as for me (setting a-part my Birth, to which, or any
So borne, our State is interest) what am I more than Many?
If beautious now (here let me chide his Indiscretion, who
Farre from a Meane of it so meane doth make so much adoe,
And least perhaps he should haue glib'd, a vertue doth not note, (dote)
Whẽce loue shuld spring, which makes me gesse he doth not loue but
If beautious, as I sayd, what els is Forme but vaiding Aire?
Yea oft, because assaulted oft, it hurteth to be faire.
And were not my Descent, and I a Fauorite in Court,
My common Forme, vnheeded then, might passe without report.
But, were my wishes mine, the Court by me should be the lesse:
So much it hath of Vanitie, and painfull Idlenesse.
Since such is he, and of my selfe my selfe but so esteeme me,
Himselfe by Silence, me he wrong'd, disdainfull me to deeme.
I could be angrie, were he here, with him for erring so,
Disdaine (the Vulgars Fault) is not in Gentrie found, I troe.
But feare he did, and wisely too (for God forbid that I,
Vnworthie that I am, should haue indanger'd him to dye)
The Kings displeasure: Or, perhaps, vnpossible he thought

My loue ſhould equall his, or I a tranſ-Marine be wrought.
But if he intertain'd ſuch thoughts, there alſo did he erre:
Loue is a lordly Feaſt, he writes, and I the ſame auerre.
For if (not raſhly though, I hope) vpon my Choice I ſtand,
My hand ſhall neuer giue my heart, my heart ſhall giue my hand:
Yea, ſo I liue with whom I loue, what care I in what Land?
With Women is too vſuall now Theirs, and themſelues to ſell
For Ioynters, by Indenture, with imperious Men to dwell,
And he doth her, and ſhe doth him, with his, and hers vpbrayde:
But that I chiefly match for loue ſhall, when I match, be ſayde.
Good Daies beget, bad Daies trie Friends, nor him a friend eſteeme,
Whom firme, as to thy ſelfe thy ſelfe, thou dareſt not to deeme,
Say ſome: But *Mandeuil*, I ſee, of you accompteth ſo,
As of his firme and choyceſt Friend, then, leaſt I tedious groe,
I tell thee, *Stafford*, next to one, is *Mandeuil* the Man
I could haue loued, but I loue, whom not vn-loue I can.
Yeat if you aske me whom, or where, that one beloued is,
I cannot anſwer whom, or where, yeat am, and will be his.
Madame, quoth *Stafford*, yet your ſpeech hath head, nor foote, nor (Middle,
Not naming him, you end a *Sphynx*, and tie me to a Riddle.
Well, friend you are to *Mandeuil*, nor foe (ſhe ſayd) to me:
The greene-Knight, Victor at the Iuſts a few yeares paſt, is he.
In ſooth, quoth *Stafford*, if for him be reſolute your Choyce,
Chuſe not againe, with you for him conſort I alſo Voyce.
Nor thinke, in that I him prefer, I *Mandeuil* reiect:
Friendſhip may brooke Triplicitie, and ſhall in this reſpect.
For your owne ſake, and for his ſake (than *Mandeuil* no leſſe
My Friend) I ſhall (his Soules deſire) you of that Knight poſſeſſe.
Almoſt an Extaſie of Ioy her from her ſelfe did ſeuer,
Hearing of him, for whom her heart did hunt, and els ſhould euer:
And though ſhe did obſerue his ſoone Reuolt from friend to friend,
And him thereof had tacht, weare not her priuate Cauſe to end,

Yeat was she silent touching it, and modestly pursewes,
In Quest of her beloued Knight. But tarrie yet that Newes,
First *Burrough*, *Ienkinson*, and what by them was done peruse.

CHAP. LXVII.

IT is no common Labour to the Riuer *Ob* to sayle,
Howbeit *Burrough* did therein, not Dangerles, preuaile.
He through the foresayd frozen Seas in *Lapland* did ariue,
And thence, to expedite for *Ob*, his Labours did reuiue.
What he amongst the *Vaigats*, and the barbarous *Samoeds* notes,
Their Idols, Deer-skin Tẽts, how on their backs they bare their Botes,
In which, but Hides, securely they doe fish those Seas all day,
And how on Deere they ride, and all on Sleds by Deere conuay,
Do eate their Dead, to feast their friends their Children sometime slay,
Their store of Sables, Furres, and Pealts, fetcht thence from farre away,
How, at our *Crab* and *Lion* Signes, their Frost and Snow is greate,
Let be, and many things we might of this new Tract intreate;
By *Burrough* found: whose Praise not much is *Chancelors* behinde,
As Master in that Ship with him that first did *Russia* finde:
And in this Northeast Trade, with Praise, do *Pet* & *Iackman* mind.
Yeat longer (for not largelier One yeelds Matter) let vs dwell
Of *Ienkinson*. But where shall we begin his Lawdes to tell?
In *Europe*, *Asia*, *Affrick*? For these all he saw, in all
Imployd for *Englands* common good. Nor my reioycing small,

That

That from *Elizabeth* to Raigne, and I to liue begunne,
Hath hapned that Commerce and Fame he to his Natiues wonne.

NOw, vnder his Conduct, was hence vnto his Home conuaide
The *Ruſsian* firſt Ambaſſadour, Heere honor'd, whilſt he ſtaide:
Nor Captaine *Ienkinſon* was there leſſe graced, where he wrought,
That all things to a wiſhed end were for our Traffique brought.
Here-hence alſo a friendly League twixt either Prince effected:
Nor little is their Amitie of vs to be reſpected.
For, though the *Moſcouites* from vs be People farre remote,
Yeat, if how *Danes*, and *Norſes*, haue inuaded vs we note,
And how the *Ruſsies*, in the like Attempts, might hold them back,
For only it, were thence no Trade, ill might their Friendſhip lack.
From *Moſco* then by Iournies long the *Caſpian* Sea he croſt,
Himſelfe and Goods by *Tartars* oft in danger to be loſt. (Kings,
Their Hordes of carted Tents like Towns, which Camels drew, their
By names of *Murſes*, *Soltans*, *Cans*, to whō for Paſſe he brings
The *Ruſsian* King his Letters, how (and royally they troe) (tho,
With Wild-horſe fleſh, and Mares milke, him the Kings did banquet
Their hawking for the Wild-horſe (For their Hawks will ſeaze vpon
The horſes neck, who chaffing tiers, and ſo is kild anon)
Their oft Remoues for Paſtures freſh (nor Graſſe their Paſture is,
But heathie Bruſh, few Cattell though doe thriue as theirs with this)
Their naither vſe of Coyne, or Corne (for Tillage none is theare)
Such Warriors, and Horſe-Archers, as they liue not whom they feare,
Their croſſe-leg eating on the ground, Pluralitie of wiues,
In *Turkeman* (So the whole is ſayd) and more of their rude liues,
And how the Marchants, trauailing by *Carauan*, that is,
Great Droues of laden Camels, Meate and VVater often mis,
And how for vs did *Ienkinſon* in *Bactra* Mart begin,
Let paſſe, to paſſe to it for vs he did in *Perſia* win.
VVith this *Memento*, in Returne from *Bactra*, diuers Kings
Sent in his charge their Legates, whom to *Moſco* ſafe he brings.

Thence

Thence did he sayle for *England*, Hence for *Mosco* back againe,
And, with our Queene *Elizabeth* her Letters, did obtaine
The *Mosicks* Letters, to the Kings by whom he then should pas,
For *Persian* Traffique: And for this he thence imbarked was.

NOw in *Hyrcana*, *Shyruan*, or *Media*, all as one,
Suppose our *Ienkinson* before King *Obdolowcans* Throne.
Though sumptious Citties he possest, yeat for the Summers heate,
On airesome Mountaines held he then his Court, in Pleasures greate.
Of silke and gold imbroyderie his Tents, his Robes inchac't,
With Pearles and pretious Stones, and Looks of Maiestie him grac't:
On Carpets rich they trode, rich Traines on him attendance gaue,
With sixe score Concubines, that seem'd so many Queenes for braue.
Before his faire Pauilion was of Water cleere a Fount,
Drinke for himselfe, and his (for most of Water they account.)
Scarce *Cleopatras Anthony* was feasted with more cheere,
Of varied Meates, and spice-Conceits, than *Ienkinson* was heere.
In formall Hawking, Hunting, Chace, not thē came *Tristram* neere.
Such was this King for stately, such for affable, and kinde,
There and abroad so lou'd, and feard, as like was rare to finde.
Yeat, notwithstanding such his Wealth, his Signorie, and State,
He of the *Persian Sophie* held his Land, subdued late:
But in such friendship, as the *Shaugh* (the *Sophie* so is saide)
Would yeeld to *Obdolowcan* in what so he should perswaide:
Which well in *Ienkinsons* behalfe, but shortly after, made.
Him often questoned this King of Vs, and *Europs* strength,
And him, with Gifts, and Priuiledge, for Mart, dismist at length.
Silks, raw, & wrought, Spices, & Drugs, & more-els, worth the Mart,
Our Marchants fetch from thence, and there our Marchandize cōuart.
Things wisely thus dispatched there, with men for his defence,
And Letters from that King vnto the *Shaugh*, he trauelld thence.
In trauell thitherwards, he grieues, in wonder, to behold

The:

The down-Fals of thoſe ſtately Townes, and Caſtles, which of old,
Whilſt *Perſia* held the Monarchie, were famous ouer all,
Nor *Alexander* wonne of thoſe one Peece, with labour ſmall.
The mightie Cities *Tauris*, and *Perſipolis*, he paſt,
Two ruin'd Gates, ſundred twelue miles, yet extant of this laſt:
The Gyants Wonders on the Hill of *Quiquiffs* heard he tolde,
And of the yearely Obit, which their Maides to *Channa* holde.
This was indeed a wonder, for this Virgin ſo was bent
To Chaſtitie, that by ſelfe-death, ſhe Marrage did preuent.
Here *Mandeuil*, perhaps, had bin, and tooke occaſion heere,
To feare leaſt *Elenor* in like might imitate too neere:
Euen Toyes in Loue diſcourage, Loue frō Toyes reſumeth cheere.
Of him therefore, whilſt *Ienkinſon* reſts at his Iornies end,
With *Obdolowcans* Sonne, that on the *Sophie* did attend.

CHAP. LXVIII.

SO Knightly *Mandeuil* demeanes himſelfe againſt the Foes
Of *Melek Mandibron*, that he in *Ægypt* famous groes.
And, of himſelfe, that *Soldan* did to *Mandeuil* commend
A greater Match, than els his Thoughts with hope could apprehend,
For vertuous, beautious, Birth, & Wealth, a Match for none to mēd.
This Ladie (alſo of the blood, and heire vnto her Father,
A mightie Prince in thoſe ſame Parts) he courteth now, the rather

To

To intermit that home-bred Loue, which ſeaz'd on him indeed,
As for to proue how ſuch as he with ſuch as ſhe might ſpeede,
And there experimented, here to ceaſe or els proceede.
Fye, *Mandeuil*, how good ſo ere thy Merits otherwiſe,
In making Loue vnmeant thou didſt thy ſelfe but miſ-aduiſe.
Though thou could'ſt buzze about the flame, & keepe vnſkorcht thy (wings,
Few ſafely play with edge-Tooles, ſin to itſt at holy things.
With women, made for Men, therefore ſoone won, yeat edging Sute,
With Marrage, praiſde enough in him did firſt it inſtitute:
With Women, who when all was made, and Man of all poſſeſt,
Yeat lacketh Man an Helpe, ſayd God, and Man with Woman bleſt:
With marrage, that legitimates our Propagation, and
Two Hearts in one tranſplants, in all beſalne, or taine in hand:
With women, that no leſſe attract our Senſes them to leeke,
Than Hunger for to labour Foode, or Anguiſh Eaſe to ſeeke:
VVith Marrage, that preferreth vs, and ſtayes vs in content,
Vnanimieth weale or woe, as either vs is ſent:
In Nature Women, Marrage by Tradition, either twaine
So ſacret, and autentick, as we naither ſhould profaine.
To trifle then or Them, or This, were not ſo ſlight a ſin,
As that thy Vertues, *Mandeuil*, would fault, think I, therein.
But for ſhe was a Pagan, and thy ſelfe a Chriſtian theare,
And ſhe the *Soldans* Tender, thou didſt forme a Loue for feare.
For that thou ſhould'ſt reny thy Faith, and her thereby poſſeſſe,
The *Soldan* did capitulat, in vaine: the more thy bleſſe:
For than a VVoman euermore the Diuell tempteth leſſe,
Yeat that they tempt, not theirs but ours the ſinne: for if I ſee,
And ſteale, a pretious Gemme, the Gemme faults not, the Theft in me.
Howbeit when to actiue and to paſsiue loue it grocs,
And VVomen then ſhall alter, them as Diuels then ſuppoſe:
And like of Men, if Men alike ſhall Reputation loſe.
This faire *Ægyptian* Ladie (of the *Engliſh* Toy in this,

To

To wit, in forwatd Loue to whom the fartheſt Commer is)
Might eaſly haue bin wonne of him, not at an eaſie rate,
If to his Faith a Recreant had Miſcrent bin his ſtate.
But he, immoueable aſwell in Faith, as former Loue,
Did there ſo well, as he from thence with honor did remoue.
On *Elenor* he ſtill deuiſde: yeat ſometimes, to allay
Thoſe Moodes, by muſtring in his mind theſe thoughts, did thus aſſay.
Full ſoone the faireſt Face, thought he, would ceaſe from being ſuch,
If not preſerued, curiouſly, with tendring more than much.
Or age at leaſt, and that not old, ſo alters it that was,
That *Helen* did diſclaime her ſelfe, for *Helen*, in her Glas.
That great Phiſition that had liu'd, in health, an age admirde,
Did anſwer, askt the cauſe, not he had done as Fleſh deſirde.
Then *Mandeuil* bethinks him of the Labyrinth of Cares,
Incumbring married Men, and neer that life, and loue, forſwares.
How tedious were a Shroe, a Sloy, a Wanton, or a Foole,
(All foure a-like threatning Miſlike, when time ſhould Dotage coole,)
How ſeldome Women come vndow'd with one, or ſome, or all,
Or anſwerable Faults to theſe (to men not Croſſes ſmall,)
The Flattries, and the Fooleries, whereby are women wonne,
With fiſhing long to catch, perhaps, a Frog, when all is done,
And all that Sexs Infirmities, his Thoughts did ouer-runne.
But like as Mothers beate their Babes, & ſing them when they crie,
Loues Incantations ſo did he with Malice ſuch defie:
The Amorous with the ſea-Crabs gaet doe angring Amours flie.
This humour, and the honor, by this Knight in *Ægypt* wonne,
Ore-paſſe we, and in *Perſia* ſee what *Ienkinſon* hath done.

CHAT.

CHAP. LXIX.

AT *Casben* hild the *Shawgh* his Court, who thirtie yeares, and odd,
Had not been seene abroade, thereof by Prophesie forbodd.
Like Maiestie he kept, as those great Monarchs did before
The *Macedons* subdewed them, of Wiues he had like store,
Besides most bewtious Concubines, not lesse than fifteene score:
And yearely of the faireſt Maides, & Wiues, doth make new choyce:
When much the Friends, and Husbands, of those chosen doe reioyce.
Him blesseth he to whome doth he one of his Reliques giue:
Yeat *Persian Shaughs* esteeme themselues the holiest Kings that liue.
For when a Christian (whom they call an Infidel, because
He not beleeues in *Mahomet*, nor *Mortezalies* Lawes)
Is cal'd to audience, least the same prophaine wheare he doth stand,
Must doffe his Shooes, and to and fro treade on new-sifted sand.
Our Soueraignes Letters to the *Shaugh* so *Ienkinson* presents,
Who, being ask't his arrant, said those Letters like Contents.
But new-made Peace with *Turkie* him of new-sought Trade preuēts
The *Turkish* Marchants, fearing least their Traffique might decreaſe,
Had, by that *Basha*, mard his Mart that then had made that Peace.
The *Shaugh* did also question his Beleefe, and quarrell it:
So, well appaid is *Ienkinson*, if well away he git,
Whome, with our letters to the *Turke* the *Shaugh*, to send was bent,

Had not the *Hyrcane* *Murzey* Posts vnto his Father sent,
And *Obdolowcans* Letters then disswaded that intent:
When, with a Present for himselfe, he Thence to *Hyrcan* went,
And theare did him the heart-trew King most kindly intertayne,
And thence dismisse with Gifts, when he no longer would remayne:
Nor onely his Ambassadors vnto his care Commends,
But moment of that Ambassie which he to *Mosco* sends.
There now suppose them well ariu'd, and bringing gratefull newes
Ot waightie Messages, whearin the *Mosick* him did vse.
Conuenient time he nerethelesse, for *Persian* Trade attends:
Which *Arthur Edwards*, thither sent, succesfully theare ends.
This *Edwards*, and a many here vnnam'd, deserued well
In these Imployments: but of All weare tedious al to tell,
For, sauing of Discouerers we purpose not to dwell.
Els would we here reuiue, but that through *Hakluits* Pen they liue,
(To him, your Fames sweet Trumpetor, Yee *English*, Garlands giue)
A Catalogue of Names, that in this North, and Northeast Clymes,
Haue more obseru'd, and more deseru'd, than perish shall with times.
Nor be my Father here forgot: for he, amongst the rest,
Deserueth in this Generall remembrance with the best.
And here, from out those churlish Seas, with *Ienkinson* we sayle
To *London*, theare an aged Man, to tell this youthfull Taile:
How he had past All *Europe*, seene all *Leuant* Ilands, and
Greece, *Turkie*, *Affrick*, *India*, *Sur*, *Ægypt*, the holie Land,
And all the foresaid Lands in all imployde, and intertainde,
Of Emperors, and Kings, as if him selfe a King had raign'd.
Rest may thy honorable Boanes, good old-Man in sweet Peace:
Nor haue thy *Phœnix*-Ashes since beene barren of increase.
But late had we a Fowle like rare, vs'd oftner Sea than Shore,
Ofte swam hee into golden Strands, but now will so no more,
For, though he weare a dyuing Fowle, to Heauen did he sore.
In *England*, not *Arabia*, now the *Phœnix* Bird is bread,

And

And euermore shall theare reuiue, when shall the olde be dead:
The Maiden Empresse, and her Knights their Enterprises rare,
Which now haue pearst through euery Pole, of all admired are.
Remaineth now, that we intreate of great Achieuements done
By *English*, in contrarie Clymes, since first her Crowne begonne.
But ride we first at Anker, though a roomesome Sea we haue,
To listen *Staffords* Comforts which to *Elenor* he gaue.

THE TWELFTH BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

CHAP. LXX.

WHen *Stafford* ſounded had, as ſaid, the Ladies Loue-ſeaz'd heart,
He to a Banquet her inuites, and did for then depart.
Now to his Lodging (which had earſt been *Mandeuils* alſo)
Comes *Elenor*, accompned with a crew of Ladies more,
Of which was one that *Stafford* lou'd, of her beloued: She
Inſtructed was by him of all ſhould there effected be.
The Banquet ended, *Dorcas* (ſo was *Staffords* Ladies name)
Thus ſpeaketh vnto *Elenor*, as if it weare in game.
In yonder Chamber (poynting to a locked Doore thereby)
Hath *Mandeuil* his Cloſet, and no common Armory.
Full many things theare-in, quoth ſhe, both rare and rich ſaw I:
Howbeit *Stafford*, euen to me, did long that ſight denye.
Weare he and all the reſt abroade, wheare lies the Keye I wot:
Then fayne you ſicke, and ſleepie, ſo the reſt may hence be got.
Soone Ladies liſten Nouelties, and ſerue themſelues with Shifts,

Not

Not sooner *Dorcas* had deuis'd, but *Elenor* it drifts.
So finely fayn'd she ill-at-ease that none beleeu'd her well,
Saue *Stafford* and his Ladie, so preposing as befell:
And all saue onely *Dorcas*, whom she praies with her to stay,
Did sadly leaue her to her Rest, and that she rest did pray.
Meane while the Ladies and their Oste into the Garden walke,
Where *Stafford* did inuent them Sports, and hild them pleasant talke.
The Ladies twaine, thus left alone, the doore they open, wheare
To them in compleat Armor seem'd the greene-Knight to appeare.
The Burgonet, the Beuer, Buffe, the Coller, Curates, and
The Poldrons, Grandgard, Vambraces, Gauntlets for either hand,
The Taishes, Cushies, and the Graues, Staffe, Pensell, Baises, all
The greene-Knight earst had tylted with that hild her Loue his Thral,
She sawe, on Crosses and els-what, by *Stafford* so set out,
That to haue seene her very Knight made *Elenor* no doubt.
At first she feares, but lastly findes the Armor was vn-man'd:
When skaerd, and cheerd, with *Dorcas* she did enter, theare at hand,
The Closet wheare the Prizes of the for-said Iusts did stand.
These, and that Armor, *Dorcas* saide, are *Mandeuils*, the same
Your Knight, that won himselfe, for Force, to you for Faire such fame.
But, Sweete, let this be spoke in Shrift, so was it spoke to me:
Long haue you thirsted it, know I, which now you heare, and see.
Though *Stafford* was by *Mandeuil* coniured to conceale it,
And I by *Stafford*, what is it but that I may reueale it?
What shame, a Gods name, can redowne to him, by being knowne
The Knight that honord both himselfe and you, as more might none.
Beleeue me, reason none his fame should thus obscured lye:
But whatsoeare the Scruple be, now out it is, for why?
To you lies bare my heart, and shall. With that (by pre-conclusion
Twixt him and *Dorcas*) *Stafford* made a mannerly Intrusion.
Why how now Ladies, sicke, and heale, and taine so soone in harme?
You should, quoth he, to Pownd, weare this a churlish Rusticks Farme.

In vaine, I see, hath *Mandeuil* forbidden me or sight,
Or speech hereof to *Elenor*: And *Dorcas* serues me right:
Blab'd be our Shrists to women, of simplicitie, or spight.
Well, Lady, (for by now I gesse you know this Armors Knight,
And you, concerning other things, haue reade what he did wright)
If firme you hold for him (as you haue said, and should doe still)
For you, and him, and both, therein imploye me at your will.
Who mightier than the *Soldan*? Yeat, as *Mandeuil* me wrights,
A Lady of the blood, right faire, he him for Wife behights:
But, weare she Empresse of the World, his Resolution is,
She either shall be *Elenor*, or neuer any his.

Full well she knew those Sights, and at those Speeches did reioyce:
The greene-Knight had been *Mandeuil*, had been in her the Choyce.
That Wish, the Man, his Worth, their Loue, concurriug in this wise,
Had he been also present, what more Blisse could she deuise?
Thence went they out into that Roome where had the Banquet bin,
And theare was she about to speake, when came the Ladies in:
Full well appayde to see her cheer'd, and trained then her quaem,
(For nothing lesse than forged Panges, or what had past they aem.)
Then went they all to whence they came, and *Elenor* did plie
For *Mandeuil*: What was it now for him she would not trie?
Oft *Stafford*, She, and *Dorcas* did consult, and then conclude
This Course, not to be changed: which eare said, be first pursude
Of *English*, that in *Affrick*, and in *Asia*, bring to pas,
That *England* now is famous, wheare but late vnnam'd it was.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXI.

OF Northerne Regions partely is epitomed before,
Of other later Voyages ensues a few, of store.
Great Personages cannot want great Poets theirs to tell.
Nor may they want, nor want to them would I, wrot I like-well.
But of some Meaners, that their liues haue ventured no lesse,
Perform'd as much, Some more, and Some that haue, as many gesse,
Vnto their Betters made the way to glorie they possesse,
Shall we digest: Or it we speake of great-Ones, they be dead,
For Writers aduantagiously are of the Liuing reade.
Thy Raigne also, *Elizabeth*, shall bound our Pen in it,
Which to our Theame interreth Texts, no times yeeld more so fit.
Like amorous Scape from *England* as of *Elenor* to *Rome*,
Made *Macham* in *Madera* reare his hence-stolne Louers Toome,
Then raigned here Third *Edward*, when so trauel'd *Mandeuil*,
And in those daies th'interring There of *Machams* Loue befell.
A Chappell built he there, his name and hers ingrauen in Stone,
To *Iesus* dedicated (then, and *England*, there vnknowne.)
Of him, this Ilands Porte is cal'd *Machico*, to this day,
Whom *Affrick Mores* to *Castile*, as a Wonder, did conuay:
For in an hollowed Tree, or Trough, not hauing sayle or Oares,
(The Shippe they came in leauing him) discouer'd he the *Mores*.
By which discouery, and by his Instructions, did ensew,

Th'*Iberians* did *Madera* and *Canaries* Isles subdew.
Hence (els had *Macham* past our Penne) did time effect our Trade
For *Guinie*, in her Highnes Raigne acquir'd, and patent made.
For not in *Maries* weare those Partes, as now, so fully found,
Yeat still to gratefull Eares may those Negotiators sound,
To wit (although an Alien) good *Pinteado*, abus'd
By moodie *VVindam*, *Guinie* first, and *Benyn*, these perus'd:
Next *Gainsh*, then *Towrson* diuers times, and theare my Father dide:
Since, rife that Voyage, *Brasile*, and to *Cape-verd* Isles beside.
Gold, ciuet, muske, graines, pepper, woad, & iuory thence be brought:
In *Barbarie*, old *Mauritaine*, like Trade this raigne hath wrought:
Of *Affrick*, and *America*, by Ours no part vnsought.
In *Iewrie*, *Siria*, *Ægypt*, *Greece*, the *Turks* whole Empier now,
Our Queene is gratious, our Commerce, and Agents, they allow.
Of World-admired *Drake* (for of his Worth what argues more,
Thã fame enuide? Some, for was his so rich, thought theirs too poore,)
And his braue Breeder *Hawkins* (yeat be honord euery Pen,
That, howsoeuer, honor them as high-resolued Men)
In Fiction, or in Mysterie, to reade would lesse delight,
Than would significantly some their glorious Iornies wright:
The paines of such inuited Pens such subiect would requite.
Adde *Gilbert*, *Greenuill*, *Frobisher*, of Knights to make vp fiue,
All in their better Parts with God, with Men their Fames aliue.
Adde *Chilton*, *Oxnam*, *Fenton*, *VVard*, *Dauis*, an other *Drake*,
With diuers here not catalog'd, and for a Cheefest take
All-actious *Candish*, and of these eternall Pen-worke make.
And, for a gowned *Cicero*, and one that did not liue
But to his Prince, and Countrie, Lawdes to *VValsingham* doe giue.
The *Iliads*, and *Æneados*, for Text, and Truth, might yeeld
Vnto that learned Muse that should manure that plentious Field.
Was neuer Prince imployed Peace, with praise, to profit more,
Or Realme could, in the Raigne of one, boast worthy Men like store:

Our

Our Foes can alſo witnes her armipotent, in ſew,
Religiõ, Vertue, Wealth, Peace, War, her Throne with fame indue.
And here mine altred Muſe this Theame ſurceaſeth to purſue.
Of Theſe, Eaſt-*Indian Goa*, South, & South-eaſt People moe,
And of their memorable Names thoſe Toyles did vnder-goe,
Is one elaborated Pen compendiouſly doth floe.
Omitted then, and named Men, and Lands (not here, indeede,
So written of as they deſerue) at large in *Hakluit* reede.
To him, and (who deſerues like-well of *England*, both as Any
Haue wrote of *England*) *Camden*, and to *Engliſh* Poets Many:
Of which are ſome (praiſe-worthy though) that towre their Wits too
To make a Pitch for Loue, whē they at fairer Fowles might flie, (hie,
Now vaile I Bonnet. Reſt thee, Muſe, abrode what need we rome?
Our ſeauenteene Kingdomes once, now One, yeeld Work enough at
All which her Highnes owneth now, as ſhall anon be ſaide: (Home,
But of our *Engliſh* Louers firſt be this Addition made.

CHAP. LXXII.

NOw at *Conſtantinople* (once *Byzantium*) in old *Thrace*,
Had *Mandeuil* to *Stafford* wrote ſhould be his Wintring Place:
Next Summer would hee bee at *Rome*: That *Stafford* ſhould direct
For either Place his Letters, which he, longing, did expect.
So *Stafford* had to *Elenor* the ſame informed, who,
And *Dorcas*, euermore their Loues did argue fro and too.

They

They may, quoth *Dorcas*, make more nice, but few or none, I troe,
That labour not of our diſeaſe: and why, I pray you, noe?
To be with God, what good more good? For it we all ſhould aske.
But for by death it muſt be done, but few affect the Taske.
Virginitie, though praiſed, is alike perform'd, for why?
As much the Fleſh is fraile therein, as in the feare to dye.
What, was it ſayd to all, but vs, Increaſe and Multiply?
No Clarke will ſo expound that Text, God ſhield they ſhould, ſay I.
All yeeld, that Marrage is no ſinne, if chaſtly then we liue,
And Man and wife their Bodies each to other wholly giue:
If ſo, as ſo is granted, what needs curious ſtrugling then?
Since God and Nature formed Men for vs, and vs for Men.
Ill match thoſe dallying Girles, pray I, that intertaine by Arte
All Louers, giuing Hopes to all, of all to make their Marte,
And, hauing blaunched many ſo, in ſingle Life take pride:
When not a Strumpet Men ſo much abhorre, and more deride.
Aſwell as too remiſſe in choyce, we may be too preciſe,
And loſe, as *Æſops* ſwimming Dogge, a Subſtance for Surmiſe.
But if we marke, in matching, this (which perfecteth Content)
That in the Man of Vertues be and Loue a Couplement,
For either Fortune worke we that we neuer ſhall repent.
We coyly may conſume our Youth, till times may alter ſo
Or forme, friends, wealth, or fame, that we out of Requeſt may groe.
But loſe that liſt their Prime, ſince now I haue that may delight,
He ſhall participate my beſt, that muſt my badder Plight.
For true it is, as Veſſels of firſt Liquors euer taſte,
Loue, ſeaſned ſo with Sweets of Youth, the ſame doth euer laſt.
Nay ſhould my *Stafford* (God forbid) leſſe kinde than think I proue,
I neretheles would ſtill be his, in chaſte and cheerefull Loue.
No men, troe I (the raſcall Sort except) but women may,
In Patience, temporizing well, informe, and, erring, ſtay.
And reaſon (were there Scripture none, ſo bidding) we forbare

In men their Moodes,becauſe of vs they wholly take the care.
Admit we bring them Portions great,and beautie ſought of Many,
Alas,what bring we one,that might not els haue hap't to any?
For(let me ſpeake it to no Blab) it is a Queſtion,whether
That longer think it we,or Men,vntill we come together.
Well Wanton, well,quoth *Elenor*,if Men ſhould heare your chat,
This laſt I meane,at leaſt they would conclude for vs in that:
Concerning which,vpon my Tongue ſhall mine Opinion dye,
Though ſhould I ſay to it,and all,Amen,I ſooth'd no Lye.
Saint *Stafford* thine,Saint *Mandeuil* for me,God for vs all,
I haue bin,am,and will be ſtill reſolu'd, what ere befall.
In ſaying which came *Stafford* in,and wils them to diſpatch
To Ship-boord: (for before had they determin'd of that Match.)
Alreadie had he ſhipt their Stuffe,lack't only they a-boord:
Which Opportunitie did now that time and place affoord.
How they eſcap't,or how diſguiſde,what skils it? ſcap't they are,
All three imbark't for *Italie*,and had the winde ſo faire,
That almoſt thither had they reach't,before they miſſed weare.
For them great ſearch, and ſorrow much was made,but all in vaine,
None knew or whē they went,or whence,or where they did remaine.
Here ſee you,what can mightie Loue in either Sexe effect:
Here ſee you alſo friends for friends nor weale nor woe reſpect:
Here ſee you one that fear'd to ſpeake,is followed farre to ſpeede:
Here ſee you that a Woman dares, if ſhe conceits the Deede:
Here ſee you one in loue,not moop't at home,but mapping Lands:
Here ſee you how gainſt all things els,for Ladies Vertue ſtands:
Here alſo heare what they,ariu'd in *Italie*,did ſee:
And firſt at *Rome*,when firſt ſhall this of Elſe-what ſpoken bee.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXIII.

ELizabeths now-Monarchie ore ſeauenteene Crownes of old,
As formerly was promiſed, ſhall briefly here bee told.
Before the *Scots* did plant them Heere, own'd ancient *Brutaines* All,
And ſtill, take I, her Homager may *England Scotland* call:
Which ouer-paſſe, not now poſſeſt, in this Accompt we ſhall.
Of either Land the Marches, and much more, for moſt now Ours,
The warlike *Picts* poſſeſsing Here, built Caſtles, Towns, & Towers,
Brutes, *Scots*, and *Romaines* (then our Lords) oft daunting with their Powers:
Till laſtly ciuil Strife, & *Scots*, diſskingdom'd thē frō Hence,
Whom *Orkney* Ilands, as is ſayd, haue harbour'd euer ſence.
The *Brutaines*, by theſe *Picts* of long oppreſt with thraldome ſore,
To be deliu'red of ſuch Foes, did *Saxon* Aides implore.
So playing as did *Æſops* Horſe, that angrie with the Hart,
To be reueng'd, did craue in ayde of Man to take his part:
Till when the Horſe was neuer back't nor bitted, Either now
He hauing ſuffered, would haue helpt, but then he knew not how.
The *Brataines*, hauing called ſo the *Saxons* to their aide,
Could not be rid of them, to whom they had themſelues betraide:
But by the ſame were they at length debelled into *VVailes*:
Each of whoſe Kings, of long time Three, in *Englands* Monarch failes.
The *Saxons* getting *Brutaine* thus (which they did *England* name)
At once of them in ſeuerall Parts Seauen Kings did rule the ſame:

All

All which, by *VVesterne Adelstane*, in Monarchie was got,
Which since (saue *Iron-sids* & the *Danes* once Deuidēt) chang'd not.
Fiue *Irish* Kingdōs likewise add, now drown'd in *Englands* Crowne.
The Seauenteenth was the Isle of *Man*, in Ours now also downe.
Our *Mandeuil*, here cited, of Earle *Mandeuil* exact
In *Stephens* Raigne so famous, *Man*, in *Scots* Possession sack't,
And with the Spoyle of al that Isle thence, and his Brother, pack't.
Consent of times, Names, and Records, affirme, may seeme, no lesse.
But *Monteacute*, Count *Salsburie*, it wonne, and did possesse.
Of *Percies* after, *Stanlies* next, and still (gesse I) holds *Man*,
From honorable long Descents: and from they first began,
All loyall, hospitalious, lou'd, still powre-full, and I pray,
That in that Noble house those Termes may neuer-more decay.
This *Man* was diuers hundred yeares a Kingdome, and not small,
Rul'd *Hebrides*, the *Orcades*, to *Thul* the Islands all,
And chances there, and Changes, worth the note, did oft befall.
As how the naturall *Incolants* the *Iselanders* subdew,
Them *Norses*, *Irish* them, them *Scots*, and *English* them, in few.
Beauchamp, the Earle of *VVarwick*, (first, and last, and but a while)
Was King of *VVight*: Sixt *Henries* Gift that Honor, and that Ile:
VVhich added, Eighteene Kingdoms, al possest, ieke *Englands* Stile.
These now, thus couched all in One, saue Parcell *Scots* withhold
Of *Penthland*, and some barren Isles subdu'd to *Man* of old,
Since hath one Monarch ruled, vs hath rendered secure:
VVhereas Pluralitie of Kings did euer Losse procure.
Twise ioyn'd our Ilanders in one, when twise did *Cæsar* faile:
Disioyning, He, *Picts*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Normaines* did preuaile.
The *Spanyard*, in Conceit, deuoures our Countrie, in no hope
But of Disiunctiues, who, thinks he, lesse loue their Prince than Pope.
Let *France* admonish *England*, turn'd Religion turnes not *Spayne*
From thirsting *France*: Neuttralitie brought late-lost *Calice* Baine:
And *Spanish't-French* liue Peasants-like, that, *French*, did Princes raign.
Our Elders (illy did they well, for so should not be done,

Much

Much leſſe to cauſeles Armes againſt their Prince ought Subiects ron)
So badly brook't this *Spanyards* fam'd Eſpouſall with their Queene,
That, euen at *VVeſtminſters* Law-Barres, were harneſt Pleaders ſeene,
Fear'd with the trooped Bands ỹ wold that Banes with ſwords forbid:
Of which were pittied thoſe that dide, the Reſt winkt-at, and hid.
Their meaning had it Praiſe, had not the Manner bin in fault:
The Manner now doth hold, may none in ſelfe-ſame Meaning hault:
But arm'd be euery hand, and heart, hence Engliſhly to beate
Spayn, that our Bodies wold inthral, *Rome*, that our Soules doth threat.
Yeat (which hath blinded, bridled, and beguil'd, them many a day)
Their Inquiſition wiſh I from the *Spanyards* rid away.
What good remaines to wiſh the Pope, this, that had none bin borne,
From him to ſteale his ill-got Coyne, from vs to ſhip our Corne.
The beſt things brought from *Rome*, to vs conuert, troe I, to ill:
But new *Rome* left, of old *Rome* now abreuiat we will.

CHAP. LXXIV.

WHen *Stafford* and his double Charge to *Italie* were come,
In health, and rich (for hence brought they in Coine no little Some,
With Iewels of rare eſtimate, and elſe-what of great worth)
For *Mandeuil* they ſeeke, and him at laſt did liſten forth.
That in *Conſtantinople* yet he was, a Marchant ſaide:
And thither *Staffords* Letter was to him with ſpeed conuaide,
Purporting only that himſelfe at *Rome* his comming ſtaide.

Meane

Meane while in *Rome* (the Mistris once of all the world) they view
Such wonders, couch't in Ruins, as vnseene might seeme vntrew.
Once was it compast, as is read, with fiftie miles of wall:
Now some to twentie, some to lesse, in that accompt doe fall:
It hauing Towers so many as the yeare hath dayes in all.
From fortie miles was water brought in Pipes on Arches thether.
Were vaulted walkes through euery Streete, gainst Sunne, and rainy weather.
The sumptious Bathes, with Pallaces thereto of rare delight,
The roomesome Ponds, where very Ships some Festiuals did fight,
The Trophie Arches, where to life Triumphants were purtraide,
The Statures huge, of Porphyrie and costlier matters made,
The Theaters, Pyramides, the Hill of halfe a mile,
Raisde but of tribute Pot-sheards, so to boast their Power long while,
The Obelisks, of one whole Stone neere fortie yards or more,
Huge Pillers, caru'd in Masonrie with Prowse of Knights before,
The stately Bridges, sometimes Eight, now fewer, *Tyber* crosse,
The Thirtie goodly Gates, of which is now of number losse,
The huge Colosses, Conduites, and else-what, that shew'd a State
Beyond beleefe of ruin'd *Rome*, in part repair'd of late,
They wonder at, & how the world could yeeld such Pomp, debate.
Though some the seauen inclosed Hils, did ancient *Rome* containe,
Lye waste, or Vine-yards, more doth yeat of Maiestie remaine,
Euen in the Rubble of the old, than in the now renew'd,
Though *Rome* retaines a Statelines, nor fairer Pyles are view'd.
The round *Pantheon*, once the House of all the Heathen Gods,
Stands yet a Temple, but lesse deckt for rich by too much ods.
On *Auentine* the down-fals are of Temples store to see:
On *Tarpie* of the Capitol, were wont their Guild to bee:
On *Palantine* of Pallaces, on *Cælius* lignes of Playes:
Quirinall, *Exquell*, *Viminall* of Bathes shew braue decayes.
These Hils, with *Vatican* and old *Ianiculum* ore-past,
Shew we how *Rome* did rule, was rul'd, and ruin'd at the last.

From

FRom *Ianus*, (called *Noe* of some, *Iaphet* of some *Noes* Sonne,
And *Iaphets* sonne of others) Rule in *Tuscan* first begonne,
Raign'd in sixe hundreth twentie yeares of *Latines* Twentie one:
(Son of the Eight of which was *Brute*, first Soueraign of our Throne)
The last of these *Numitor* was, whome *Romulus* did kill,
And, building *Rome*, slew *Remus*, there to lord-it at his will.
* This Cittie, then Receptacle for all, how vile skils not,
Of *Italie* by one and one the Sixteene State-Lands got.
Tarquinius raign'd the Seauenth in *Rome*, whē for the Out-rage done
Vpon *Lucretia*, Kings did cease, and Consuls then begonne:
Whē had two hūdreth thirtie yeres bin Kings, that much had won.
* In this estate of Consuls (Two, remoueable each yeere)
Rome flourished in Victories fiue hundreth yeares well neere.
No age can boast like valiant Men, or Senatours so graue,
That Warre, and Peace, vnto the world at their Deuotion gaue:
Whose only naked Maiestie not Armour then could braue:
Like Monarchie none euer had, or likely is shall haue.
* When now the world was wholly *Romes*, and *Pompei* ouercome,
Then *Iulius Cæsar* did Vsurpe the Common-wealth of *Rome*.
Had Thirtie eight bin Emperours successiuely, when as
Did *Constantine* to *Siluester Rome*, by Donation pas.
* This *Constantine* (surnam'd the great, Our heire, and of our blood)
Baptiz'd of *Siluester*, did hurt, as hap't, by doing good:
When to *Constantinople* he remou'd th'imperiall Seate,
Rome prou'd too proude for Priests, or pride of Priests for *Rome* too great.
Besides, was little Policie in Partnership of Raigne,
For *Rome*, and *Greece*, one Empier earst, was rul'd as if of Twaine:
Who also chose their *Cæsars*, that their priuate Turnes did waite:
Whence, after at *Bizantium* Nine had held imperiall State,
Rome by the *Gothe Alaracus* was sackt in barbrous rate.
And here the *Romaine* Monarchie did palpably decline:
As doth her Prelacie, and soone shall quite, may we deuine.

But shall we yet digresse of *Rome*, subiecting vs so long?
Then least, as now your Eares, our Pen your Memories should wrong,
Remembred be wheare stayde our search of Countries, where left we
Of *Manuell* and *Elenor*, and wheare these Louers be.

CHAP. LXXV.

ANon as *Constantine* left *Rome*, for *Greece*, to *Sylvester*,
(So cal'd of liuing in the Woods, whence earst he durst not ster)
For consecrating after-Popes they golden Rites prefer,
And, hansling *Rome* with Heresies, in factious Schismes did erre.
Scarse was it come vnto the Third, when those that liu'd before,
(But fewe escaping Martyrdome) in Deserts, meeke and poore,
Did wrangle for Saint *Peters* keyes, and Primacie of all
The christiã Church: which to their Sea, though long, at length did fal.
Hence Dispensations, Iubilees, Pardons, and such rack't geere,
Weare had at *Rome*: nothing, naught worth, theare had, not payd for deere.
Yea not, till long, the Emperours they dared to prouoke,
That now in choyce of Emperours did labor greatest stroke,
And Seculers from church-Affayres in all did sequester,
But wrought that Seculers should all vnto the Church refer:
Effecting so, that Emperours and Kings did kille their feete,
Deposing, and disposing, them, and theirs, as they thought meete.
Whē now the blind seduced World was brought vnto their bent,
And more their busie heads could not, ambitiously, inuent,
Was Pope, & Pope, & sometimes Three: Popes poysond, Popes exild,

Popes ſtrangeld, cozen'd Popes, a Pope deliuerd of a Childe:
Was neuer heard ſuch Tyrants, or of other Potentates
So many did miſcarrie, through Ambition, and Debates.
But be obſeru'd, in higheſt pitch of Pride in Cleargie-men,
God ſtill hath wrought, Religion, Realmes, and all haue ruin'd then.
So, in her Roofe, it far'd with *Rome*: he whiſel'd, and did ſwarme
From out the North *Barbarians* that gainſt *Italie* did arme.
At ſundrie times the *Goth*, the *Dane*, the *Vandale*, and the *Hunne*,
With others, foure times ſacked *Rome*, and oft the Land ore-runne:
Nor only ſo, but there did raigne, in ſpight of who ſayd nay:
Whence *Ciſalpine* is *Lumbardie* vnto this preſent day:
And *Rome*, which ſince our *Brennus*, none durſt enterpriſe, was made
A Bootie to each barbrous Force that would the ſame inuade.
In vaine the *Romaine* Emperors their ancient Right defend,
For through ſeditious Popes the *French* begun where Thoſe did end.
From *Pharamonds* to *Pepins* Houſe they foyſt the Crowne of *France*,
And to the Weſterne Empier then did *Charlemaine* aduance.
From *France* to *Italie* againe, to *Germanie* from thence,
Whereas the naked Title hath inured euer ſence.
Thus erring *Rome* hath, doth, & wil, our chriſtian World vnqueate:
May therefore Princes ioyne to race that Monſter from his Seate.
What, will ye ſee a glorious God of earth? goe ſee the Pope:
Aſpiring *Lucifer*? who els? Truth tals't? reuerſe the Cope: (Sort,
Queanes like to Queenes? There halfe-mile Streetes affoord no other
If Skarlet Hats meane while and Stoles haue not ingro'ſt the Sport.
Full fortie Thouſand Curtizans there, Ladies-like, doe liue,
That to the Pope for wantoning no ſmall Reuenew giue.
Their wiues they mew frō churchmē there: whēce doth this By-word
More Priuiledged Harlots liue thā honeſt wiues at *Rome*. (come?
Well, by their Fruits ye may them know. Thus is caſt vp this Some.

WHilſt were thoſe Broyles in *Italie*, did many there reiect
Obedience to the Emperors, who could not them protect:

So

So diuers Cities did themſelues infranchize, growing States:
And each of them Dominion to her Common-wealth delates.
We are ouerlong, although we ſhould but briefely ouer-ronne
The free-*Italian* States, of which the *Spanyards* part haue wonne:
As *Naples*, *Mylloine*, royall That, and Duchie This, both twaine
So peopl'd, fertile, pleaſant, rich, as neither ſhew their waine.
But ſhould we ſpeake of *Venic's* Pompe, the Citie, and the Scite,
Too little ſhould we ſpeake, although too much we here ſhould write.
But, Gallants, will you view the Courte of *Venus*, and not ſo,
But Myrrors too of Courteſie? to rich-built *Genoa* goe:
But farre from drifting *Florence* keep, leaſt *Machiuels* yee groe.
Ferrara, *Vrbine*, *Mantua*, *Placence*, and *Parma* are
Braue Cities, great for State, and pleaſe thoſe which to them repare.
I wot not what this ſpatious Land doth lacke that Man can wiſh:
Ayre tẽprate, fertile Grounds, vnmatch't for fruits, beaſts, fowles, & fiſh:
Men valiant, rich, kinde, courtly, and faire Academies many,
For braue and bewtious women doe, not need they yeeld to any.
Now to our *Engliſh* Trinitie of Louers let's returne,
That ſtill, in expectation of the Fourth, at *Rome* ſoiourne.
Theare, after Prayers, Church-times, Sights, & Stories ſometimes read,
Amongſt their merrie Tales was this, how one, inamour'd, ſpead.

CHAP. LXXVI.

A Faire young wife of *Lyncolne*-Shire (if ſay our Author truth)
In traueling to *London*-wards, ſquir'd of a clowniſh youth,
Was by a Yorke-Shire Gentleman ore-taken, & together
This Cocke of game, and Henne (as he ſuppoſed) of that Feather,

Doe iourney on: And, liking her, when words of course had past,
And nodding pricked on before her Seruing Creature fast,
He thus began. Faire Mistresse, since our Trauell lies one way,
If so you please, one Inne, one Boord, (and I for all will pay)
May serue vs both: I also was about, one Bead, to say.
The Gentlewoman (formally then modest) blushing, sayd,
For Inne, add Boord, as pleaseth you: And so her Answer staide,
But would you add the Third, quoth he, more would it please in deede.
What that you pay for al? quoth she, nay, so weare more than neede.
Tush, that (And yeat best Orators to Women knew the Gifts,
And therefore named, Pay, as if by chance, to edge his drifts)
Was out, quoth he, at vn awares: I also named, Bead.
You said you were about, quoth she, which still let goe for dead.
Thus off and on they dialogue best part of all that daye:
He could not win her to consent, nor would he take a naye:
For long a goe the Calendar of Women-Saints was filde,
Fewe not to Opportunitie, importunated, yeild,
Thinks this our Northerne wilie Ladde, hartie, and hardie too,
Who neuer would giue-out: nor more, than thus, yeelds she to doe,
That is, to bead: he sweating but to kisse, and her imbrace.
Then merrily for *Huntington* they mend their former pace.
Alighted theare, for Supper he bespeakes the dantiest Cheere,
And either in one Gallerie had Chambers, somewhat neere.
Betwixt their Chambers placed was a Southerne Gentleman,
That by officious Signes twix't them to sound their Match began.
Her extraordinary Forme, on worke the rather sets
His heart, and Senses (such an hand of vs such Bewtie gets.)
Resolu'd at last of what was meant, and how therein to deale,
This Smel-feast from the bidden Guest, did thus the Banquet steale.
He gaue it out, that all might heare, he earely would away,
His Man fayn'd feare to ouer-sleepe, and would not downe him laye:
But, when that all besides betooke themselues to sleepe and rest,
One while he walkes the Gallerie, another while he drest

His

His ruſtie Sword, which badly did the Northern-man diſgeſt.
In vaine he chaſte, in vaine he wiſht the Seruing-man were gon:
Nor durſt he out to boord his Loue (for much it ſtood vpon
Their Credits to be cautilous.) The Southern-man, this while,
Got to the Gentle-womans bed, and did (no force) beguile
Her Expectation: Swore you not? quoth ſhe, and he did ſmile.
But, had he bin the Man forſworne, if God forgaue the Sin,
She pardon'd him the *quo ad vi* that he had treſpaſt in,
And, for that Nights work, ſwore to ſweare no Man frō like, I win.
This Chaer thus chaer'd, as cloſely as he went returnes he backe
Vnto his proper Bed, nor long he ſleepes ere thence he packe.
No ſooner cleered was the Coaſt, but that the bidden Gueſt
Steales to her Chamber doore, then lock't, (for now ſhe means to reſt.)
A male-Content retireth he, not dreaming what had bin,
But better Opportunitie hopes at their next-nights Inn.
Next Morne they meete, when, bluſhingly (but angrie not a whit)
Ha Sir, quoth ſhe, I'le truſt againe your Oth, ſo kept you it.
Well, bite, and whine (quoth he) who truſts a Woman ſo is ſaru'd.
Firſt muſeth ſhe, then ieſts it out, ſoone finding how was ſwaru'd.
But thus the Northern-man did faile, that did no coſt omit,
And thus the Southern-man preuail'd, at charge no more then Wit.
The beſt is yet behind, but ere be told the Storie out,
Amongſt our Louers, now at *Rome*, heare how was brought about.

AT *Rome* is *Mandeuil* ariu'd, *Stafford* and he are met,
To ſay their Greeting, for the much, were here too long a Let.
Of *Elenor* her health, and more, ſuppoſe not Queſtions few:
For yet full little *Mandeuil* of her Ariuall knew,
Nor ſhall, till of his Loyaltie, and life, be further View.
At *Staffords* Lodging had he ſeene (as is th' *Italian* Guies)
Two portly Ladies, Head and Face, all vailed, ſaue their Eies:
Twixt one of theſe, and *Stafford*, much of Kindnes to haue paſt
Had he obſeru'd, and thereupon thus breakes with him at laſt.

I haue not seene the couer'd Dish, that so your Diet fits,
But much I feare it surfet may, quoth he, your queasie wits:
Needes must I enter now the Lists, to combate *Dorcas* Foe,
Euen *Staffords* reason, that from Heauen to Hell is posting so.
I will not aske, nor doe I care, what bewtie, wealth, or wit,
Your here-found Mistres hath, why you should home-left Loue forgit:
But this, I know, not *Reme* affords whome more you might affect
Than her, whome wronged here I see, and more than seene suspect:
And wherein differs Man from Beast, but in Affections checkt?
What, is she married? Then doe yee superlatiuely sinne:
Or Mayde? I like not Maidens that so forwardly beginne:
Or Curtizen? What doth she with a Vaile that is so vile,
As not to blush at shame, but, baer'd, is wonted to beguile?
But Married, Mayde, or Curtizen, or what you please her name,
I like not him makes loue to one, and wrongs the very same.
I tell thee, *Stafford*, be she good, or bad, thou here doest courte,
Thee I pronounce too bad, ỹ with fore-plighted Loue do'est spourte.
Let it suffice my Friendship hates Absurdities in thee:
Farre be it Trauelers should play the Spyder, not the Bee.
I would thy courted Lady here, and her Consorte, heard this:
(A needles wish, next Roome weare both, and ouer heard he is)
Then should they heare thee false to one, a Choyse is not heere,
And, fearing like, suspect thy Loue, of Precontracts not cleere:
Or falsed Matches, finished in wrong of Others, might,
By stil improsprous Presidents, deterre from wronging Right.
To honest Eares might this suffice, to interrupt herein,
Or spoke I vnto Harlots, this at least from Lust should win:
Al Touch-sweet, Tast-sweet, Eye-sweet, Ear-sweet, Sent-sweet, Soule-sweet, it
A vertuous Match, but vitious Loue in al contraries this.

Suppose this firme and naked Loue, and Friendship, much to please
His Auditorie, seene, and not, and *Stafford*, to appease
His Discontent, pretends a soone Returne for *England* thence,
And so this Parlie ended, and on either part Offence.

Stafford had said to *Mandeuil*, that *Elenor*, to trie
Whether his Loue did not with time, new Loues, and Trauell die,
Required backe the Ring she gaue, which if he could her send,
She would beleeue him loyall, and requite it in the end.
That Ring, in this Regarde, did he commend to *Stafford* now,
And, saue to her, he giue the same to none exacts a Vowe.
The next third following day was fayn'd the time he wold frō thence,
Whome to accompanie on his way had *Mandeuil* pretence:
Wherfore they feast their Friends, & thē their Friends, amōg'st the rest,
Vnknowne of him, was *Elenor* with *Mandeuil* a Gueſt.
Such Arte she vs'd, and such Attier she wore, and who would looke
For her at Rome? that preſent her not for herſelfe he tooke.
Vpon her Finger he eſpide his Ring, deliuer'd earſt,
Yeat ſilently deuoures the Greefe, that to his Soule had pear'ſt.
He, and the reſt, inuited weare to ſup abroad that Night:
Night, Gueſts, and Suppers ende are come, when (greeued though in (Spright
He, to recouer backe his Ring, did vſe this cleanly ſleight
In one had he a Mommerie deuiſed and a Maske,
And euery masking Mommer tooke a Lady to his taske,
He her, with whome he had eſpyde his Ring, and Dauncing donne,
To looke, as if for ſomewhat loſt, to ground-wards he begonne.
Was ask't what myſte, he whiſpers her, that he had loſt a Ring,
Which wanting in each Mommers Mouth, was made a penall thing:
Faire Lady, lend me this, quoth he, that on your finger is,
And (giuing her a Tablet rich) for Gage accept of this.
Her Courteſie, his colour'd Want, and Gage, effected ſo,
That ſhe, the Pawne accepted, did her loned Ring forgoe.
Now on the Boord weare caſt the Dice, her turne was come to play,
Which Opportunitie takes he, and ſhifts him thence away.
Nor knew ſhe him, nor her knew he, for her ſhe was in deede:
But thus he ſpead his purpoſe, and of this did thus proceede:
Which, eare we ſhal reporte, inſewes our Ieſts Remayne to reede.

CHAP. LXXVII.



T *Ware* (in *Hertford*-shire a Towne, not bettered, I winne,
Of thorough-Faires, from Thence to *Twede*, for many an harbrous Inne,
Washt with the once ship-bearing *Ley*, by *Alfred* stu'ste in Three,
To disipate the *Dane*-Fleete, that expugning *Hertford* bee,)
Next day they timely tooke their Inne, had sup't ere Sunne was set,
Abroad walkt she, vnseene did he into her Chamber get.
First giuing out he would to bed, least, mist, be marde the Sport,
And, least she feare, the day before had made to her report,
In Merriment, that oftentimes he walked in his Sleepe,
And then not Lock, nor Let, could him from Place, or Person, keepe:
If in this fit I chance on you, be not affrayd, quoth he.
But, if you come, I'le whip you thence, then best not come, quoth she.
Thus, and with this Preparatiue, he counts the Bootie his,
And on the Rushes, vnderneath her Bed, he couched is,
And what with watch the night before, and wearines that day,
And to be fresh, anone, he slept, assoone as downe he lay.
Meane while, a lustie Yeoman of a Northerne Bishops, who
Was often there a Guest, and good, alights and goes into
The Gentlewomans poynted Roome, and say what they could say,
There would he lodge, for that had bin his Lodging many a day.
Loth were they to displease him (for an Harbinger he was)
And then were Bishops beamious, as they too and fro did passe.

For

For whensoeuer they remou'd to Place, or Parlament,
Their common Meany (not a few) on Foot with Bowes fore-went,
Nor niggardly was then to them allowed to be spent.
Themselues, with learned Chaplains & great Traines did follow then,
And frankly spent in euery Place, relieuing many Men.
Yea, Monasteries, Colledges, Schooles, Hospitals, Hie-waies,
Bridges, and like, were founded by the Prelats in those daies.
But Laters could not so, for why? were Those so fleeced Theirs,
As but a thousand yearely Fee, some purcha'st to their Heires.
But now be some (may such be long, and such to them succeed)
To whom in all doth nothing want of reuerent Worth indeed.
But say ye Sooth, haue Cleargie-men Coshairers? tush a Lye:
To aske doe Courtiers, Church-men shame to offer Simonie:
And that should be such Fault, appeares small likelihood, say I.
Obscurely more, with lesser Port, lesse hospitalious too,
The great-Ones neuer liu'd, nor rack't their owne, as now they doe.
Then either this is false that thus they fleece, or this is true,
That euen Consumption of their owne, is Sacrilegers due.
But wander doe we from our Iest, of that doth thus ensue.

The Bishops man sups, and to bed, whilst soundly sleepes that other:
The Gentlewoman, barr'd that Roome, is lodged in another:
That in the Bed fell fast a sleepe, This vnderneath awakes,
And, in his creeping out, and vp, no dinne at all he makes.
One heard he breathe, ar't there? thought he, haue with thee by & by:
And softly kist, wheare felt so rough, he fear'd t'haue kist awry.
He grop't therefore her Face, and caught the Yeoman by the Beard:
And rudely starting vp (not more in all his life afeard,
Thē buskling to his Sword) cride Theeues: That other in such taking,
As though he were a Man right good, he stood amaz'd, and quaking.
The Ostes and Ostlers with a Light and Tooles, then next to hand,
Came in, where he, almost vnstript, but wholly skar'de, did stand.
They wonder (for they knew him well) that he should be a Theefe:
Good Sirs, quoth he, be still, we all deceiued are, in breefe.

Then

Then, taking ſome a-part, he tolde his Cauſe of being theare,
And praies their ſilence, and in Wine was waſht away that Feare.
The Gentlewoman, hearing this, vn-Inn'd by day did peepe,
And (honeſter than would himſelfe) left him to wake, or ſleepe.
This ſtale-Ieſt tolde, Of *Mandeuil* now let vs Promiſe keepe.

WIth modeſt Mirth were ended now the Maske, and Reuels, when
Vnto their Lodging *Stafford* did the Ladies Vſher then.
There *Elenor* was paſsing ſad, and, being ask't, did tell
The Circumſtances of her Ring in order as befell,
And ſhewes the gaged Tablet, ſeene and knowne of *Stafford* well.
Her, weeping ripe, he, laughing, bids to patient her a while,
For *Mandeuil* ſuppoſde him wrong'd, and wrought, q he, that wile.
But how for you he loueth yours, it argues, and withall
A gentle-manly minde his great Exchange for value ſmall.
Nor thinke I leſſe, nor argue leſſe of Loue, and Gentrie too
May what, in both preuenting him, I meane, quoth ſhe, to doo.
His Tablet ſent ſhe, and therewith this Breuiat, by a Page.
Of you I aske not backe my Loane, but take it, and your Gage:
Yours Either, Neither ſay I mine, Both ſhall be, I preſage.
He muſing of her Meaning, thus to her lets his be knowne.
Of you I aske not back my Gage, but take it for your Loane:
Mine triples yours, not yours, and yeat for Price gets yours, but One.
Not muſing of his Meaning (which to her was not for Newes)
She of her Meaning alſo meanes that he no longer muſe.
Now *Mandeuil*, though grieued much at *Stafford*, whō he thought
In *Rome* to riot, *Dorcas* not eſteemed as ſhe ought,
And for his blabbing him to her the which had had his Ring,
Againſt an Oth, meanes nere theleſſe him on his way to bring,
And comes to *Staffords* Lodging, who prepar'd for no ſuch thing.
But for a Bridegroome trim'd, and trim was All, and She for Bride
Him contradicted, when, as ſayd, had *Mandeuil* eſpide
That likelihood: who, ſighing, ſayd, not henceforth will I chide,

But pitie *Stafford*, now so farre from wonted *Stafford* wide.
A Friend should not (nor you will I in this Infirmenes) flye,
Alone of *Dorcas* wronged here not witnes shall mine Eye.
Came you to *Rome* to lose your selfe, and finde at *Rome* a Friend,
There to begin his Sorrowes where your Senses make an end?
Or thriue they more, or trauell lesse, may *Englishmen*, wish I:
Hence should they profit, whence for most they least doe fructifie.
How stoicall growes *Mandeuil*, quoth *Stafford*, since his Trauell:
With you, for like, may I ere long, haue cause no lesse to cauell.
With that, from out another Roome to him, that would away,
Then *Dorcas*-like came *Dorcas* out, intreating him to stay.
What should we say his Ioy, that his Miss-deemes did sort to this?
Was not a gladder man, and yeat anon he gladder is,
When *Elenor*, then like her selfe, to him came also out:
But whether gladder he, or she, thus met, shall rest a doubt.
That very day both Couples wead, but what they did that night,
Not men vnpractis'd can report, for Action, or Delight.
Nor creeded be this Loue-Tale of this Ladie and this Knight.

THus, of what worth so-ere, is brought this Work of Ours to end:
More haue wee donne, hence outed, more wee purpos'd to haue
Which to intelligenced Men, more daring, we commend. (pend,
Well wotting, Acts heroick, and great Accidents, not few
Occurre this happie Raigne, here-hence, of purpose, blanched vew.
Nor Perpetuitie my Muse can hope, vnlesse in this,
That thy sweet Name, *Elizabeth*, herein remembred is.
And this, hope I, doth bode me good, that very day wherein
Was finish't This, did of thy Raigne yeare Thirtith nine begin.
May Muse arte-graced more than mine, in Numbers like supply,
What in thine Highnes Praise my Pen, too poore, hath passed-by.
A larger Field, a Subiect more illustrious, None can aske,
That with thy Scepter and thy selfe, his Poesie to taske.
Thy Peoples Prolocutor be my Prayer, and I pray,
That vs thy blessed Life, and Raigne, long blesse, as at this day.

An Addition in Proefe to the ſecond *Booke of* ALBIONS ENGLAND:

contayning a Breuiate of the true Hiſtorie of *Æneas*.

ACcept him(friendly Reader)where he is, not where he ought, and as he ſpeaketh, not as he ſhould. Miſapplied he is not for Matter precedent, howſoeuer the penning or miſplacing may like or miſlike for the Engliſh or Order. Rather hath my Remiſnes borrowed of Decorum and your Patience,than that a Patriarke of our *Brutons* ſhould be abruptly eſtranged: Of *Æneas* therefore it thus followeth:

Æneidos.

Æneidos.

WHen the reuengefull Flames of *Troy*, properly called *Ilion*, then the principall Citie of all *Asia*, had perfected the more than Tenne yeares Siege of the *Grecians* expugning of the same, then *Æneas* (howsoeuer by some authorities noted of disloyaltie towards *Priam*, in this not vnworthily surnamed vertuous) burthening his armed shoulders with his feeble and most aged Father *Anchises*, that laboured also vnder his loade of the *Troian* Gods and sacred Reliques, *Æneas* (as I say) with such his Burthen, leading by the hand his Sonne *Ascanius* of the age of twelue yeres, followed not only of the beautifull *Creusa* his wife the Daughter of King *Priam*, but also of a many *Troians* participating that common calamitie, brake through the wastfull Flames, mauger the wrathful Foes, into the fields of *Phrigia*. Theare the Aire emptied of down-burnt Tutrets, and filled with smoake of fired Buildings, assured frō their hearts more teares to their eyes, than the benefit of their present Escape could promise their vcomfort. *Troy* therefore not to be rescued, or *Creusa* (in this businesse lost and perishing) to be recouered, *Æneas* and his Followers imbarking themselues in *Simois*, after long & weary Sea-faring arriued in a part of *Thrace* called *Cressa*, bouuding on *Mygdonia*. Here *Æneas*, purposing an end of his tedious Saylings, and not meanly furnished of

Treasure

Treasure conuayed from *Troy*, laied Foundation of a Citie (after the Founder) called *Æneia*. This Citie going forward lesse effectually than was expected, *Æneas*, supposing the Gods to bee yet oppolite to the *Troians*, knocking downe a milke-white Bull pitched an Altar to doe Sacrifice. Neere at hand were growing diuers shrubbed Trees, the Boughes whereof (for the greater reuerence and exornation of the present Solemnitie) he cutting and sliuing downe, perceiued blood in great abundance issuing from the broken Branches: whereat long admiring, and with great terror and deuotion interceising the Gods to reueale the meaning of that miraculous Accident, at the length he heard a pitiful & feeble voice (for diuerslly in those daies, did the Diuels answere and giue Oracles) thus answering.

Reason were it (*Æneas*) that the Graues of the dead shuld priuiledge their bodies from the tyrannie of the liuing: but by so much the lesse doe I esteeme my preiudice, by how much the more I know thee vnwittingly iniurious. Thou teares't, *Æneas*, in these Braunches, thou teares't the bodie of thy vnfortunate Brother-in-law *Polydor*, Sonne to the like-statred *Priamus*. *Troy* as yet was only threatned, not besieged, when my Father (as thou knowest) deliuered me with a world of Treasure to *Polymnestor* the barbarous King of this Countrie, here daungerles (as he pretended) to abide, as the Conseruor and Restauration of his House and Empyre, whatsoeuer should betide of him, his other Issue, or the Warres then beginning: but the *Greekes* preuailing, Auarice, and the declining State of *Phrigia*, imboldned my Gardein (fearles of Reuengers) to the murthering of me: which he traytrously accomplishing on this Shore, secretly raked me vp in these Sands, without honor of better Sepulchre: and of my body (so hath it pleased the Gods, and Nature) are sprong these Branches, in tearing of which thou tormē-test me. Howbeit, in respect of my desire to profit thee by

fore-

foretelling of thy Destinie, I account mee happily harmed: For know (*Aeneas*) that in vaine thou doest build where the Gods deny thine abode: leaue therefore these defamed Coasts, and prosperously plant the Remaine of *Troy* and thy Posteritie in the fertill *Italian* Clime.

The voyce thus ceased to speake, and *Aeneas*, without further touch of the forbidden Shrubs, continuing his feare finished the Sacrifice, & after the *Phrigian* fashion solemnlie held an Obit to the Ghost of his murthered Kinsman.

THen, by this admonishment, he and his *Troians* leauing the new reared Citie, disanker from *Thrace* in quest of behighted *Italie*. But no sooner had they put to Sea, thē that the windes and the waues sollicited (a Poeticall fiction) by the wife of *Iupiter*, so tossed and turmoyled the disparkled Nauie, that the horror of the circūstances cōtinually threatning their liues, left onely hoped-for death as the remaine of all comfort. At length, these instruments of their long wandrings, and the causes of *Anchises* & of many noble personages there perishing, coūterpleaded (as is fabled) by *Venus*, tossed their distackled Fleet to the Shore of *Libya*. Neere to the place of their arriual stood the beautifull Citie of *Carthage*, which *Elisa* (whom the *Phœnicians* for her magnanimious dying, did afterwards name *Dido*) had newly builded: *Aeneas* by safe-cōduct receiued frō her repayring thether, found such royal entertainemēt, that in respect of the present solace he had forgottē al passed sorrowes, & his hart-spent *Troians* found bountifull supplies to all their late endured scarsities. In the meane while *Aeneas*, for personage the *Louiliest*, for wel-spokē the *Mercuriliest*, & no lesse fortunate vnder *Venus* her constellatiō, with his comelines so intised the eyes, with his speeches so inchaunted the eares, and with his vertues so enflamed the heart of the amorous *Cathagenian* Queene, that hardly modesty dissented that her tongue affirmed not

the

the loue which her eyes outwardly blabbed and her heart inwardly nourished: In the end, not able longer to containe such extraordinary Passions, in this order she vented the same to the Lady *Anna* her Sister.

My trusty Sister, quoth she, (then sighing out a pause) how many great Princes, since the decease of my late husband *Sichæus* and our departure from *Tyrus*, haue in vaine laboured a marriage with me, hath been vnto thee no lesse apparant, than of me hitherto vnapproued: but now (haled on I know not by what destinie) our new-come Guest *Æneas* the *Troian* (whose matchlesse personage and knightly prowesse I partially commend not, all confirming of him no lesse than I can affirme) the same euen the same hath supplanted my chast determinations of continual widowhood, with an amorous desire of a second marriage: howbeit, to determine without him, as I must, were to bee deceiued of him, as I may. What counsell? My selfe (*Anna*) ah my selfe to motion loue were immodestie, and to be silent lesse tolerable than death. I would (a violent no voluntary wish) that *Elisa* knew her selfe beloued of *Æneas*, *Æneas* not knowing himselfe so loued of *Elisa*.

Her Sister with a cheereful countenance promising comfort performed the same in this answer. Dum signes (quoth she) haue their speeches: not any that obserueth your looks, but easily aymeth at your loue: greater is the wonder of your strickt chastitie, than it would be a nouell to see you a *Bigama*. That priuately peeuish and curious, This publiquely wish'd and commodious: Or euer *Carthage* be perfected in the ayre, *Elisa* may putrifie in the earth: What Monument then leauest thou to thy *Tyrians*, scarce warme in *Africk*, than a Cities imperfect foundation? Which being alreadie an eyesore to the wild and warlike *Libians*, *Barches*, *Getulians*, and the rest of the *Africans*, shall then bee vtterly extinct, with the very name of the Foundres: but in

matching

matching with ſo great and valiant a Prince as *Æneas*, thou ſhalt not onely liue with whom thou doeſt loue, and by conſorting thy *Tyrians* with his *Troians* ſtrongly diſappoynt the enuie of thoſe Nations, but (for Nature hath not giuen thee ſuch beautie to die barren) being a wife, become (no doubt) a mother, and by legitimate propagation ſo glad thy Subiects feareles of ciuill diſſentions. Who can then diſlike that *Eliſa* ſhould ſo loue? Burie Siſter the thoughts of *Sichæus* with his dead bones, and proſperouſly proſecute and preuaile in thy ſweete paſsions of *Æneas*: Plie him with all prouiſions and amorous entertainements: onely for his Shippe-works fayne delatory wants, and by Winter be paſt he, partly comming, will (feare not) bee perfectly reclaymed.

This counſell of *Anna*, though it heaped as it were *Athos* on *Ætna*, yet was it praiſed and practiſed of *Eliſa*: for Counſell ſoothing the humor of the counſelled, howſoeuer vnprofitable, is accounted plauſible. Henceforward the Queene (to be admired, not matched for her exquiſite beautie, and rather borrowing of Arte than ſcanting Nature, as braue in apparell as beautifull in perſon, and voted, euen in her better part, to the loue of *Aeneas*) ſo ſorted all her deuices to his beſt liking, that ſhortly himſelfe laboured with her in one and the ſelfe-ſame paine of wiſhed-for pleaſure. Omitting therefore the circumſtances of their diſcourſes, feaſtings, and all poeticall faynings, onely proceede we, in few, to the Euent of theſe their amorous Beginnings.

A Hunting was generally appoynted, the Queene, *Aeneas*, their Ladies, and Knights brauely mounted, the Standes were prewned, the Toyles pitched, the Hounds vncoupled, the Game rowſed, a foote, and followed, when ſodainely, amidſt the harborleſſe Deſart in the hoteſt purſute, the Skye, ouer-caſt with black Clowdes, ſhowred downe ſuch flaſhes

of Lightening, vollies of Thunder, Hayleſtones, and Raine, that glad was euery of the *Tyrians* and *Troians*, diſperſing themſelues, to ſhift for one, *Eliſa* and *Æneas* in the meane while finding a Caue that ſheltred them twaine. Being there all alone, vnknowen of and vnſought for of their Seruants, Opportunity, the chief Actreſſe in al attẽpts, gaue the Plaudiate in *Loue* his Comedie. Imagine ſhort wooing where either partie is willing: their faithes plighted for a mariage to be ſolemnized (with kind kiſſes among) hee did what harmed not, and ſhe had what diſpleaſed not: A young *Æneas* ſhould haue beene molded, had he not bin marred (as might ſeeme) in the making. Whẽ this ſweet Caulme in the ſharp ſtorme was with the tempeſt thus ouerpaſſed, then came they both out not ſuch as they entred in, & were receiued of their Traines, attending their pleaſures, not examining their paſtimes: and ſo hauing continued the Chace vntill night diſcontinued their ſport, they retyring to *Carthage* were ſumptuouſly feaſted of *Eliſa* in her Pallace. During theſe their *Alcion* dayes (not generally liked of all) one there was, a noble *Troian*, that had theſe ſpeeches to *Aeneas*.

Shouldeſt thou beleeue (farre be it from *Aeneas* ſo to beleeue) that the Oracles of our Gods, behighting vs the Conqueſt of *Italie*, were ſuperſtitious, thẽ beleeue alſo (vndeceiued mayſt thou ſo beleeue) that our effeminate abode here is vaine and ſlanderous: to attempt that former without an Oracle, yea with the loſſe of our liues, is honorable, becauſe we are *Troiãs*: to entertaine this latter, inuited and daungerleſſe, reprochful, becauſe we are *Troians*. Ah (*Aeneas*) haue we ſhipped our Gods frõ home to be witneſſes of our wantonneſſe here? Beleeue me, better had it bin we had died in *Phrigia*, men, than to liue thus in *Affrik* like women. Conſider alſo the place whereinto we are now brought, and then conceiue of the poſſibility of our here abode: ſhal I tel thee? were there not (if in the meane while no other Accident

croſſe

crosse thy now blisse) were there not, I say, an *Elisa* here to loue thee, or were there not an *Aeneas* to be beloued of her, no sooner shuld the first deceased of you be deliuered of life, than the Suruiuors of vs *Troians* be denied this Lande: And then, (if we should proue so vngratefull as to resist our Relieuors) hauing number, yet want we Munitiō: for neither our Ships be tackled, nor we armed, but at the deliuerie and appointment of the *Tyrians*. Learne therefore (*Aeneas*) after so long pleasure in loue, at the last profitably and politickly to loue, and whatsoeuer thy playe be in *Affrick*, let hencefoorth the Maine bee *Italie*. Mean-while commaund (most humbly we desire to be so commaunded) that thy shippes be secretly calked, tallowed, ballaced, tackled, victualled and armed: and then (thy selfe also reformed) wittingly or vnwillingly to *Elisa* leaue her & her effeminate Citie: with Resolution neuerthelesse (if thou so please) at more leysure to loue her. So effectually did *Aeneas* listen to this motion, that giuing order for the repayring of his Fleete, he promised a speedy and sodayne departure: and his men, not slipping opportunitie, executed the same with as effectuall diligence.

It happened in this meane while, the Queene to mount the high Turrets of her Pallace royall, wheat looking towards the Roade, she perceiued how earnestly the *Troians* laboured in trimming, pauashing, and furnishing their Nauie: then assuring her selfe not deceiued, that she should be deceiued, and descending as it were maiestically madde, meeting with *Aeneas*, shee said.

Before (*Aeneas*) I beheld thy shipwracks and wants I beleeued some God arriued at *Carthage*: yea when I knewe thee but a man, my conceit honored thee with a Deitie: but now these thine inhumaine Treacheries (not worthy the vnworthiest Titles) argue so farre off from a Godhoode, as thou shewest thy selfe lesse than a Man and worse than a

Diuell. What hath *Carthage* not worthie *Aeneas*? I assure thee, if any be so much, no citie is more happy thã *Carthage*. But the Queene pleaseth not *Aeneas*, oh that *Aeneas* had not pleased the Queene: thẽ might I haue bettered my choise for honour, or not haue bewayled thy chaunge for the dishonour. But (vngratefull) wilt thou indeede leaue me? Yea, then that thou meanest the contrary nothing more false: but to deriue thy departure frõ any desart of mine nothing lesse true. If therefore the life of *Elisa*, the loue of *Elisa*, the land of *Elisa*, her wealth, thy want, her teares, thy vowes, her distresse, thy dishonour, the delights of this Shore, the dangers of those Seas, *Carthage* possessed, *Italie* vnconquered, peace without warre here, warre without peace there, thy wracks past, the Winter to come, any euils whereof I warne thee, any good that I haue wrought thee, and more good that I haue and doe wish thee, if any thing said, or more than I can say, hath or doth want Argument to seate thee in *Affrick*, yet at the least for thine owne safety stay a more temperate season, vrging in the meane while excuses for thine vnurged departure: and so I flattered, shal either patient my selfe, or repent thy fleeting in a milder Extasie. I did (well may I forethinke mee so to haue done) entertaine thee beyond the degree of an Hostesse or the dignitie of a Guest: & yet (vngratefull Guest to so kinde an Hostesse) for such welcome thou hast not pretended a farewell. Thus, alas, finding thy loue lesse than it ought, I repent to haue loued more thã I should, and because thou appearest not the same thou wert, I am not reputed the same I am: but as a ridiculous by-worde of the *Tyrians*, the Stale of the *Troians*, and the scorne of the *Affricans*: howbeit (in trueth) the fayth-plighted Wife of faithles *Aeneas*. But who will so beleeue? Nay beleeue not so who will, thy departure shall be my death, my death thy sinne, thy sinne the worldes speech, the worldes speech thy reproofe, and thy reproofe my purgation. For were

thy

thy selfe Iuror and Iudge of the more offensiue, my credulencie, or thine inconstancie, the Iuror could not but giue Verdict for *Elisa*, and the Iudge sentence against *Æneas*: then (if not for my suite, yet for thine owne sake) let me not pleade tediously and without grace, that plead so truely, and with more griefe than for the quantitie I may suffer, or for the qualitie thou canst censure.

Æneas, not lightly gauled at her impatience (whome he still loued more than a little, howbeit lesser than his now regarde of honour) thankfully acknowledged her great bounty, counter-pleading to haue pretended a departure without leaue taken, vouching moreouer the displeasure of his Gods for contempt of their Oracles manifested by fearefull Dreames and sundry Visions, as also the vrging of his *Troians* impatient of tarriance. So that he resting in Resolution not to be wonne by wooing, or reclaymed by exclayming, the Queene became speechlesse and senceleſse, and was in a swoune conuayed from his presence. In which businesse hee boording his Shippes, in the dead of the night hoisting vp Sayles, left *Carthage* to seeke *Italie*.

THe Queene, not capable of any rest, by day appearing discryed from a Turret the Roade cleered of the *Troian* Nauie: then not willingly silent, nor able to speak, She stood as stoode *Niobe* after the fourteenth reuenge by *Latonaes* Issue: Which her then and after Extremities, to be glaunced at, not iudged of, briefely I thus decipher. Imagine a substantiall and a palpable appearance of Loue, Wrath, Sorrow, and Despayre, acting in their aptest habites and extreamest passions, and then suppose *Elisa* not onely the same, but more feruently louing, more furiously wrathfull, more confusedly sorrowful and more impatiently desperate. Imagine lastly the first three imagined Actors, after long parts occupied, leauing the Stage to the fourth, as to the perfectest Im-

perfection: and then from such imagined Stratagem attend this actuall *Catastrophe*.

A Wizard or Witch (the two common Oracles of many too credulent women) had instructed the Queene, that an Immolatiõ or burnt Sacrifice offered to the Infernal Deities, of the Armour, Ornaments, and all whatsoeuer the Reliques of *Aeneas* left behinde him at his departure from *Carthage*, would effectually estrange the outrage of her passions, and extinct in her the very remembrance of *Aeneas*. This Counsell (either for that at the first she beleeued it possible, or for that oportunitie so offered it selfe to practise the thing she did purpose) *Elisa* entertaining opened the same to *Anna* her Sister: Who, simply vnsuspitious of the sequell, prouided secretly (as was giuen her in charge) a pyle of dry Faggots, crowned with Garlands for the dismall Sacrifice; which and *Elisa* her selfe in a readinesse, *Aeneas* his Armour beeing her eyes Obiect, became in this wise her tongues Subiect.

With this, quoth she (eying the Armour) the craking *Troians* boasted to haue buckled with the gallant *Diomedes*, not seldome to haue offended the defenceles *Grecians*, and after many loned blowes at the sacking of *Troy*, valiantly to haue boorded his thence-bent Nauie: this Armour profitable to my preiudice, there defensiue to him, to be here offensiue to me, were it vnnecessary to this Sacrifice, should neuertheles burne for the same trespasse. This Cup, this *Phrigian* Cup, too guilty of too many *Tyrian* draughts, Assistants in forming me audaciously amorous, shal now occupie these ceremoniall flames as the then Accessary to a cõtrarie fire. These Bracelets, and these Ear-rings (by too often and officious hands fastned and loosed with begged and graunted kisses among, and now lesse precious by the giuer his practise) shall also ad Cinders to the repentant payment of mine ouer rated pleasure. Lastly are remaining only two Reliques of that

Recreant,

Recreant, this Sword, and *Eliſa* herſelfe. But what? diddeſt thou (*Aneas*) leaue this & thine Armour in *Carthage*, as if in *Italie* thou ſhouldeſt encounter another *Eliſa*? Inconſiderate that thou art, albeit ſuch feareleſſe Cõflicts beſt beſeeme ſuch effeminate Captaines, yet no climate can affoorde thee one ſo fooliſh, & therefore in no Countrey expect ſuch Fortune. The Storme (ah frõ thence are theſe teares) ſheltring vs twaine lately in one Caue, was (no doubt) ominous to theſe euils: for then ſhould I haue remembred, that like as Shelters are chiefly ſought for in Stormes, ſo mẽ labour our fauours onely in extremities: but their luſts ſatiſfied, or wants ſupplied, as of Shelters in Sunne-ſhine they eſtimate our bountie, leauing thenceforth euen to ſeeme ſuch as (in troth) they neuer were. But what is naturall, is of neceſsitie, onely let it be graunted he is a Man, and it followeth neceſſarily he is deceitful. Flie, Traiterous *Aeneas*, flie vnfollowed and vnfriended of *Eliſa*: euer may the winds be contrary to thy Courſe, and the Seas not promiſe thee one houres ſafety: euer be thy Ship drowning, and thy ſelfe neuer but dying: often reſayle in a moment, whence thou wert ſayling a moneth: let no blaſte from the Ayre, or Billow in the Sea, ſtirre but to thy preiudice: and when no horror and miſhap hath fayled thee, with thy dead body, to the vttermoſt plagued, periſh alſo may thy Soule vnpardoned. But leaſt mine incharitie proue leſſe pardonable than his Iniurie, I that will not liue to heare it ſo, heartily diſclayme to haue it ſo: pardon therefore, yee Gods, me deſiring it, & him deſeruing it. Troth is it this one Sacrifice ſhall giue end to mine infinite ſorrowes: but not (alas) with theſe burnings (rather found guiltie of new beginnings) but with my hearts blood, the lateſt Ceremonie wanting to this Exequie. Scarcely had theſe words paſſed her mouth, when with *Aeneas* his Sword ſhe pearced her Breſt: ſo performing on herſelfe a Tragedie ſought for, and to hers a terror vnlooked for.

WHileſt *Dido*, (ſo named of this her death, or as haue ſome, not leſſe probable, of ſo preuenting *Hiarbas* menacing her marriage) was thus paſsionate and did thus periſh, *Æneas*, after weary Sea-faring, much ſorrowe, many people and places ſeene and ſayled from, arriuing in *Sicilie*, was ioyfully entertained of this auncient friend King *Acceſtes*, and there (as the yeare before at *Drapenum*) did ſolemnize an Anniuerſarie at the Tombe of his father *Anchiſes*. The Maſteries, feates, and actiue paſtimes tried here by the *Troian* and *Sicilian* youth, with land and ſea Skirmidges, the running, riding, leaping, ſhooting, wreſtling, and ſuch like, with Bacing on foote and on horsback (this laſt, a ſport lately vſed of our Engliſh youthes, but now vnpollitickly diſcontinued) Or how the Women of *Troy* (whereof many were alſo imbarked from thence) tyred with the perils of the Sea, and intiſed with the pleaſures of *Sicilie*, to preuent further ſayling, fired their Ships (not without great loſſe reſcued:) Or how *Aeneas* building there the Citie *Aceſta*, peopled the ſame with his women, and impotent *Troians*: Or of the drowning and Reuiſe of *Palinurus*, and many Occurrents hapning here, at *Cuma*, *Caieta*, & elſe-where I omit, as leſſe pertinent to our purpoſe then the haſtning of *Aeneas* into *Italie*. Wherefore ſhipping him from *Sicilie*, I now land him in *Latium*: in which part of *Italie* raigned and was Reſident in his Citie *Laurentum* the King *Latinus*: to whome *Aeneas* addreſſed an hundred Knights, one of them deliuering this Ambaſsie.

Ignorant are we not, moſt gratious King (for in that Title art thou famous, and in that triall may we proue fortunate) of thy Conſanguinitie with the *Troians*, by noble deſcents from *Dardanus* our auncient Progenitor: neither canſt thou but know that *Troy* is ſacked, and her people for the moſt parte ſlaughtered: onely know (if already thou knoweſt it not) that *Aeneas* our Duke with a few his Followers, after

more

more than ſeauen yeares ſayling, are laſtly (and luckilie I hope) arriued in thy Countrie: Howbeit of many places, for pleaſure and fertilitie moſt worthy manuring, haue wee abandoned the quiet poſſeſsion: yea many the greateſt Princes of *Europe* and *Affrica*, haue voluntarily deſired our Tariance denied: only infinit Seas haue wee ſayled, and more ſorrowes ſuſtained to ſeeke this Clime, from whence wee *Troians* derive our Originals, and whither our Gods haue directed vs by their Oracles. This thy Countrie, in reſpect of the bigneſſe, may eaſily affoord roome for a new *Troy* to be builded: A plot more ſpacious we doe not aske, A ſmaller ſuite thou canſt not graunt, if with our preſent extremities thou alſo peiſe our purpoſed loyalties. Neuer were wee thy foes, and euer will we continue thy friends. Seated wee muſt be, and here wee would be. We dare not diſobey, the Gods commanding it, nor would we diſcontent thee in demaunding it: graciouſly therfore conceiue of our Petition, and gratefully receiue from *Æneas* theſe Preſents.

Hauing thus ſayd, he in the name of *Æneas*, preſented the King with a moſt rich Mantell or Robe, with an inualuable Crowne of Golde enchaſed with precious Stones, with the late royall Scepter of King *Priamus*, and with other Treaſure: which *Latinus* cheerefully receiuing, returned the *Troians* this anſwer.

Had not the Gods commãded your hither repaire, which I gainſay not, were we not of conſanguinitie, wherein I diſclaime not, Or my Kingdome not roome-ſome enough to receiue you, as it is, Or had ye not brought precious and peaceable Preſents, as ye haue, yea to diſmiſſe Wayfarers vnreſted and vnreleeued were contrary to the Gods of Hoſpitalitie, and (which they defend that I ſhould therein offend) *Latinus* his honour. Ouer-faſt he ſitteth that ſecurely ſitteth: for as he that is timorous hath too little prouidence,

ſo

so he: that is feareles hath too much presumption: yea lesse grieuous are expected than vnlooked-for euils. I speake not this as I feare to fall, but as I fore-see I may fall: for the vnpearching of others should be fore-preachings to vs. Priuie am I vnto your distresse, applying the like possibility for me so to decline: for who is priuiledged from becõming such? And who is such that would not haue succour? Sorrie I am that ye haue so ill cause to estrange your selues from home, but glad that I am in so good case to entertaine you here. Let *Æneas* seate him and prosper yee in *Italie*: my land well may abide it, and my selfe brooke it. Yea more (for the Oracle of my minde consorts no doubt with those of our Gods) *Lauinia* my sole daughter and heire, forbidden a Natiues and behighted a Strangers Marriage, hath found a Husbande and I a Sonne-in-lawe: at the least I wish it would bee, and hope it will bee. Make my thankes to *Æneas* for his Presents, and bee you Masters of your Petitions.

The *Troians* being then sumptuously feasted, euery man on a giuen Courser brauely and richly mounted, dismissed, returned, and *Latinus* his answere and Present deliuered, *Æneas*, neuertheless as farre from being secure as ioyous of such Tidings, knowing the good speede of a Stranger to be an Eye-sore to the people, and therefore not careles suspitious of it that might causeles succeede, strongly inmured his Men in a new-built Fortresse.

In the meane while their Arriuall and Entertainment with *Latinus* occupied, and for the most part offended, all *Italie* Enuiously stormed *Amata* the Queene that *Lauinia* her Daughter and Darling should be wedded to a Stranger, an Exile (as she termed him:) and therefore, when she could not dissuade the King by flatterie, shee incensed his Nobles and Subiects to resist it forcibly. On the other side,

Turnus,

Turnus, Prince of the *Rutiles* (in person exceeding all for comelineſſe, and in Armes equall to any for his courage, to whom *Lauinia* was before promiſed in Marriage) as Malcontent as any for being thus circumuẽted by *Æneas*, held a Counſell in his ſumptuous Citie *Ardea* ſcituate in the territorie of *Latium*, how to intercept the *Troians* by wiles, expell them by Warres, weaken them by wants, diſappoynt *Æneas*, and poſſeſſe himſelfe of *Lauinia*. Often ſent he Meſſengers and ſometimes Menaces to aduertiſe *Latinus* that he was promiſed he ſhould, and to aſſure him hee purpoſed hee would enioy her or anger him. But by how much more *Latinus* was religiouſly vnremouable in his Reſolution for *Æneas*, by ſo much the more did *Turnus* giue looſe raines to his headie anger: Howbeit ſufficient matter wanted for his malice to worke vpon, vntill by cuill happe his choler tooke aduantage of this colour. *Aſcanius* with diuers *Troian* Gentlemen his Friends and others his Attendants, hunting in a Forreſt not farre from their Fortreſſe, by chance did incounter, ſtrike, and chace a fayre and well ſpread Stagge, which the Children of one *Tyrrhus* (the Kings Raunger and Steward of his Grounds, a Man of no meane account amongſt the *Latines*) had from a Fawne nouriſhed, and ſo intreated that no Beaſt might bee more tamer: This Stagge thus ſtroken and followed of the *Troians*, taking the readieſt way to the houſe of *Tyrrhus*, and with bleeding haunches entring the Hall, was firſt eſpied of *Syluia* or *Ilia*, a young Gentlewoman, in whoſe lappe hee ſleeping had often layd his head, and at whoſe hands he had many a time taken Prouſe, been kemmed, and trimmed. She ſeeing the Stagge in ſuch a plight, almoſt ſwounded ere ſhee could weepe, wept ere ſhee might ſpeake, ſpoke ere ſhee was comforted, and was comforted onely in promiſe of Reuenge. At the winding of an Horne, came flocking

thither

thither in arrise the Heards-men, Shepheards, Plow-men, and Hinds: this Anticke of Groomes, finding *Almon* the eldest Sonne of *Tyrrhus*, and their young Mistris *Sylvia* grieuously passionate, and the Stagge bloodie and braying his last, question no further what should be done, but were furiously inquisitiue after the Doers.

In this meane time, by euil hap, *Ascanius* and his Companie drawing by Parsie after the Stagge (which they knew not for tame) were entered the view of this Shoole of inraged Clownes: who all at once and suddenly, with such weapons as they had or found neerest at hand, as Staues, Sheep-hookes, Dung-forks, Flayles, Plow-staues, Axes, Hedging-Beetels, yea Libbats newly snatched frō burning, and what not? fiercely assayled with down-right blowes the amazed *Troians*: who not hauing leisure to aske questions, couragiously entertaine the vnknowne Quarrell: and so long and daungerously for either parte continued this confusion of blowes and effusion of blood, that by now it was bruted at the Fortresse and at *Laurentum*, and was anon increased by rescue from either Faction: neither had this Skuffling an end vntill night was begun: at what time the *Latines*, *Rutiles*, & *Troians* left the wild Medley, howbeit not discontinuing their malice.

Of chiefe account amongst the *Latines*, were slaine lustie *Almon*, and aged *Galesus*, (this latter a man of an honest and wealthie condition) whilest he vnseasonably amongst blowes deliuered vnregarded perswasions of Peace. The wounded Corses of these twaine did *Turnus* cause to bee conuayed to the view of *Latinus*, as Arguments of their common dammage, himselfe with an enuious heart and an inuectiue tongue amplifying the same to the vttermost: not vnassisted therein by the yrefull Queene *Amata*, or vnfurthered by the hurlie burlie of the impatient People, all

labouring

labouring the King to denounce Armour against the *Troians*.

Latinus in this tumult of his Subiects, and trauell of his Sences, assuring himselfe that *Aeneas* was the man propheſied to the Marriage of *Lauinia* and succeſsion of *Latium*, diſſwaded, but might not perſwade with the headie multitude. In fewe, with ſuch efficacie did the dead Corſes inuite it, the Queene intreate it, *Turnus* affect it, & the People follow it, that laſtly, though againſt his minde, the King did ſuffer the *Laurentines* to reare on their Walles abſolute Tokens of imminent Warres: Thus found *Turnus* that which he longed for, and *Aeneas* no leſſe than hee looked for, and either ſolliciting ſuccours, were not long vnfurniſhed of hardie Souldiers: yea, in reſpect of their multuous Armies, the Warres lately ceaſed at *Troy*, might now haue been ſayd to bee reuiued in *Italie*. But as in his Wandrings, ſo in his Warres, my purpoſe is breuitie: either of which the Lawriat Trumpetor of his glorie hath ſo effectually ſownded, that many might amplifie, I could iterate, but not any amend it: neuertheleſſe in remembring of this Hiſtorie I haue alſo vſed other Authorities.

IT followeth, After long Warres valiantly on either part performed, many great Kings, Princes, and Perſonages periſhed: when laſtly the *Rutiles* begunne to bee repentant of their wrong, and the *Troians* wearie of the Warres, *Aeneas* and *Turnus* meeting had theſe words: And firſt *Aeneas*.

Often Truces haue wee had (*Turnus*) for the buriall of our dead, neuer treaties of peace for the welfare of thoſe aliue: onely once (as I haue been euer) diddeſt thou ſeeme (thou diddeſt but ſeeme) prouident that no moe ſhould miſcarrie, offering me Combate, which I accepting haue in

vaine

vaine expected: for since thy minde changed, I wot not by what meanes, hath changed the liues of I wot not how many. But now, when for the palpable leasing thou shouldst not speak like *Turnus*, shouldst thou deny the better of the wars to abide with *Æneas*, and yet I still be *Æneas*, though playing vpon that Aduantage with *Turnus*, euen now, I say, my selfe doe request thee of that Combate whereby further Blood-sheds may happily be concluded. Beleeue mee, wert thou a Begger and I a Monark, yet (so much doe I emulate, not enuie thy glorie) I would hazard all in a Combat requested by thee so valerous a Competitor. But least (perhaps) I ouer-breathe thy tickled Conceit with more selfe-liking than is expedient, know man, *Turnus* know, Nature, Birth, Arte, Education, nor whatsoeuer els are in any thing more beneficiall to *Turnus*, than that iustly he may enuie as much or more in *Aeneas*.

To this answered the *Rutile* thus: Whether thou speakest this (*Aeneas*) as insulting ouer mine infortune, or as insolent of thine owne felicitie, or emulous (as thou sayest and I beleeue it) of my glorie, trust me, onely if thus in thy better successe to abandon thy selfe to such offered disaduauntage bee not indiscretion, neuer heard I wherein to derogate from thy policie: but say it indiscretion, yet by *Iupiter* (*Aeneas*) it is honourable indiscretion. Not to encounter so heroicall (for in thee I enuie not that Epitheton) a Combattant, is as contrary to my thought as contenting to my very Soule, and as contenting to my Soule, as if *Aeneas* were alreadie conquered, and *Turnus* Conquerour: either which I deuine, at the leastwise I am determined to aduenture. Be prouided therefore (*Æneas*) of courage, for thou prouokest no Cowarde, but euen *Turnus*, that would haue asked no lesse, had he not doubted *Aeneas* not to haue dared to answer so much. Thus, and with these Conditions:

that

that further warres should finish, that the Espousall of *Lauinia* and Succession of *Latium* should bee the Prize to the Victor, a Combat to bee tried by these twaine body against body was (vpon Othes taken and other Circumstances) agreed vpon.

Now were they Armed, Mounted, did Encounter, and their Coursers breathlesse, the Riders dismounting vigoriously buckle on Foote: both offende, either defende, & neither fainted: Lastly (not with vnrequited blowes) was *Turnus* disarmed: the Vanquished pleading for life, & the Victor not purposing his death, had hee not espied on his Shoulders the sometimes Baldrike of his once especiall Friend *Pallas*, King *Euanders* Sonne, whom *Turnus* in Battell ouercomming had put to Sword: then *Aeneas* saying, onelie in this Spoyle thou shalt not triumph, and onely for his sake am I vnintreatable, shoffed his Sworde through his breast: *Turnus* so ending the World, and *Aeneas* the Warres.

Then was he peaceably wedded to *Lauinia*, and shortly after possessed of *Latium:* After which, about three yeares he, dying, left his Kingdom to *Ascanius*, and *Lauinia* with childe. She at her time, and at the house of the before remembred *Tyrrhus*, was deliuered of *Syluius Post-humus* (so called of his being borne amongst the Woods, after the death of his Father.) To him (because in right it was the inheritance of *Syluius* from his Mother) did *Ascanius* voluntarily resigne the Kingdome of *Latium:* and of him (for his honorable Regiment) were all the after-*Latine* kings called *Syluij*: Finally he hunting and mistaken amongst the Thickets for a Stagge, was slaine with an Arrow by his Sonne *Brutus*. This *Brutus*, for sorrow and his sasetie, accompanied with many lustie Gentlemen and others of *Aeneas*

his

his *Troians* Offsprings, imbarking themselues, after long Sayling ariued in this Iland then called *Albion*: whose Giant-like Inhabitants (in respect of their monstrous making & inciuill Manners sayd to haue bin engendred of Diuels) he ouercomming, manured their Countrey, and after his owne name called it *Brutaine*. And thus hauing begotten *Brutus* an Originall to our *Brutons*, I conclude this abridged Historie of his Grandfather *Aeneas*.

FINIS.